THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

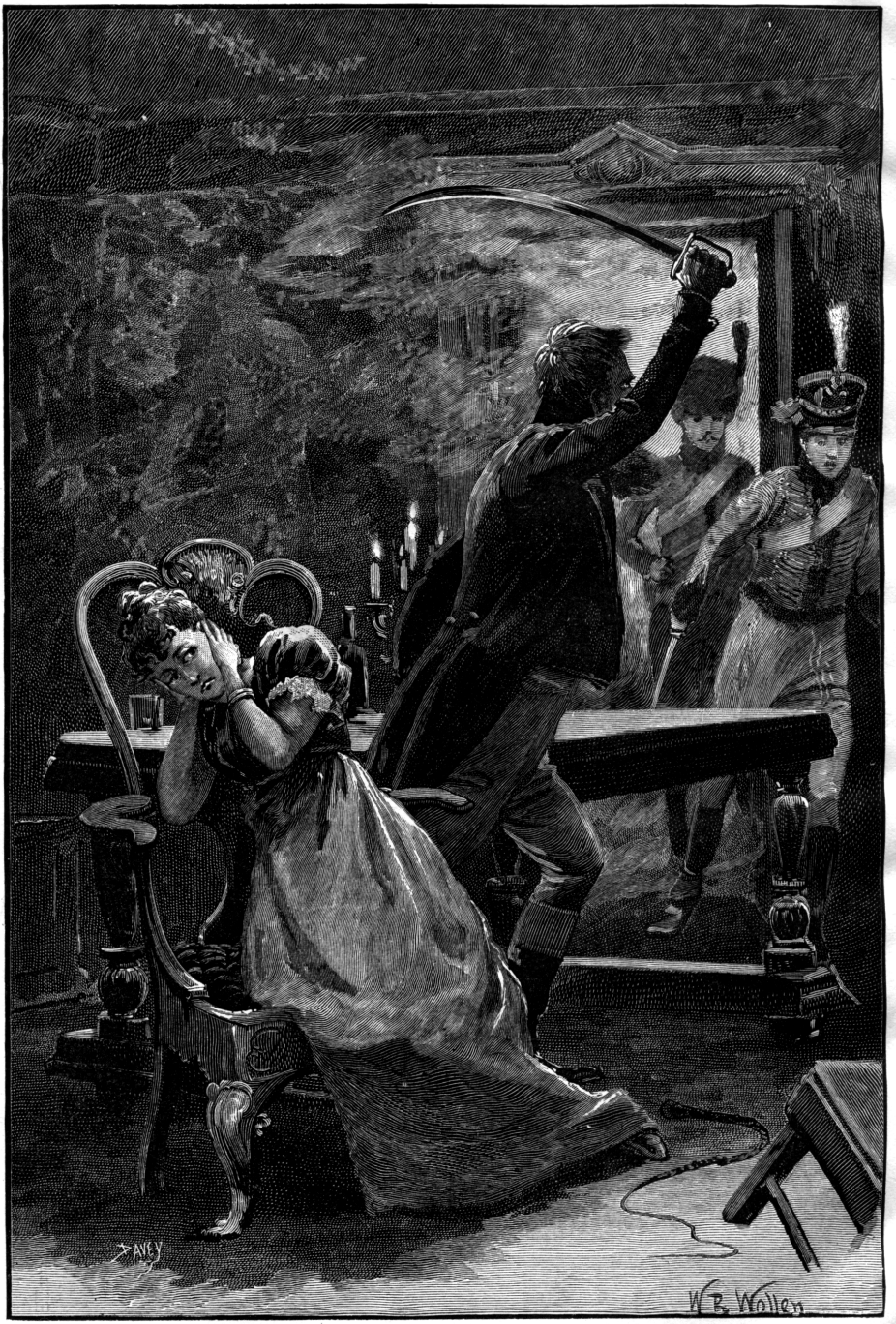
Vol. X.

JULY TO DECEMBER

London.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1895



"HE GAVE A HOWL LIKE A WOLF."

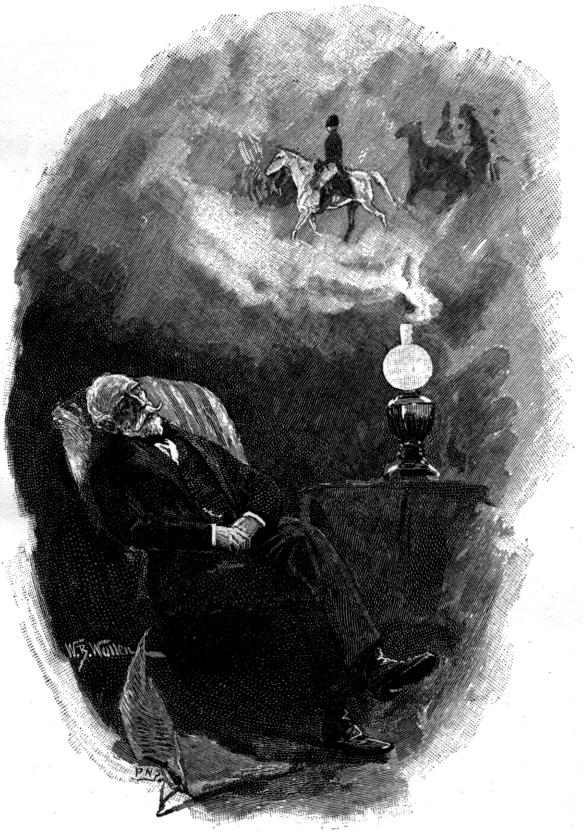
(*See page* 14.)

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

IV.—HOW THE BRIGADIER CAME TO THE CASTLE OF GLOOM.

YOU do very well, my friends, to treat me with some little reverence, for in honouring me you are honouring both France and yourselves. It is not merely an old, grey-moustached officer whom you see eating his omelette or draining his glass, but it is a piece of history, and of the most glorious history which our own or any country has ever had. In me you see one of the last of those wonderful men, the men who were veterans when they were yet boys, who learned to use a sword earlier than a razor, and who during a hundred battles had never once let the enemy see the colour of their knapsacks. For twenty years we were teaching Europe how to fight, and even when they had learned their lesson it was only the thermometer, and never the bayonet, which could break the Grand Army down. Berlin, Naples, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Moscow—we stabled our horses in them all. Yes, my friends, I say again that you do well to send your children to me with flowers, for these ears have heard the trumpet calls of France, and these eyes have seen her standards in lands where they may never be seen again.



"WHEN I DOZE IN MY ARM-CHAIR, I SEE THOSE GREAT WARRIORS."

Even now, when I doze in my arm-chair, I can see those great warriors stream before me—the green-jacketed chasseurs, the giant cuirassiers, Poniatowsky's lancers, the white-mantled dragoons, the nodding bearskins of the horse grenadiers. And then there comes the thick, low rattle of the drums, and through wreaths of dust and smoke I see the line of high bonnets, the row of brown faces, the swing and toss of the long, red plumes amid the sloping lines of steel. And there rides Ney with his red head, and Lefebvre with his bulldog jaw, and Lannes with his Gascon swagger; and then amidst the gleam of brass and the flaunting feathers I catch a glimpse of *him*, the man with the pale smile, the rounded shoulders, and the far-off eyes. There is an end of my sleep, my friends, for up I spring from my chair, with a cracked voice calling and a silly hand outstretched, so that Madame Titaux has one more laugh at the old fellow who lives among the shadows.

Although I was a full Chief of Brigade when the wars came to an end, and had every hope of soon being made a General of Division, it is still rather to my earlier days that I turn when I wish to talk of the glories and the trials of a soldier's life. For you will understand that when an officer has so many men and horses under him, he has his mind full of recruits and remounts, fodder and farriers, and quarters, so that even when he is not in the face of the enemy, life is a very serious matter for him. But when he is only

a lieutenant or a captain, he has nothing heavier than his epaulettes upon his shoulders, so that he can clink his spurs and swing his dolman, drain his glass and kiss his girl, thinking of nothing save of enjoying a gallant life. That is the time when he is likely to have adventures, and it is most often to that time that I shall turn in the stories which I may have for you. So it will be to-night when I tell you of my visit to the Castle of Gloom; of the strange mission of Sub-Lieutenant Duroc, and of the horrible affair of the man who was once known as Jean Carabin, and afterwards as the Baron Straubenthal.

You must know, then, that in the February of 1807, immediately after the taking of Danzig, Major Legendre and I were commissioned to bring four hundred remounts from Prussia into Eastern Poland.

The hard weather, and especially the great battle at Eylau, had killed so many of the horses that there was some danger of our beautiful Tenth of Hussars becoming a battalion of light infantry. We knew, therefore, both the Major and I, that we should be very welcome at the front. We did not advance very rapidly, however, for the snow was deep, the roads detestable, and we had but twenty returning invalids to assist us. Besides, it is impossible, when you have a daily change of forage, and sometimes none at all, to move horses faster than a walk. I am aware that in the story-books the cavalry whirls past at the maddest of gallops; but for my own part, after twelve campaigns, I should be very satisfied to know that my brigade could always walk upon the march and trot in the presence of the enemy. This I say of the hussars and chasseurs, mark you, so that it is far more the case with cuirassiers or dragoons.

For myself I am fond of horses, and to have four hundred of them, of every age and shade and character, all under my own hands, was a very great pleasure to me. They were from Pomerania for the most part, though some were from Normandy and some from Alsace, and it amused us to notice that they differed in character as much as the people of those provinces. We observed also, what I have often proved since, that the nature of a horse can be told by his colour, from the coquettish light bay full of fancies and nerves, to the hardy chestnut, and from the docile roan to the pig-headed rusty-black. All this has nothing in the world to do with my story, but how is an officer of cavalry to get on with his tale when he finds four hundred horses waiting for him at the outset? It is my habit, you see, to talk of that which interests myself, and so I hope that I may interest you.

We crossed the Vistula opposite Marienwerder, and had got as far as Riesenberg, when Major Legendre came into my room in the post-house with an open paper in his hand.

"You are to leave me," said he, with despair upon his face.

It was no very great grief to me to do that, for he was, if I may say so, hardly worthy to have such a subaltern. I saluted, however, in silence.

"It is an order from General Lasalle," he continued; "you are to proceed to Rossel instantly, and to report yourself at the head-quarters of the regiment."

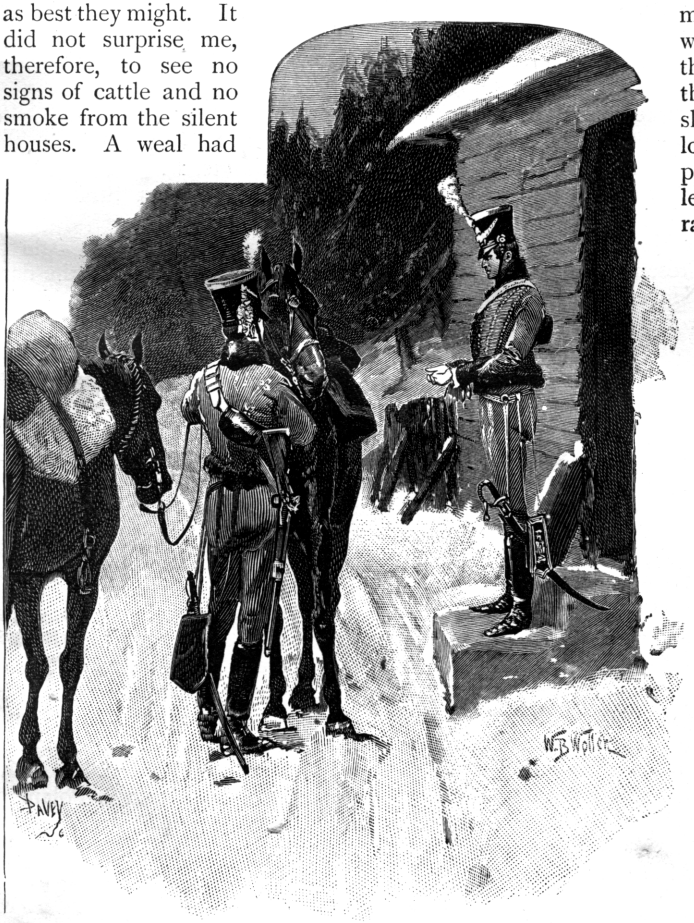
No message could have pleased me better. I was already very well thought of by my superior officers, although I may say that none of them had quite done me justice. It was evident to me, therefore, that this sudden order meant that the regiment was about to see service once more, and that Lasalle understood how incomplete my squadron would be without me. It is true that it came at an inconvenient moment, for the keeper of the post-house had a daughter—one of those ivory-skinned, black-haired Polish girls—whom I had hoped to have some further talk with. Still, it is not for the pawn to argue when the fingers of the player move him from the square; so down I went, saddled my big black charger, Rataplan, and set off instantly upon my lonely journey.

My word, it was a treat for those poor Poles and Jews, who have so little to brighten their dull lives, to see such a picture as that before their doors. The frosty morning air made Rataplan's great black limbs and the beautiful curves of his back and sides gleam and shimmer with every gambade. As for me, the rattle of hoofs upon a road, and the jingle of bridle chains which comes with every toss of a saucy head, would even now set my blood dancing through my veins. You may think, then, how I carried myself in my five-and-twentieth year—I, Etienne Gerard, the picked horseman and surest blade in the ten regiments of hussars. Blue was our colour in the Tenth—a sky-blue dolman and pelisse with a scarlet front—and it was said of us in the army that we could set a whole population running, the women towards us, and the men away. There were bright eyes in the Riesenberg windows that morning, which seemed to beg

me to tarry; but what can a soldier do, save to kiss his hand and shake his bridle as he rides upon his way?

It was a bleak season to ride through the poorest and ugliest country in Europe, but there was a cloudless sky above, and a bright, cold sun, which shimmered on the huge snow-fields. My breath reeked into the frosty air, and Rataplan sent up two feathers of steam from his nostrils, while the icicles drooped from the side-irons of his bit. I let him trot to warm his limbs, while for my own part I had too much to think of to give much heed to the cold. To north and south stretched the great plains, mottled over with dark clumps of fir and lighter patches of larch. A few cottages peeped out here and there, but it was only three months since the Grand Army had passed that way, and you know what that meant to a country. The Poles were our friends, it was true, but out of a hundred thousand men, only the Guard had waggons, and the rest had to live as best they might. It did not surprise me, therefore, to see no signs of cattle and no smoke from the silent houses. A weal had been left across the country where the great host had passed, and it was said that even the rats were starved wherever the Emperor had led his men.

By midday I had got as far as the village of Saalfeldt, but as I was on the direct road for Osterode, where the Emperor was wintering, and also for the main camp of the seven divisions of infantry, the highway was choked with carriages and carts. What with artillery caissons and waggons and couriers, and the ever-thickening stream of recruits and stragglers, it seemed to me that it would be a very long time before I should join my comrades. The plains, however, were five feet deep in snow, so there was nothing for it but to plod upon our way. It was with joy, therefore, that I found a second road which branched away from the other, trending through a fir-wood towards the north. There was a small auberge at the cross-roads, and a patrol of the Third Hussars of Conflans — the very regiment of which I was afterwards colonel—were mounting their horses at the door. On the steps stood their officer, a slight, pale young man, who looked more like a young priest from a seminary than a leader of the devil-may-care rascals before him.



"ON THE STEPS STOOD THEIR OFFICER."

"Good day, sir," said he, seeing that I pulled up my horse.

"Good-day," I answered. "I am Lieutenant Etienne Gerard, of the Tenth."

I could see by his face that he had heard of me. Everybody had heard of me since my duel with the six fencing-masters. My manner, however, served to put him at his ease with me.

"I am Sub-Lieutenant Duroc, of the Third," said he.

"Newly joined?" I asked.

"Last week."

I had thought as much, from his white face and from the way in which he let his men lounge upon their horses. It was not so long, however, since I

had learned myself what it was like when a schoolboy has to give orders to veteran troopers. It made me blush, I remember, to shout abrupt commands to men who had seen more battles than I had years, and it would have come more natural for me to say, "With your permission, we shall now wheel into line," or, "If you think it best, we shall trot." I did not think the less of the lad, therefore, when I observed that his men were somewhat out of hand, but I gave them a glance which stiffened them in their saddles.

"May I ask, monsieur, whether you are going by this northern road?" I asked.

"My orders are to patrol it as far as Arensdorf," said he.

"Then I will, with your permission, ride so far with you," said I. "It is very clear that the longer way will be the faster."

So it proved, for this road led away from the army into a country which was given over to Cossacks and marauders, and it was as bare as the other was crowded. Duroc and I rode in front, with our six troopers clattering in the rear. He was a good boy, this Duroc, with his head full of the nonsense that they teach at St. Cyr, knowing more about Alexander and Pompey than how to mix a horse's fodder or care for a horse's feet. Still, he was, as I have said, a good boy, unspoiled as yet by the camp. It pleased me to hear him prattle away about his sister Marie and about his mother in Amiens. Presently we found ourselves at the village of Hayenau. Duroc rode up to the post-house and asked to see the master.

"Can you tell me," said he, "whether the man who calls himself the Baron Straubenthal lives in these parts?"

The postmaster shook his head, and we rode upon our way.

I took no notice of this, but when, at the next village, my comrade repeated the same question, with the same result, I could not help asking him who this Baron Straubenthal might be.

"He is a man," said Duroc, with a sudden flush upon his boyish face, "to whom I have a very important message to convey."

Well, this was not satisfactory, but there was something in my companion's manner which told me that any further questioning would be distasteful to him. I said nothing more, therefore, but Duroc would still ask every peasant whom we met whether he could give him any news of the Baron Straubenthal.

For my own part I was endeavouring, as an officer of light cavalry should, to form an idea of the lay of the country, to note the course of the streams, and to mark the places where there should be fords. Every step was taking us farther from the camp round the flanks of which we were travelling. Far to the south a few plumes of grey smoke in the frosty air marked the position of some of our outposts. To the north, however, there was nothing between ourselves and the Russian winter quarters. Twice on the extreme horizon I caught a glimpse of the glitter of steel, and pointed it out to my companion. It was too distant for us to tell whence it came, but we had little doubt that it was from the lance-heads of marauding Cossacks.

The sun was just setting when we rode over a low hill and saw a small village upon our right, and on our left a high black castle, which jutted out from amongst the pine-woods. A farmer with his cart was approaching us—a matted-haired, downcast fellow, in a sheepskin jacket.

"What village is this?" asked Duroc.

"It is Arensdorf," he answered, in his barbarous German dialect.

"Then here I am to stay the night," said my young companion. Then, turning to the farmer, he asked his eternal question, "Can you tell me where the Baron Straubenthal lives?"

"Why, it is he who owns the Castle of Gloom," said the farmer, pointing to the dark turrets over the distant fir forest.

Duroc gave a shout like the sportsman who sees his game rising in front of him. The lad seemed to have gone off his head—his eyes shining, his face deathly white, and such a grim set about his mouth as made the farmer shrink away from him. I can see him now, leaning forward on his brown horse, with his eager gaze fixed upon the great black tower.

"Why do you call it the Castle of Gloom?" I asked.

"Well, it's the name it bears upon the country side," said the farmer. "By all accounts there have been some black doings up yonder. It's not for nothing that the wickedest man in Poland has been living there these fourteen years past."

"A Polish nobleman?" I asked.

"Nay, we breed no such men in Poland," he answered.

"A Frenchman, then?" cried Duroc.

"They say that he came from France."

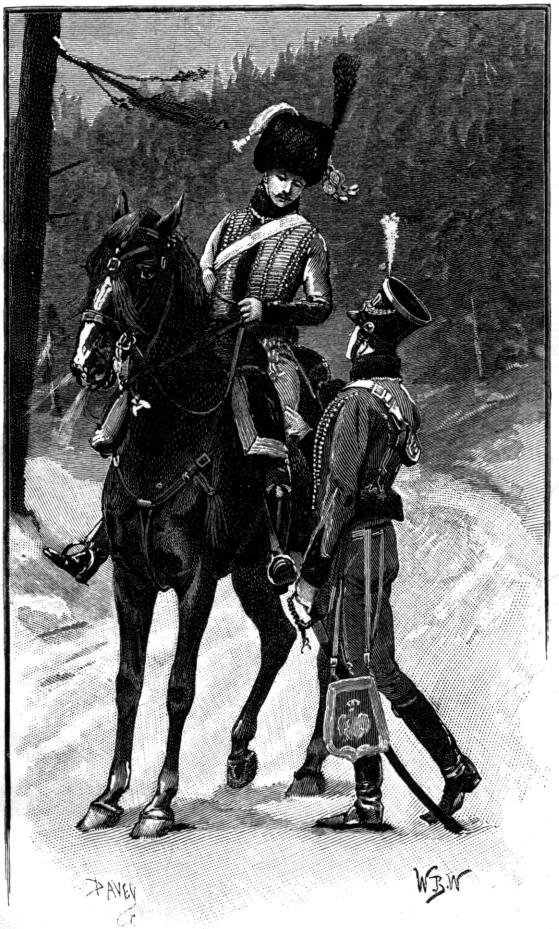
"And with red hair?"

"As red as a fox."

"Yes, yes, it is my man," cried my companion, quivering all over in his excitement. "It is the hand of Providence which has led me here. Who can say that there is not justice in this world? Come, Monsieur Gerard, for I must see the men safely quartered before I can attend to this private matter."

He spurred on his horse, and ten minutes later we were at the door of the inn of Arensdorf, where his men were to find their quarters for the night.

Well, all this was no affair of mine, and I could not imagine what the meaning of it might be. Rossel was still far off, but I determined to ride on for a few hours and take my chance of some wayside barn in which I could find shelter for Rataplan and myself. I had mounted my horse, therefore, after tossing off a cup of wine, when young Duroc came running out of the door and laid his hand upon my knee.



"YOUNG DUROC CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE DOOR."

"Monsieur Gerard," he panted, "I beg of you not to abandon me like this!"

"My good sir," said I, "if you would tell me what is the matter and what you would wish me to do, I should be better able to tell you if I could be of any assistance to you."

"You can be of the very greatest," he cried. "Indeed, from all that I have heard of you, Monsieur Gerard, you are the one man whom I should wish to have by my side to-night."

"You forget that I am riding to join my regiment."

"You cannot, in any case, reach it to-night. To-morrow will bring you to Rossel. By staying with me you will confer the very greatest kindness upon me, and you will aid me in a matter which concerns my own honour and the honour of my family. I am compelled, however, to confess to you that some personal danger may possibly be involved."

It was a crafty thing for him to say. Of course, I sprang from Rataplan's back and ordered the groom to lead him back into the stables.

"Come into the inn," said I, "and let me know exactly what it is that you wish me to do."

He led the way into a sitting-room, and fastened the door lest we should be interrupted. He was a well-grown lad, and as he stood in the glare of the lamp, with the light beating upon his earnest face and upon his uniform of silver grey, which suited him to a marvel, I felt my heart warm towards him. Without going so far as to say that he carried himself as I had done at his age, there was at least similarity enough to make me feel in sympathy with him.

"I can explain it all in a few words," said he. "If I have not already satisfied your very natural curiosity, it is because the subject is so painful a one to me that I can hardly bring myself to allude to it. I cannot, however, ask for your assistance without explaining to you exactly how the matter lies.

"You must know, then, that my father was the well-known banker, Christophe Duroc, who was murdered by the people during the September massacres. As you are aware, the mob took possession of the prisons, chose three so-called judges to pass sentence upon the unhappy aristocrats, and then tore them to pieces when they were passed out into the street. My father

had been a benefactor of the poor all his life. There were many to plead for him. He had the fever, too, and was carried in, half-dead, upon a blanket. Two of the judges were in favour of acquitting him; the third, a young Jacobin, whose huge body and brutal mind had made him a leader among these wretches, dragged him, with his own hands, from the litter, kicked him again and again with his heavy boots, and hurled him out of the door, where in an instant he was torn limb from limb under circumstances which are too horrible for me to describe. This, as you perceive, was murder, even under their own unlawful laws, for two of their own judges had pronounced in my father's favour.

"Well, when the days of order came back again, my elder brother began to make inquiries about this man. I was only a child then, but it was a family matter, and it was discussed in my presence. The fellow's name was Carabin. He was one of Sansterre's Guard, and a noted duellist. A foreign lady named the Baroness Straubenthal having been dragged before the Jacobins, he had gained her liberty for her on the promise that she with her money and estates should be his. He had married her, taken her name and title, and escaped out of France at the time of the fall of Robespierre. What had become of him we had no means of learning.

"You will think, doubtless, that it would be easy for us to find him, since we had both his name and his title. You must remember, however, that the Revolution left us without money, and that without money such a search is very difficult. Then came the Empire, and it became more difficult still, for, as you are aware, the Emperor considered that the 18th Brumaire brought all accounts to a settlement, and that on that day a veil had been drawn across the past. None the less, we kept our own family story and our own family plans.

"My brother joined the army, and passed with it through all Southern Europe, asking everywhere for the Baron Straubenthal. Last October he was killed at Jena, with his mission still unfulfilled. Then it became my turn, and I have the good fortune to hear of the very man of whom I am in search at one of the first Polish villages which I have to visit, and within a fortnight of joining my regiment. And then, to make the matter even better, I find myself in the company of one whose name is never mentioned throughout the army save in connection with some daring and generous deed."

This was all very well, and I listened to it with the greatest interest, but I was none the clearer as to what young Duroc wished me to do.

"How can I be of service to you?" I asked.

"By coming up with me."

"To the Castle?"

"Precisely."

"When?"

"At once."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"I shall know what to do. But I wish you to be with me, all the same."

Well, it was never in my nature to refuse an adventure, and, besides, I had every sympathy with the lad's feelings. It is very well to forgive one's enemies, but one wishes to give them something to forgive also. I held out my hand to him, therefore.

"I must be on my way for Rossel to-morrow morning, but to-night I am yours," said I.

We left our troopers in snug quarters, and, as it was but a mile to the Castle, we did not disturb our horses. To tell the truth, I hate to see a cavalry man walk, and I hold that just as he is the most gallant thing upon earth when he has his saddle-flaps between his knees, so he is the most clumsy when he has to loop up his sabre and his sabre-tasche in one hand and turn in his toes for fear of catching the rowels of his spurs. Still, Duroc and I were of the age when one can carry things off, and I dare swear that no woman at least would have quarrelled with the appearance of the two young hussars, one in blue and one in grey, who set out that night from the Arensdorf post-house. We both carried our swords, and for my own part I slipped a pistol from my holster into the inside of my pelisse, for it seemed to me that there might be some wild work before us.

The track which led to the Castle wound through a pitch-black fir-wood, where we could see nothing save the ragged patch of stars above our head. Presently, however, it opened up, and there was the Castle right in front of us, about as far as a carbine would carry. It was a huge, uncouth place, and bore every mark of being exceedingly old, with turrets at every corner, and a square keep on the side which was nearest to us. In all its great shadow there was no sign of light save for a single window, and no sound came from it. To me there was something awful in its size and its silence, which corresponded so well with its sinister name. My companion

pressed on eagerly, and I followed him along the ill-kept path which led to the gate.

There was no bell or knocker upon the great, iron-studded door, and it was only by pounding with the hilts of our sabres that we could attract attention. A thin, hawk-faced man, with a beard up to his temples, opened it at last. He carried a lantern in one hand, and in the other a chain which held an enormous black hound. His manner at the first moment was threatening, but the sight of our uniforms and of our faces turned it into one of sulky reserve.

"The Baron Straubenthal does not receive visitors at so late an hour," said he, speaking in very excellent French.

"You can inform Baron Straubenthal that I have come eight hundred leagues to see him, and that I will not leave until I have done so," said my companion. I could not myself have said it with a better voice and manner.

The fellow took a sidelong look at us, and tugged at his black beard in his perplexity.

"To tell the truth, gentlemen," said he, "the Baron has a cup or two of wine in him at this hour, and you would certainly find him a more entertaining companion if you were to come again in the morning."

He had opened the door a little wider as he spoke, and I saw by the light of the lamp in the hall behind him that three other rough fellows were standing there, one of whom held another of these monstrous hounds. Duroc must have seen it also, but it made no difference to his resolution.

"Enough talk," said he, pushing the man to one side. "It is with your master that I have to deal."

The fellows in the hall made way for him as he strode in among them, so great is the power of one man who knows what he wants over several who are not sure of themselves. My companion tapped one of them upon the shoulder with as much assurance as though he owned him.

"Show me to the Baron," said he.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and answered something in Polish. The fellow with the beard, who had shut and barred the front door, appeared to be the only one among them who could speak French.

"Well, you shall have your way," said he, with a sinister smile. "You shall see the Baron. And perhaps, before you have finished, you will wish that you had taken my advice."

We followed him down the hall, which was stone-flagged and very spacious, with skins scattered upon the floor, and the heads of wild beasts upon the walls. At the farther end he threw open a door, and we entered.

It was a small room, scantily furnished, with the same marks of neglect and decay which met us at every turn. The walls were hung with discoloured tapestry, which had come loose at one corner, so as to expose the rough stonework behind. A second door, hung with a curtain, faced us upon the other side. Between lay a square table, strewn with dirty dishes and the sordid remains of a meal. Several bottles were scattered over it. At the head of it, and facing us, there sat a huge man, with a lion-like head and a great shock of orange-coloured hair. His beard was of the same

"FACING US THERE SAT A HUGE MAN."

glaring hue; matted and tangled and coarse as a horse's mane. I have seen some strange faces in my time, but never one more brutal than that, with its small, vicious, blue eyes, its white, crumpled cheeks, and the thick, hanging lip which protruded over his monstrous beard. His head swayed about on his shoulders, and he looked at us with the vague, dim gaze of a drunken man. Yet he was not so drunk but that our uniforms carried their message to him.

"Well, my brave boys," he hiccoughed. "What is the latest news from Paris, eh? You're going to free Poland, I hear, and have meantime all become slaves yourselves—slaves to a little aristocrat with his grey coat and his three-cornered hat. No more citizens either, I am told, and nothing but monsieur and madame. My faith, some more heads will have to roll into the sawdust basket some of these mornings."

Duroc advanced in silence, and stood by the ruffian's side.

"Jean Carabin," said he.

The Baron started, and the film of drunkenness seemed to be clearing from his eyes.

"Jean Carabin," said Duroc, once more.

He sat up and grasped the arms of his chair.

"What do you mean by repeating that name, young man?" he asked.

"Jean Carabin, you are a man whom I have long wished to meet."

"Supposing that I once had such a name, how can it concern you, since you must have been a child when I bore it?"

"My name is Duroc."

"Not the son of——?"

"The son of the man you murdered."

The Baron tried to laugh, but there was terror in his eyes.

"We must let bygones be bygones, young man," he cried. "It was our life or theirs in those days: the aristocrats or the people. Your father was of the Gironde. He fell. I was of the mountain. Most of my comrades fell. It was all the fortune of war. We must forget all this and learn to know each other better, you and I." He held out a red, twitching hand as he spoke.

"Enough," said young Duroc. "If I were to pass my sabre through you as you sit in that chair, I should do what is just and right. I dishonour my blade by crossing it with yours. And yet you are a Frenchman, and have even held a commission under the same flag as myself. Rise, then, and defend yourself!"

"Tut, tut!" cried the Baron. "It is all very well for you young bloods——"

Duroc's patience could stand no more. He swung his open hand into the centre of the great orange beard. I saw a lip fringed with blood, and two glaring blue eyes above it.

"You shall die for that blow."

"That is better," said Duroc.

"My sabre!" cried the other; "I will not keep you waiting, I promise you!" and he hurried from the room.

"DUROC'S PATIENCE COULD STAND NO MORE."

I have said that there was a second door covered with a curtain. Hardly had the Baron vanished when there ran from behind it a woman, young and beautiful. So swiftly and noiselessly did she move that she was between us in an instant, and it was only the shaking curtains which told us whence she had come.

"I have seen it all," she cried. "Oh, sir, you have carried yourself splendidly." She stooped to my companion's hand, and

kissed it again and again ere he could disengage it from her grasp.

"Nay, madame, why should you kiss my hand?" he cried.

"Because it is the hand which struck him on his vile, lying mouth. Because it may be the hand which will avenge my mother. I am his step-daughter. The woman whose heart he broke was my mother. I loathe him, I fear him. Ah, there is his step!" In an instant she had vanished as suddenly as she had come. A moment later, the Baron entered with a drawn sword in his hand, and the fellow who had admitted us at his heels.

"This is my secretary," said he. "He will be my friend in this affair. But we shall need more elbow-room than we can find here. Perhaps you will kindly come with me to a more spacious apartment."

It was evidently impossible to fight in a chamber which was blocked by a great table. We followed him out, therefore, into the dimly-lit hall. At the farther end a light was shining through an open door.

"We shall find what we want in here," said the man with the dark beard. It was a large, empty room, with rows of barrels and cases round the walls. A strong lamp stood upon a shelf in the corner. The floor was level and true, so that no swordsman could ask for more. Duroc drew his sabre and sprang into it. The Baron stood back with a bow and motioned me to follow my companion. Hardly were my heels over the threshold when the heavy door crashed behind us and the key screamed in the lock. We were taken in a trap.

For a moment we could not realize it. Such incredible baseness was outside all our experiences. Then, as we understood how foolish we had been to trust for an instant a man with such a history, a flush of rage came over us, rage against his villainy and against our own stupidity. We rushed at the door together, beating it with our fists and kicking with our heavy boots. The sound of our blows and of our execrations must have resounded through the Castle. We called to this villain, hurling at him every name which might pierce even into his hardened soul. But the door was enormous —such a door as one finds in mediæval castles—made of huge beams clamped together with iron. It was as easy to break as a square of the Old Guard. And our cries appeared to be of as little avail as our blows, for they only brought for answer the clattering echoes from the high roof above us. When you have done some soldiering, you soon learn to put up with what cannot be altered. It was I, then, who first recovered my calmness, and prevailed upon Duroc to join with me in examining the apartment which had become our dungeon.

There was only one window, which had no glass in it and was so narrow that one could not so much as get one's head through. It was high up, and Duroc had to stand upon a barrel in order to see from it.

"What can you see?" I asked.

"Fir-woods, and an avenue of snow between them," said he. "Ah!" he gave a cry of surprise.

I sprang upon the barrel beside him. There was, as he said, a long, clear strip of snow in front. A man was riding down it, flogging his horse and galloping like a madman. As we watched, he grew smaller and smaller, until he was swallowed up by the black shadows of the forest.

"What does that mean?" asked Duroc.

"No good for us," said I. "He may have gone for some brigands to cut our throats. Let us see if we cannot find a way out of this mouse-trap before the cat can arrive."

The one piece of good fortune in our favour was that beautiful lamp. It was nearly full of oil, and would last us until morning. In the dark our situation would have been far more difficult. By its light we proceeded to examine the packages and cases which lined the walls. In some places there was only a single line of them, while in one corner they were piled nearly to the ceiling. It seemed that we were in the storehouse of the Castle, for there were a great number of cheeses, vegetables of various kinds, bins full of dried fruits, and a line of wine barrels. One of these had a spigot in it, and as I had eaten little during the day, I was glad of a cup of claret and some food. As to Duroc, he would take nothing, but paced up and down the room in a fever of anger and impatience. "I'll have him yet!" he cried, every now and then. "The rascal shall not escape me!"

This was all very well, but it seemed to me, as I sat on a great round cheese eating my supper, that this youngster was thinking rather too much of his own family affairs and too little of the fine scrape into which he had got me. After all, his father had been dead fourteen years, and nothing could set that right; but here was Etienne Gerard, the most dashing lieutenant in the whole Grand Army, in imminent danger of being cut off at the

very outset of his brilliant career. Who was ever to know the heights to which I might have risen if I were knocked on the head in this hole-and-corner business, which had nothing whatever to do with France or the Emperor? I could not help thinking what a fool I had been, when I had a fine war before me and everything which a man could desire, to go off upon a hare-brained expedition of this sort, as if it were not enough to have a quarter of a million Russians to fight against, without plunging into all sorts of private quarrels as well.

"That is all very well," I said at last, as I heard Duroc muttering his threats. "You may do what you like to him when you get the upper hand. At present the question rather is, what is *he* going to do to us?"

"Let him do his worst!" cried the boy. "I owe a duty to my father."

"That is mere foolishness," said I. "If you owe a duty to your father, I owe one to my mother, which is to get out of this business safe and sound."

My remark brought him to his senses.

"I have thought too much of myself!" he cried. "Forgive me, Monsieur Gerard. Give me your advice as to what I should do."

"Well," said I, "it is not for our health that they have shut us up here among the cheeses. They mean to make an end of us if they can. That is certain. They hope that no one knows that we have come here, and that none will trace us if we remain. Do your hussars know where you have gone to?"

"I said nothing."

"Hum! It is clear that we cannot be starved here. They must come to us if they are to kill us. Behind a barricade of barrels we could hold our own against the five rascals whom we have seen. That is, probably, why they have sent that messenger for assistance."

"We must get out before he returns."

"Precisely, if we are to get out at all."

"Could we not burn down this door?" he cried.

"Nothing could be easier," said I. "There are several casks of oil in the corner. My only objection is that we should ourselves be nicely toasted, like two little oyster pâtés."

"Can you not suggest something?" he cried, in despair. "Ah, what is that?"

There had been a low sound at our little window, and a shadow came between the stars and ourselves. A small, white hand was stretched into the lamplight. Something glittered between the fingers.

"Quick! quick!" cried a woman's voice.

We were on the barrel in an instant.

"They have sent for the Cossacks. Your lives are at stake. Ah, I am lost! I am lost!"

There was the sound of rushing steps, a hoarse oath, a blow, and the stars were once more twinkling through the window. We stood helpless upon our barrel with our blood cold with horror. Half a minute afterwards we heard a smothered scream, ending in a choke. A great door slammed somewhere in the silent night.

"Those ruffians have seized her. They will kill her," I cried.

Duroc sprang down with the inarticulate shouts of one whose reason had left him. He struck the door so frantically with his naked hands that he left a blotch of blood with every blow.

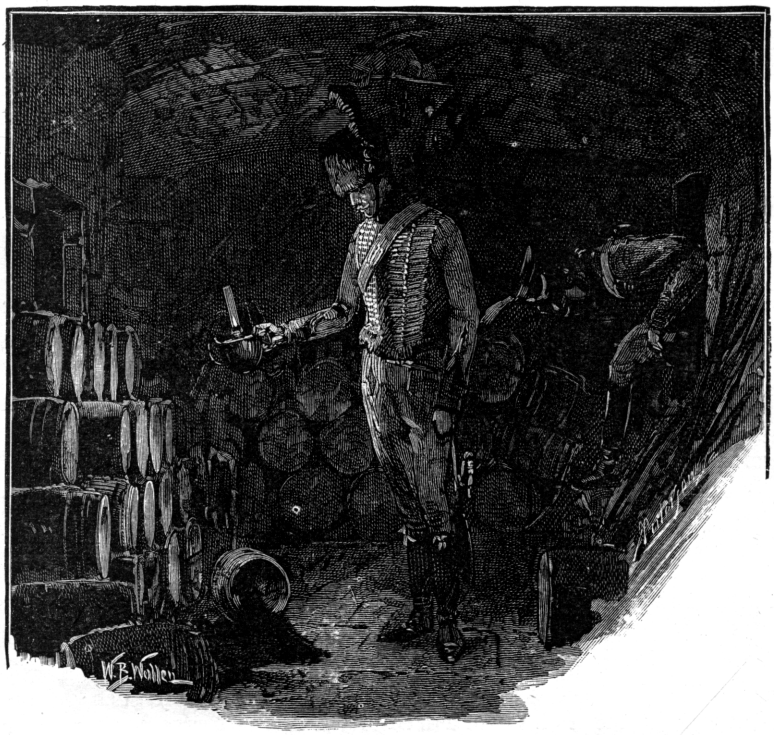
"Here is the key!" I shouted, picking one from the floor. "She must have thrown it in at the instant that she was torn away."

My companion snatched it from me with a shriek of joy. A moment later he dashed it down upon the boards. It was so small that it was lost in the enormous lock. Duroc sank upon one of the boxes with his head between his hands. He sobbed in his despair. I could have sobbed, too, when I thought of the woman and how helpless we were to save her.

But I am not easily baffled. After all, this key must have been sent to us for a purpose. The lady could not bring us that of the door, because this murderous step-father of hers would most certainly have it in his pocket. Yet this other must have a meaning, or why should she risk her life to place it in our hands? It would say little for our wits if we could not find out what that meaning might be.

I set to work moving all the cases out from the wall, and Duroc, gaining new hope from my courage, helped me with all his strength. It was no light task, for many of them were large and heavy. On we went, working like maniacs, slinging barrels, cheeses, and boxes pell-mell into the middle of the room. At last there only remained one huge barrel of vodki, which stood in the corner. With our united strength we rolled it out, and there was a little low wooden door in the wainscot behind it. The key fitted, and with a cry of delight we saw it swing open before us. With the lamp in my hand, I squeezed my way in, followed by my companion.

We were in the powder-magazine of the castle—a rough, walled cellar, with barrels all round it, and one with the top staved in in the centre. The powder from it lay in a black heap upon the floor. Beyond there was another door, but it was locked.



"WE WERE IN THE POWDER-MAGAZINE OF THE CASTLE."

"We are no better off than before," cried Duroc. "We have no key."

"We have a dozen," I cried.

"Where?"

I pointed to the line of powder barrels.

"You would blow this door open?"

"Precisely."

"But you would explode the magazine."

It was true, but I was not at the end of my resources.

"We will blow open the store-room door," I cried.

I ran back and seized a tin box which had been filled with candles. It was about the size of my shako—large enough to hold several pounds of powder. Duroc filled it while I cut off the end of a candle. When we had finished, it would have puzzled a colonel of engineers to make a better petard. I put three cheeses on the top of each other and placed it above them, so as to lean against the lock. Then we lit our candle-end and ran for shelter, shutting the door of the magazine behind us.

It is no joke, my friends, to lie among all those tons of powder, with the knowledge that if the flame of the explosion should penetrate through one thin door our blackened limbs would be shot higher than the Castle keep. Who could have believed that a half-inch of candle could take so long to burn? My ears were straining all the time for the thudding of the hoofs of the Cossacks who were coming to destroy us. I had almost made up my mind that the candle must have gone out when there was a smack like a bursting bomb, our door flew to bits, and pieces of cheese, with a shower of turnips, apples, and splinters of cases, were shot in among us. As we rushed out we had to stagger through an impenetrable smoke, with all sorts of débris beneath our feet, but there was a glimmering square where the dark door had been. The petard had done its work.

In fact, it had done more for us than we had even ventured to hope. It had shattered gaolers as well as gaol. The first thing that I saw as I came out into the hall was a man with a butcher's axe in his hand, lying flat upon his back, with a gaping wound across his forehead. The second was a huge dog, with two of its legs broken, twisting in agony upon the floor. As it raised itself up I saw the two broken ends flapping like flails. At the same instant I heard a cry, and there was Duroc, thrown against the wall, with the other hound's teeth in his throat. He pushed it off with his left hand, while again and again he passed his sabre through its body, but it was not until I blew out its brains with my pistol that the iron jaws relaxed, and the fierce, bloodshot eyes were glazed in death.

There was no time for us to pause. A woman's scream from in front—a scream of mortal terror—told us that even now we might be too late. There were two other men in the hall, but they cowered away from our drawn swords and furious faces. The blood was streaming from Duroc's neck and dyeing the grey fur of his pelisse. Such was the lad's fire, however, that he shot in front of me, and it was only over his shoulder that I caught a glimpse of the scene as we rushed into the chamber in which we had first seen the master of the Castle of Gloom.

The Baron was standing in the middle of the room, with his tangled mane bristling like an angry lion. He was, as I have said, a huge man, with enormous shoulders; and as he stood there, with his face flushed with rage and his sword advanced, I could not but think that, in spite of all his villainies, he had a proper figure for a grenadier. The lady lay cowering in a chair behind him. A weal across one of her white arms and a dog-whip upon the floor were enough to show that our escape had hardly been in time to save her from his brutality. He gave a howl like a wolf as we broke in, and was upon us in an instant, hacking and driving, with a curse at every blow.

I have already said that the room gave no space for swordsmanship. My young companion was in front of me in the narrow passage between the table and the wall, so that I could only look on without being able to aid him. The lad knew something of his weapon, and was as fierce and active as a wild cat, but in so narrow a space the weight and strength of the giant gave him the advantage. Besides, he was an admirable swordsman. His parade and riposte were as quick as lightning. Twice he touched Duroc upon the shoulder, and then, as the lad slipped up on a lunge, he whirled up his sword to finish him before he could recover his feet. I was quicker than he, however, and took the cut upon the pommel of my sabre.

"Excuse me," said I, "but you have still to deal with Etienne Gerard."

He drew back and leaned against the tapestry-covered wall, breathing in little, hoarse gasps, for his foul living was against him.

"Take your breath," said I. "I will await your convenience."

"You have no cause of quarrel against me," he panted.

"I owe you some little attention," said I, "for having shut me up in your store-room. Besides, if all other were wanting, I see cause enough upon that lady's arm."

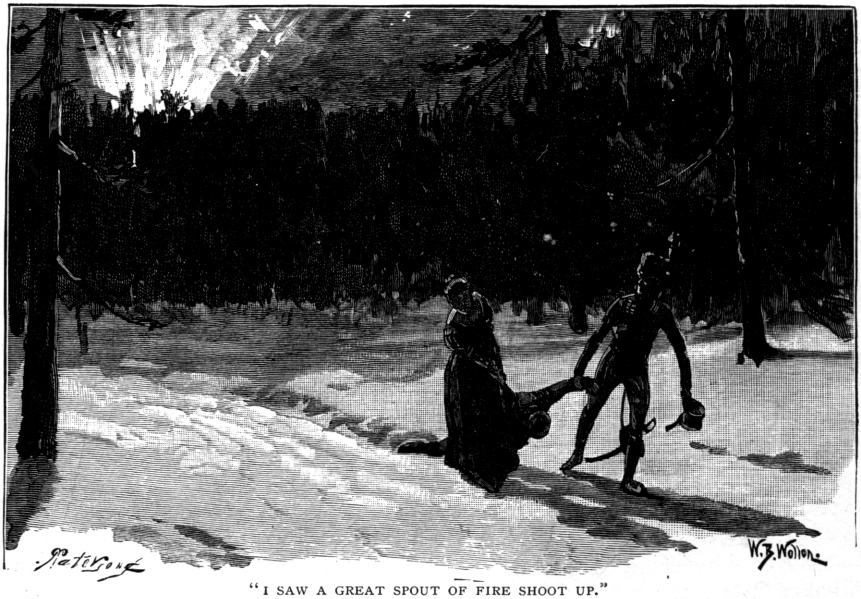
"Have your way, then!" he snarled, and leaped at me like a madman. For a minute I saw only the blazing blue eyes, and the red glazed point which stabbed and stabbed, rasping off to right or to left, and yet ever back at my throat and my breast. I had never thought that such good sword-play was to be found at Paris in the days of the Revolution. I do not suppose that in all my little affairs I have met six men who had a better knowledge of their weapon. But he knew that I was his master. He read death in my eyes, and I could see that he read it. The flush died from his face. His breath came in shorter and in thicker gasps. Yet he fought on, even after the final thrust had come, and died still hacking and cursing, with foul cries upon his lips, and his blood clotting upon his orange beard. I who speak to you have seen so many battles, that my old memory can scarce contain their names, and yet of all the terrible sights which these eyes have rested upon, there is none which I care to think of less than of that orange beard with the crimson stain in the centre, from which I had drawn my sword point.

It was only afterwards that I had time to think of all this. His monstrous body had hardly crashed down upon the floor before the woman in the corner sprang to her feet, clapping her hands together and screaming out in her delight. For my part I was disgusted to see a woman take such delight in a deed of blood, and I gave no thought as to the terrible wrongs which must have befallen her before she could so far forget the gentleness of her sex. It was on my tongue to tell her sharply to be silent, when a strange, choking smell took the breath from my nostrils, and a sudden, yellow glare brought out the figures upon the faded hangings.

"Duroc, Duroc!" I shouted, tugging at his shoulder. "The Castle is on fire!"

The boy lay senseless upon the ground, exhausted by his wounds. I rushed out into the hall to see whence the danger came. It was our explosion which had set alight to the dry framework of the door. Inside the store-room some of the boxes were already blazing. I glanced in, and as I did so my blood was turned to water by the sight of the powder barrels beyond, and of the loose heap upon the floor. It might be seconds, it could not be more than minutes, before the flames would be at the edge of it. These eyes will be closed in death, my friends, before they cease to see those crawling lines of fire and the black heap beyond.

How little I can remember what followed. Vaguely I can recall how I rushed into the chamber of death, how I seized Duroc by one limp hand and dragged him down the hall, the woman keeping pace with me and pulling at the other arm. Out of the gateway we rushed, and on down the snow-covered path until we were on the fringe of the fir forest. It was at that moment that I heard a crash behind me, and, glancing round, saw a great spout of fire shoot up into the wintry sky. An instant later there seemed to come a second crash far louder than the first. I saw the fir trees and the stars whirling round me, and I fell unconscious across the body of my comrade.

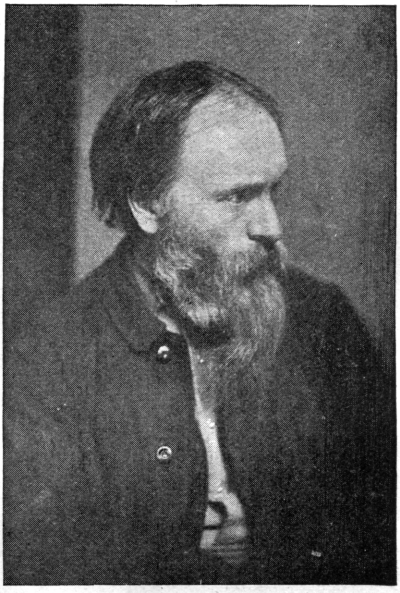


"I SAW A GREAT SPOUT OF FIRE SHOOT UP."

It was some weeks before I came to myself in the post-house of Arensdorf, and longer still before I could be told all that had befallen me. It was Duroc, already able to go soldiering, who came to my bedside and gave me an account of it. He it was who told me how a piece of timber had struck me on the head and had laid me almost dead upon the ground. From him, too, I learned how the Polish girl had run to Arensdorf, how she had roused our hussars, and how she had only just brought them back in time to save us from the spears of the Cossacks who had been summoned from their bivouac by that same black-bearded secretary whom we had seen galloping so swiftly over the snow. As to the brave lady who had twice saved our lives, I could not learn very much about her at that moment from Duroc, but when I chanced to meet him in Paris two years later, after the campaign of Wagram, I was not very much surprised to find that I needed no introduction to his bride, and that by the queer turns of fortune he had himself, had he chosen to use it, that very name and title of the Baron Straubenthal, which showed him to be the owner of the blackened ruins of the Castle of Gloom.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

By L. T. Meade.



SIR E. BURNE-JONES.
From a Photo. by F. Hollyer.

IT is the fashion to speak of the present day as realistic and prosaic. The spirit of mysticism and idealism is completely out of date. We are a hard-headed, money-loving race now, and have little time for the gentle graces. We do not believe in legend or myth; the days of chivalry and romance are over. Knights are nowhere to be found, and the poets have almost sunk into oblivion. We pride ourselves on this state of things, and believe that we see better and more clearly because the glamour is removed, and the morning of the world is at an end. We are now in our adolescence, and think scorn of the days of childhood. Notwithstanding this general prosaicness, however, there come moments in the lives of most of us when we regret the absence of that divine gift which men call imagination; we want to see things again from the glamour of childhood, and would be glad to accept the faith which has nearly died away. We get sick of being humdrum; at such moments, romance and legend appeal to us again; in short, we come to the inevitable moment of reaction; we reach the extreme edge of the pendulum and begin to swing back.

All Literature repeats this fact. The romance of Scott and Coleridge followed the classic formality of Gray and Thomson. It is a good sign of our own day that we are beginning to turn with relief from the ugly realism of the modern novel to the light fancy and stirring romance of Stevenson and other writers of his school.

In Art, too, the same thing occurs. We have our realistic painters and our painters of romance. Sir Edward Burne-Jones unquestionably takes the lead in the latter school. Above all other things, he is most remarkable for his vivid power of imagination, his strong sense of poetry, his idealism. In an age which is essentially without reverence or mystery, he stands aloof from the busy crowd, and paints canvas after canvas full of vague mysticism, of almost childlike longing to reach the secret which has never yet been revealed on sea or shore. The fact that Sir Edward Burne-Jones is such a popular painter shows that, after all, the imaginative quality in our hearts is more dormant than dead. He belongs to the age in which he lives, but he has never really mixed with it. He spends his days in the romance of the past. While not unmindful of that sad minor

key which underlies our present hurrying life, he lives himself more or less in a charmed atmosphere of eternal youth. This seems to me to be the dominant note in the greater part of his work.

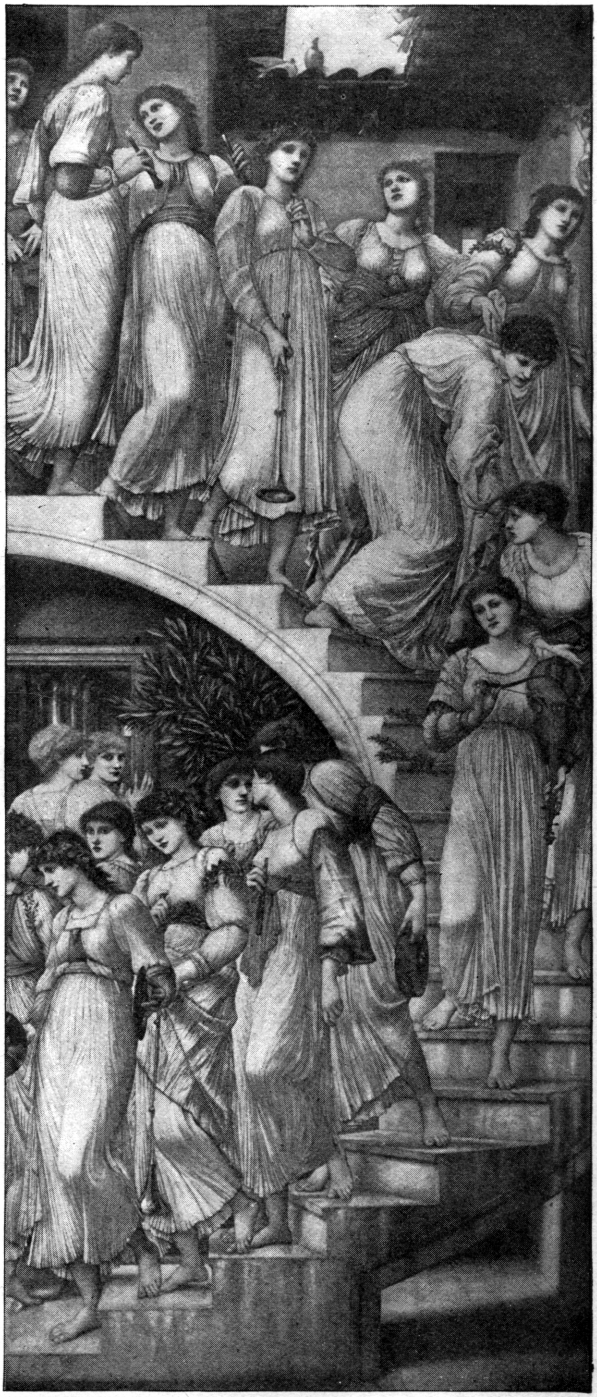
A brief glance at some of his pictures may illustrate this statement.

In "The Golden Stair," one of the most popular and best known of Burne-Jones's works, we see at a glance a procession which seems to represent the essence of Spring, the very impersonation of glad and happy youth. Wonder may be perceptible on some of the faces, but care on none. The white doves on the window are not more innocent than these innocent and lovely maidens. They have decked themselves with wreaths, and as they trip down the golden stairs, and enter the portals of some life hitherto unknown, they make glad music.

This is perhaps one of the most beautiful pictures which the painter has ever placed on canvas. It seems to represent, though such a term is scarcely allowable, "Youth's Jubilee."

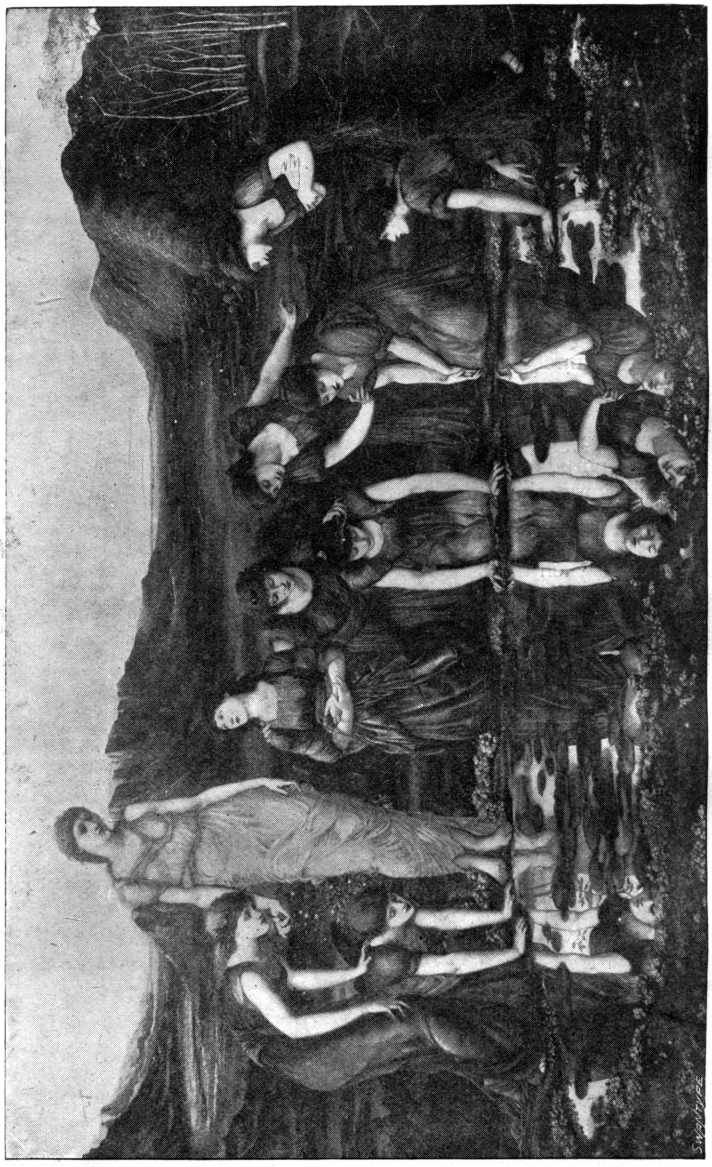
In "The Mirror of Venus" the note of youth is again struck, but the maidens have evidently advanced in the knowledge of good and evil since they first went down the golden stairs. Venus, in all her beauty, stands in their midst—their hearts quicken as they look into the magical pool. Among its water-lilies and forget-me-nots they are anxiously searching for some vision of their own future. Their faces express longing, and even a faint touch of the unrest and perplexity which are so characteristic of the present day.

In his two celebrated pictures, "Chant d'Amour" and "Love Among the Ruins," Sir Edward endeavours to show the power of Love. In the "Chant d'Amour," love is represented as the consecrating Spirit of Life; in his "Love Among the Ruins," it is the Great Consolation. In both these pictures the subject is treated from a mythical and spiritual point of view. In the "Chant d'Amour," the time is early morning; the sunrise streams through the church in the



Photographed by] "THE GOLDEN STAIR." *[F. Hollyer.*

background, and falls full upon the maiden playing on the organ. The knight in armour sits spell-bound, almost at her feet; Love, with closed eyes and wings, blows the organ. is in ruins; the briar rose grows over the lovely garden; the harp is silent. All would be blackness and desolation but for the fact that Love itself still lives. The reflection of



"THE MIRROR OF VENUS." [*F. Hollyer.*

Photographed by]

Here is love idealized—almost passionless. None of

> That unrest which men mis-call delight

is perceptible here.

In "Love Among the Ruins" a much sadder note is struck. Love is indeed here the Consolation. All else is gone, the house its sunshine is seen on the faces of the two lovers. The worst has not therefore come, for Love survives.

This beautiful picture is one of the painter's most popular works. Its exquisite and tender greys and blues can scarcely be surpassed. All is in tone with the subject.

"The Star of Bethlehem" is a new rendering of the old story which is interwoven into the life of each English child. Here are the mother and babe, the angel Gabriel stands near to watch the scene; his wings are folded, his hands clasped together, he looks as if he were just arrested in flight, as if he had just flown from the highest Heaven to witness this first triumph of the King of Kings. The kings from the East are presenting their gifts—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. The sunlight glitters alike on the jewels and on the white lily blossoms and red roses as studies in a single colour. "The Wood Nymph" looks out on the world from her throne in the heart of a laurel wood, the thick foliage which surrounds her is of every shade of green. "The Sea Nymph," on the other hand, is a study in blue.

The "Flamma Vestalis" is another type of the inexhaustible imaginative gift of this great painter. The look of serenity is very manifest on the fair face. This expression is not, perhaps, unmixed with resignation. The maiden has given up the world, but under protest. The picture is very well

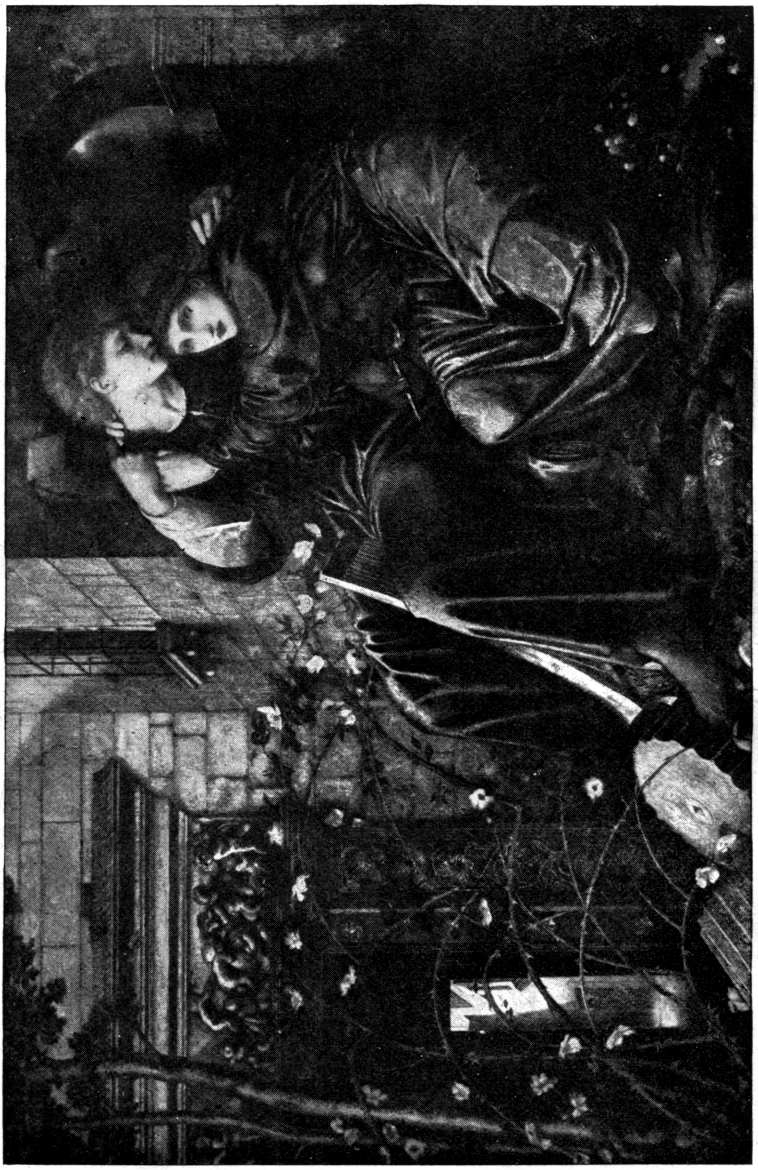
Photographed by] "CHANT D'AMOUR." *[F. Hollyer.*

which grow in the foreground of the picture. This is one of the largest water-colours ever painted, measuring 12ft. by 8ft.; as a work of art it is magnificent, but notwithstanding its subject, it does not seem to me so subtle and full of spiritual meaning as others which are less obviously religious.

"The Wood Nymph," which is reproduced here, has a companion picture called "The Sea Nymph." Both these pictures were painted in 1880, and are considered more conventional than most of Burne-Jones's work. They are very interesting, however, known, and is deservedly popular. The very beautiful picture, "Sponsa di Libano," or, as it is sometimes called, "The Winds Picture from the Song of Solomon," is a marvellous conception. The figures, which represent the North and South winds, the Bride who waits for her Beloved in the garden of lilies, have never been more exquisitely portrayed. Here, again, are the old, familiar themes, Youth and Love.

One of the painter's most remarkable pictures, which, alas! is little known, because no photograph has ever been taken

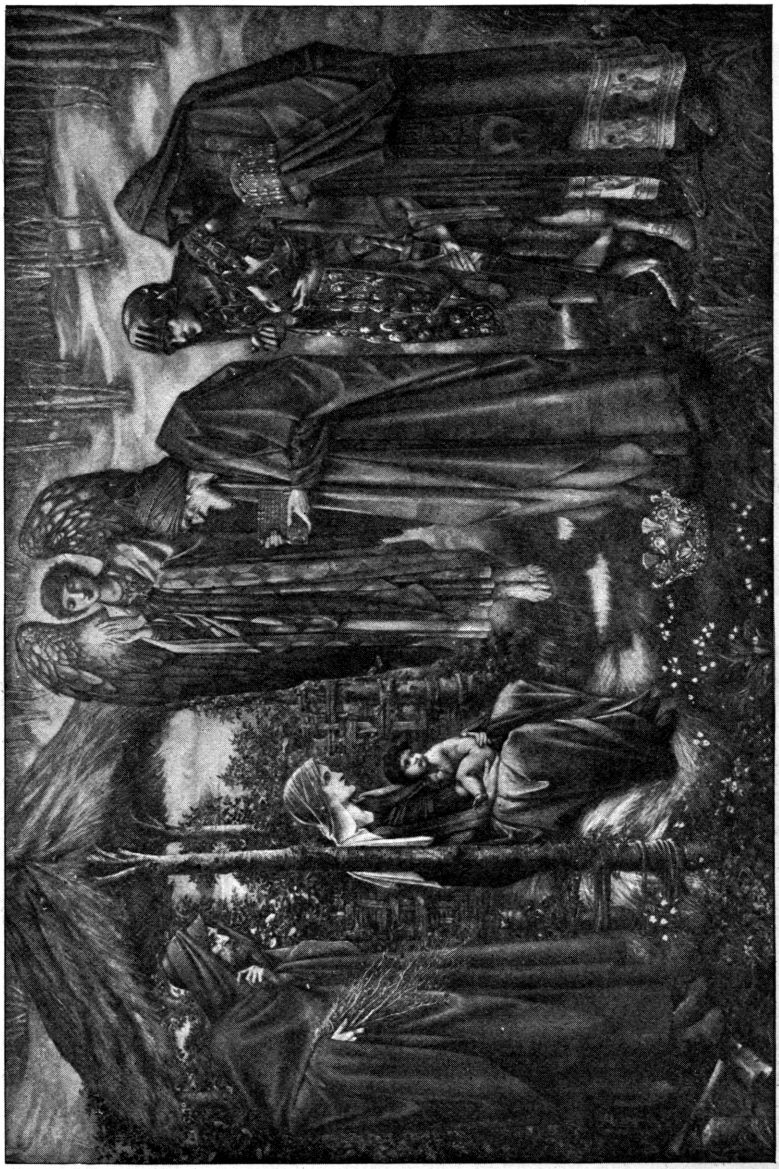
of it, is one which was painted in his early days, but which he has never surpassed in beauty of conception and idea. It is called "Christ Kissing the Merciful Knight." Those visitors who saw the collection of his pictures in the New Gallery two years ago cannot fail to have remarked this work. The legend from which the picture is painted is as follows: A certain knight, St. Giovanni Gualberto, rode out on Good Friday to avenge his brother's death. He met the murderer, who prayed earnestly for mercy in the name of Christ who had died on the cross that day. Hearing him plead in this name, the knight forgave him. In the evening, the Merciful Knight knelt at the chapel on the Hill of San Miniato. At that moment a miracle occurred—the Christ on the crucifix bowed to kiss his cheek. Henceforth the warrior devoted himself to a religious life. Julia Cartwright thus describes the picture: "The forest back-



"LOVE AMONG THE RUINS." [*F. Hollyer.*

Photographed by]

ground, with its clear pool of water and glancing sunlight, was the same which Rossetti had admired many years before, but the hedge of flowering roses recalls the Florentine hillside where the miraculous event is said to take place. Here the good knight kneels, clad in steel armour, at the wayside shrine, and his pale face, worn and wearied with the struggle through which he has passed, gleams with a look of unearthly beauty as the image of Christ bends towards him. The picture made a profound impression at the time; some were startled, and others repelled, by the strangeness of the conception, but it was impossible not to recognise the power and the originality of the artist. All things, it was felt, were possible to the painter of this picture."



[*F. Hollyer.*

"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM."

(Reproduced by permission of the Committee of the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.)

Photographed by]

To a nature like Sir Edward's the myths of the past prove an unfailing source of inspiration. Over and over again he turns back to them, rejecting more modern and less classical

themes. He takes the old nursery legends, the old, old romances, and clothes them with fresh life. His celebrated pictures, "The Briar Rose," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Story of Perseus," "The Romaunt of the Rose," and many others too numerous to mention, show abundantly where his fancy most loves to wander.

I do not feel qualified to speak of the technical excellence of his work, but the wealth of colour and grace of form which characterize such pictures as "The Briar Rose" and "Pygmalion and Galatea" must be seen to be appreciated.

Those visitors who were privileged to see his splendid collection at the New Gallery can form little idea, even from this, of the immensity and variety of his work. He has done much in every form of decorative art, especially in designs for stained glass and mosaic. With his friend, Mr. William Morris, he has revived decorative art in England; and now, not only in our cathedrals, but in quiet village churches, the beautiful windows, designed and executed by this pair, meet the eye. One lovely example is to be found at the east end of St. Philip's Church, Birmingham, the birthplace of the painter. It represents, on the right, the Nativity; on the left, the Crucifixion; the centre window is a picture of the Ascension.

Photographed by] "THE WOOD NYMPH." *[F. Hollyer.*

Julia Cartwright gives a delightful account of another window, which must be truly splendid in its colouring and design. This

"FLAMMA VESTALIS."
Photographed by F. Hollyer.

window is to be found in the fine old church of Middleton Cheney, a village in South Northamptonshire. I quote from her own words :—

"Thirty years ago, the rector of this parish, Mr. W. E. Buckley, determined to make the windows of his church a complete record of Bible History. Mr. Morris filled the large East window with a picture of the Celestial Country, for which Mr. Burne-Jones designed the Adoration of the Lamb. Mr. Ford Maddox-Brown and other artists supplied cartoons for the remaining saints. In 1867, Mr. Burne-Jones designed the West window in the tower. Here the Three Children are seen walking in the flames, which seem to curl and leap about them as the evening sunlight streams through the glowing panes. Above, in the upper lights of the window, are the Six Angels, bearing in their hands the crystal spheres, which tell of the leafy bowers and clear waters of Paradise—the vision which came to these martyrs in the flames. The famous pictures of the Days of the Creation were originally designed for this window, and repeated at Tamworth a year later."

There is scarcely any branch of art in which this painter has not laboured some time during his life—his decorations have even extended to articles of furniture, cabinets, pianos, organs. He has designed tapestry and needlework—decorations for tiles and bass-reliefs. In all these varied works he has, to quote from Mrs. Ady, "taken care to observe the principles of design, and the limits imposed by the capabilities of his material." She goes on to tell us that the great tapestry of the Adoration of the Magi, executed from his design by Mr. William Morris, now hangs in the chapel of Exeter College, a fitting memorial of that memorable friendship between the poet and painter, which had its origin in Oxford days. Sir Edward Burne-Jones has also turned his prolific fancy towards the illustration of books —his pencil studies of Virgil's Epic are masterpieces of exquisite finish and beauty.

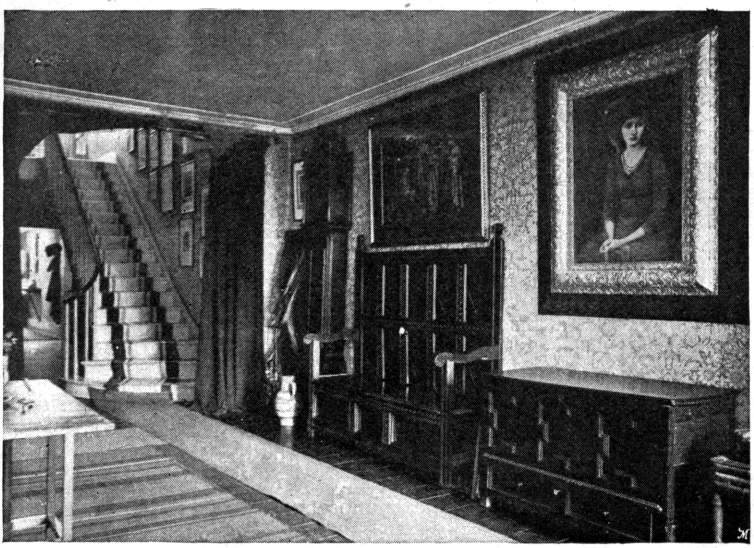
When a boy or girl shows any special talent, it is a favourite question to ask whether he or she inherits the gift from parent or ancestor. In the case of Sir Edward, there was no hereditary tendency towards Art. He was born in the unromantic town of Birmingham, and grew up in its ugliness and dulness, far from all galleries and Art schools. He had not even story-books to gladden his eyes, and speaks now of the hungry

Photographed by] A STUDY. *[F. Hollyer.*

gaze with which he used to look in at the booksellers' windows. At eleven years old he was sent to King Edward's School, and there he threw himself into the classic part of his education with much delight. Homer and Virgil were indeed congenial food to such a nature, and here he began first to make acquaintance with those wonderful myths and legends which he was to interpret with such splendour by-and-by.

The artist's father was anxious that the boy should take orders in the Church of England. In accordance with this wish he went to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1852, but he had little love for the routine of college life, and found lectures a weariness to the flesh. It was at Oxford, however, that he first met William Morris; he had also gone there with the intention of taking orders. A great friendship sprang up between these two,

Photographed by] "SPONSA DI LIBANO." *[F. Hollyer.*



From a] ENTRANCE HALL—THE GRANGE. *[Photograph.*

and after earnest talk and consultation, the young men determined to throw aside all other considerations and devote themselves heart and soul to the service of Art.

They came to London, where they met Rossetti, and other men of what was to be eventually the great pre-Raphaelite school.

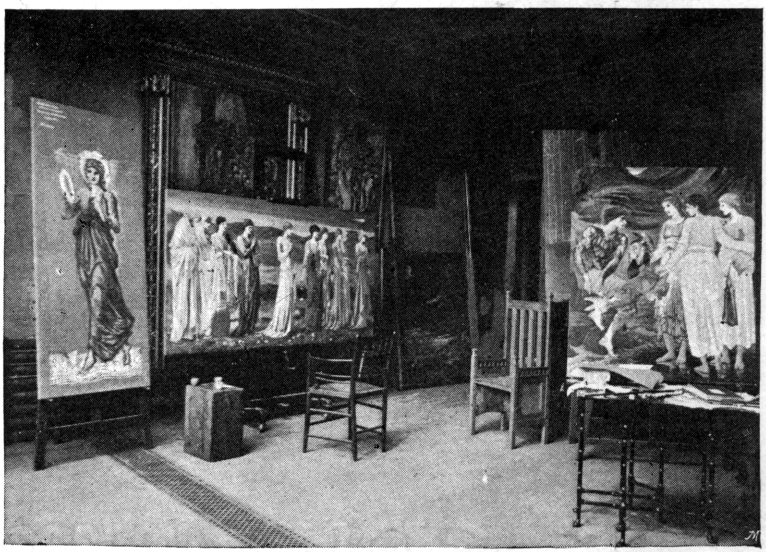
From that moment Burne-Jones never turned aside from the real bent of his genius. He was twenty-three years of age when he really adopted Art as his profession. He had, therefore, much to learn, finding himself, to quote his own words, at five-and-twenty where he ought to have been at fifteen.

Perseverance and genius, however, overcame all obstacles, and, step by step, the great master ascended the steep Hill of Difficulty, until he finally reached his present lofty eminence.

In a paper like this, it would take too long to go minutely into the story of his life. To acquire any real success in Art is the work of a lifetime; to many patient workers success never comes; but where, to that subtle thing called genius, is added the indomitable spirit of persevering toil, the result is assured.

There are few painters more popular than Sir Edward Burne-Jones is at the present day. Not only in England, but in most continental towns we see reproductions from his beautiful pictures. He has worked for far more than fame; he has endeavoured to add fresh beauty to the world, and to raise the art which he loves to a high place in every home in the land. But fame has also in a large measure come to him; he meets it with quiet dignity, and in his country home in the heart of London, allows it to trouble him very little.

For the purpose of writing this article, I went to visit him there last winter. When he first took possession of "The Grange," twenty-seven years ago, the house was truly in the country. It stood in the midst of fields, on the borders of London. This old,



From a] THE HOME STUDIO. *[Photograph.*

red-brick house was celebrated even before its present occupant took possession of it, for Richardson wrote his famous novels there, and Dr. Johnson and Hogarth were often to be seen under the old roof. "The Grange" now stands somewhat lonely in the midst of poor streets and small houses, but it still has its leafy trees and sheltered garden, and flowers are yet to be found there uninjured by London smoke. The painter finds his happiness in the old place, and has no apparent wish to change his quarters. In the summer he does much of his work in his beautiful garden studio; but when I last saw him he was in the home studio, where his winter work is principally carried on.

"I shall be glad to give you any information in my power," he said, in his genial way, "but I can't consent to a regular interview. My public life belongs to the nation, and I will gladly answer any questions you like to ask about it. My private life, on the other hand, I regard as my own. I do not care to have the curtain drawn aside from it. It puzzles me much," he continued, with a sigh, "to know what special interest the public can take in the ordinary domestic life of a man, whether he is well known in his public capacity or not. My pictures are for the people—my inner life for myself and my friends."

In this brief account, therefore, of our great painter, I have been obliged to speak more of his works than of his special and delightful individuality. It is possible, however, that those who study his canvases may by so doing catch something of his spirit.

He has been a hard fighter on the side of Truth against Shams. Looking on Art as almost a religion, he has lived up to his high ideal. Believing in the power of beauty as the most important lever in the true education of the Race, he has done his utmost to add to the Beauty of the World.

From a] THE GARDEN STUDIO. *[Photograph.*

A True Ghost Story.

By the Countess of Munster.

NOT many years ago, people used to sneer at ghosts and ghost stories much more than they do now, and one would constantly hear people whisper to one another (while some individual was relating his or her experience): "Ah! it is very odd that these ghost stories should *always* be related at second or third hand. Now, *I* want to *see* a person who *personally has seen* the ghost, and then I will believe!"

Yes! People *are* more accustomed to hearing about ghosts now; and yet, even now, should it be a wife, daughter, or sister who ventures to narrate some supernatural experience, she is pooh-poohed, or laughed at, or told to "take a pill."

Now, *I have seen a ghost*—and am prepared to attest most solemnly to the fact, as well as to the truth of every word here set down. I have, of course, avoided names, but nothing else; so, without further preamble, I will state my case.

Some years ago I became the object of the infatuated adoration of a person of my own age and sex; and I use the word "infatuated" advisedly, because I feel now, as I did at the time, that neither I nor any mortal that ever lived could possibly be worthy of the overwhelming affection which my poor friend lavished upon me. I, on my side, was not ungrateful towards her, for I loved her in return very dearly; but when I explain that I was a wife and the mother of young children, and that she was unmarried, it will easily be understood that our devotion to each other must of necessity be rather one-sided; and this fact caused some dispeace between us at times.

For many years my friend held a post at Court, which she resigned soon after she

began to know me; and although her Royal Mistress, in her gracious kindness, assigned two houses to her, she gave them both up, to be free to live near me in B——; indeed, she gave up relatives, old servants and comforts in order that she might come and live (and die, alas!) in lodgings, over a shop, near me. But she was not happy. She "gloomed" over the inevitable fact that, in consequence of the difference in her home-circumstances and mine, I could not be with her every day, and all day long. I think she was naturally of an unhappy disposition, being deeply, passionately, and unjustifiably jealous, and also painfully incapable of taking things and people as they were. All this gave me often much annoyance; but we were, all the same, sometimes very cheerful and happy together, and sometimes—the reverse.

Later on, she, poor soul, was taken ill, and during months of fluctuating health I nursed her—sometimes in hope, sometimes without—and at moments during her illness she found strange comfort in foretelling to me, after the most "uncanny" fashion, things which she declared would happen to me after her death. They were mostly trivialities—little episodes concerning people and things over whom and which we had talked and laughed together, for she was gifted with a keen sense of the ridiculous.

Amongst other things, she said to me one afternoon:—

"This bazaar for which we are working" (she had been helping me for weeks for a charity bazaar, and I can now see her dainty little hands, as she manipulated the delicate muslin and lace. Poor, poor L——!) "I shall be dead before it takes place; and I shall see you at your stall, and on one of the days of the bazaar, an old lady will come up to you and say: 'Have you any of poor Miss L——'s work?' (mentioning me). And you will answer 'Yes! here is some!' and you will show her this which I am working; and she'll say 'Have you any more?' and you'll say 'Yes' again; and she'll carry it all off, and say she buys it for 'poor Miss L——'s sake.' And I shall know and see it all!"

I remember repeating, wonderingly, "What lady?"

She answered, dreamily, "Oh! I don't know—but—some old lady! You'll see!"

And I am bound to say, *this is exactly what occurred* at the bazaar, months after her death: an old lady, with whom I was not acquainted, *did* buy all her work, having asked for it, and carrying it away "for *her* sake!" An old lady, too, whom I had never seen.

One other curious circumstance which attended her death was that, after looking forward with more than usual pleasure to my coming birthday (which she said would be "a more than commonly happy anniversary"), *that* was the very day on which she died!

I think that one of the sharpest regrets which I ever experienced in my life consisted in the fact that I was not with my dearest friend at the moment that she passed away. She had made me promise that I would be with her at that time, and, God knows, I had the fullest intention of fulfilling her wish, but on that very evening, of all others, I was called away, and she died in my absence. I had been sitting by her bed-side all the afternoon, and all that evening I had held her dear hand, and had kept whispering comforting words in her ear; but latterly she had made no response, and was, seemingly, unconscious.

Suddenly a messenger came from my house (not a hundred yards, it was, away), saying my husband wanted me at once, as one of my children was ill. I looked at the nurse, who assured me there was "nothing immediate" impending; so, stooping over my poor friend, I whispered—at the same time pressing a kiss on her forehead—that "half an hour should see me at her side again." But she took no notice, and much against my will I hastily, and noiselessly, left the room.

Throwing a shawl over my head I hurried across the square, and as I passed the church the clock struck twelve, and I suddenly remembered that—to-day was my birthday!

I got back in less than half an hour, and on my return heard, to my everlasting sorrow, that I had not been gone ten minutes before my dear L—— became restless and uneasy, then suddenly starting up in her bed, she looked hastily round the room, gave a cry, then there came a rush of blood to her mouth, and after a few painful struggles, she sank back, gasped once or twice, and never moved again.

Of course, I thought then, and do to this day, that she was looking round the room for *me*, and that she had died feeling I had broken my faith with her. A bitter, never-failing regret!

I have given this slight sketch of the feelings which existed between me and my poor friend (before narrating the circumstances of

her supernatural visit to me), just to emphasize the facts of the alluring fascination, the intense affection, which existed between us during her life-time, and which, I firmly believe, have lasted beyond her grave.

Quite a year and a half after her death, my poor L——, with what motive I know not (unless it may have been, as I sometimes fondly hope, to assure me that she understood and sympathized with my sorrow at my having failed her at the moment of her extremity), appeared to me. She came once—but never again. It occurred thus:—

I had been suffering all day from brow ague, and had gone early to bed—but not to sleep. All the evening I had been kept painfully awake by that same church clock which I have mentioned above. It seemed to me to strike oftener, louder, and more slowly than any clock I had ever had the misfortune to come across. Of course, my ailment of the moment caused the clock's vagaries to appear peculiarly painful, and I bore the annoyance very restlessly, with my face turned pettishly to the wall; but when the midnight hour began to chime, I felt as though I could bear it no longer. Muttering an impatient exclamation, I turned in my bed, so as to face the room, and looking across it, I saw my poor L——, standing close to a screen between me and the door, looking at me.

"AS I PASSED THE CHURCH THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE."

She was in her usual dress, wearing (what was then called) a "cross-over," which was tied behind; while her bonnet (which she was always in the habit of taking off as she came upstairs) was, as usual, hanging by the ribbon, on her arm. She had a smile on her face, and I distinctly noticed her lovely little white ears, which were always my admiration, and which were only half covered by her soft brown hair.

She stood—a minute it seemed—looking at me, then she glided towards me, and I, half-apprehensive that she was about to throw herself on my bed, exclaimed, jumping up in a sitting posture:—

"Dearest! what brings you here so late?"

With deep reverence be it spoken; but as soon as these words were out of my mouth I was irresistibly reminded of those spoken (Holy Writ tells us) by Saint Peter at the awful moment of the Transfiguration! Awed and dazed at the sight of the spiritual visitants, we are told he uttered words "not knowing what he said." These words of mine also seemed to leap to my lips, with but little meaning in them—if any.

As soon, however, as my voice had ceased, the apparition disappeared, and I remained some moments motionless.

One of the most curious features of the case is that, although I was very especially restless and awake at the moment of the appearance, I recognised my friend so completely, that I forgot, also, to recognise the fact *that she had died;* or, rather, it happened too quickly for me to bring that fact to mind. Indeed, it all took place in such a flash—in such a moment of time—so much quicker than I can tell it—and she looked so exactly like her well-known self, that till she had disappeared, I really believed *I was seeing her in the flesh!* Of course, as soon as I had

"SHE GLIDED TOWARDS ME."

time to reflect, I remembered, and realized WHAT it was I *had* seen!

I was not frightened, but *I felt colder than I had ever felt in my life*, and *I have never felt so cold since*, but the moisture seemed to pour off my body. I called no one to my assistance; all I realized was that God had permitted me to see *her* once more, and that perhaps He might send her to me again. But He has not done so, and, probably, now, He never will.

I lay awake all night afterwards, hoping for —and, I think, almost expecting—her again, and after the day had dawned I fell asleep.

Before telling my story to anyone, and dreading unspeakably all the doubting and sarcastic speeches which such a narration would inevitably call forth, I sent for my doctor, an old and trusted friend, and after making him talk rationally to me for some time, I asked him whether he considered me in an *exaltée* state, or whether I had ever betrayed any hysterical tendencies. He reassured me heartily on these points, and then asked my reasons for such questionings. I thereupon opened my heart to him, and he neither ridiculed nor disbelieved, but, on the contrary, told me another case of the same kind which had lately happened to a friend of his; but he strongly advised me to keep my own counsel at present (which I did for some time), and kindly added that he not only did not look upon me as a lunatic, but simply as a woman for whom one corner of the curtain which guarded the unseen had been lifted.

In conclusion, I repeat I am ready to vouch for the truth of every word here set down, and also, should it be required, to give names —in private—to satisfy those who doubt.

Centenarians.

By Netta Esplin Cargill.

"A HUNDRED years of life is what Providence intended for man." So wrote Buffon, a profound student of human physiology and the laws by which its complexities are governed and controlled. And that great naturalist's assertion has not only been indorsed by many other well-known observers, but is being every day verified in actual experience. But if this declaration by a modern scientist does not quite agree with that dictum of the Psalmist of old which assigned four-score years as a limit of human endurance, it must be remembered that in the history of the race, even from the earliest times, there have been famous instances of the prolongation of life to a span far beyond even a century.

Omitting those of Scriptural renown, perhaps the most remarkable instances of the kind on record were those—first—of Thomas Carn, or Caron, an Englishman who, it has been averred, lived to the unparalleled age of 207; and, secondly, of a Russian subject who was believed to have attained to an age of between 200 and 205! The former *bi-centenarian*—shall we call him?—died on the 25th January, 1588, and it is stated that his age has been confirmed by the register of the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; while the death of the latter occurred as recently as 1812, at a village in the diocese or province of Ekaterinov, in the south of Russia, the fact having been noted at the time in the *St. Petersburg Gazette.* The probability is that these abnormal ages were both exaggerated, though they have often been cited as examples of bi-centenarian ages attained by human beings. Be that as it may, Buffon's measurement of the life-limit has been and is, indeed, being every year more or less overstepped by scores of persons in many parts of the world.

Some years ago a most interesting book was written by a well-known London actuary on the subject of *Life Assurance*, and, in the course of many pages of useful statistics, he submitted a list of individuals who were known or supposed to have reached the age of 120 *and upwards!* Including the two phenomenal cases referred to, the list numbered no fewer than 225 centenarians of almost every social rank and condition, and belonging to many nationalities, though, strange to say, the majority were either Britons or Russians.

"We had originally intended," wrote the author of the work, "to include in the list all recorded cases of deaths in this country at ages over 100, but we found the cases from 120 down so numerous that we had to pull up at 120 for want of space."

The question, therefore, may well be asked: Is centenarianism on the increase in the human family? Under the ever-improving conditions of life by which the human family is now, generally speaking, environed, the number of persons attaining to centenarian ages ought certainly to be on the increase. Yet it is to be feared that the greatly prolonged spans of life which were known to former generations are rarely, if ever, experienced in these days.

A man or woman, say, 130 or even 120 years old, would to-day be considered a very great curiosity, a veritable relic of the past, well worthy of the interest and sympathy of all, more especially since, in all likelihood, such a centenarian would be found, like so many other centenarians, to belong to the humbler and poorer classes of the people. In this country, at all events, no such worthy is alive to-day.

According to the last census, the oldest person living in 1891 was then aged 113. She has since died, and a number of years must again pass before it can be possible for the oldest person now living in the United Kingdom to reach the age of 120. On the other hand, it is probable that there are more persons every year approximating to centenarian ages (taking the maximum age at 100 years) than ever there were before in the history of the race; and, after all, this is surely the greater desideratum. Better a goodly number of a hundred-year-old folk than only a few 120 years old!

How many centenarians there are in this country at the present time is a matter that need not concern us now, my purpose being to pass in review a few of those "worthies" who have reached centenarian ages, and by drawing attention to the subject, if possible to encourage all who may to go and "do

likewise." The late Dr. Farr, for many years the Registrar-General, in which capacity he had the best opportunity for forming an opinion on the whole matter, once affirmed that "a century may be considered the circuit of time in which human life goes through all the phases of its evolution." Is it not the duty of all to try at least, as far as possible, to conform to those laws and conditions of "living" by which that circuit may be accomplished? The following interesting instances are cited as having done so :—

MRS. MARGARET MACARTHUR, OR MACKENZIE,

who lives at 14, Sandwickhill, North Street, Stornoway, is 105 years of age and is still, to use the stereotyped phrase, in possession of all her faculties. Quite recently she

MRS. MARGARET MACARTHUR, OR MACKENZIE.
From a Photo. by W. McLeod, Stornoway.

walked into Stornoway and back to her home, which is about a mile and a quarter distant from that town, smartly and without much fatigue. Indeed, the old lady has an amazing amount of vigour, considering her great age, daily taking pleasure in doing household duties. She has recently dispensed with the use of spectacles and is again able, without their aid, to read small print. Her hearing is wonderfully sharp, a very uncommon gift in one so aged.

Locally, and in the Gaelic tongue, Mrs. Mackenzie is known as "Bantrach Dhomhnuill," or the widow of Donald, though, as a matter of fact, she has been widowed twice. Her father was a crofter or small farmer in the district where she has resided almost all her long life, and of her early days and experiences she still retains many interesting memories. When a little girl, she witnessed not a few of the ever-deplorable scenes of eviction which scattered so many crofter families to the ends of the earth in the last years of the eighteenth century; and when grown to womanhood, and already entered on the cares of a wife and mother, she was one of many of the West Highland folks who were "brought under" the influence of what is still remembered as the great Evangelical movement of 1825—a movement which left its mark indelibly upon her own life and character. Nothing thrills the old lady more than the remembrance, as strong within her to-day as three-quarters of a century ago, of the scenes and incidents of those days; and of the good men and women, long ago passed away, who took a prominent part in the movement, and whose names, which are, even yet, to her as household words, she holds very dear.

All through her life Mrs. Mackenzie has been a woman of intense religious convictions, though her religion—in theory as well as in daily experience—is, and has always been, of the sunniest and happiest kind, with nothing sour or gloomy about it, as if it were a sort of penance for the past and a dismal preparation for the future. Indeed, according to those who know her best and have lived many years beside her, she is one of the most cheerful and hopeful Christian women—cheerful *with* everybody and hopeful *for* everybody—that ever lived in the Highlands of Scotland. And

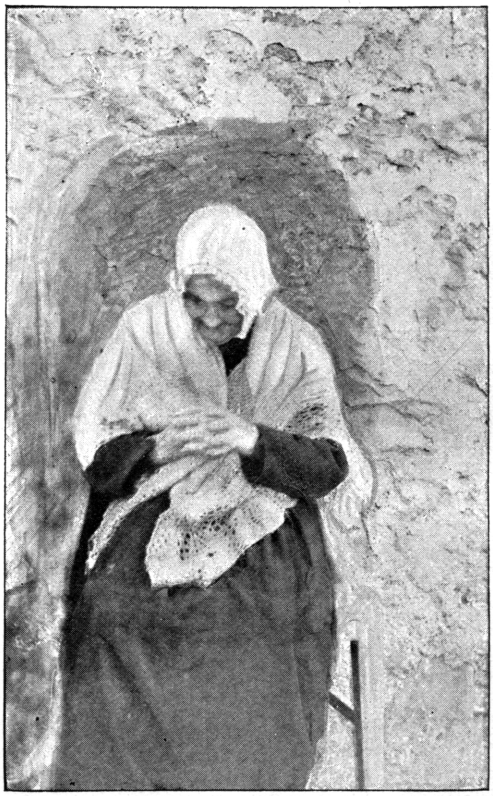
MRS. MACKENZIE'S COTTAGE.
From a Photo. by W. McLeod, Stornoway.

for this characteristic she is famous for many miles around the little village of Sandwick, where she resides. Is it not possible that it is to this very excellent trait that Mrs. Mackenzie owes something for the wonderful age to which she has attained? Be that as it may, she is a splendidly preserved old lady, as her photograph—the first and probably the last ever taken—will testify to all who look at it. With her likeness is also shown a picture of her humble cottage-home, with the old lady standing at the door, with her *vade-mecum*, the Bible, in her hand.

MRS. ALEXANDRINA ROSS, OR MACKAY,

of Coldbackie, Tongue, Sutherlandshire, N.B. This worthy old lady died at the above address as recently as 18th April, 1894, having completed her 105th year. She lived there with three of her children, whose ages vary in the seventies and eighties! Her eldest "boy," past eighty, lives with his wife next door to her dwelling. A lady who resides in North Staffordshire, and who took a great interest in old Mrs. Mackay and often visited her, has very kindly supplied the following particulars about her:—

"The dear old woman was bright and cheerful, and in full possession of all her faculties, though feeble and sometimes obliged to take a day or two in bed. She had a pretty pink colour in her cheeks, which were quite rounded till the last. She loved to chat about old times and 'the Queen'—who, I found out, was good Queen Charlotte, whom she had seen in London in early youth—and then, when talking of 'Her Majesty,' was the only time her mind seemed to wander. She would think it was the same Queen now, and evidently lived over again in the interesting glimpse of Royalty she had enjoyed so long ago. She had been in the North during the exciting times of the famous Sutherlandshire and Ross-shire evictions, and up to the last retained an intelligent and vivid remembrance of the painful scenes then enacted. To within a short time before her death, her pleasant, cheery chatting continued. One day her daughter—ill in bed—said to her: 'Mother, don't talk now; my head is sore,' to which the old lady replied: 'You should not stop me, I shall soon be quiet for ever!' facing, with full consciousness and calmness, her impending change. She recalled absent friends, and before dying was able to say 'Farewell!' to her surrounding family. Her habits of life seemed to have been severely simple and, I fear, not devoid of privation. I only knew her by her cottage fireside, or sitting in the sunshine on the doorstep. I never heard a murmur from her lips, and I look upon her as a beautiful example of a centenarian who lived a life of hardship and care!"



MRS. ALEXANDRINA ROSS, OR MACKAY.
From a Photograph.

MRS. PEVERILL.

Of all the centenarians alive at the present time there is not, perhaps, a more interesting and pathetic case than that supplied by the life-history of Mrs. Peverill, of Winchmore Hill, London, N., who has been quite blind for the past twenty years. Born in Whitechapel on July 17th, 1792, her lot has been, first and last, one full of hardship and care, and notwithstanding her eye affliction, otherwise she is to-day in the enjoyment of perfect health of body and mind.

She was married to a shipwright at St. George's-in-the-East n her twenty-second year; the precise date of her marriage is April 17th, 1814—five years before Queen Victoria was born! No fewer than thirteen children were born to her, and the youngest

MRS. PEVERILL.
From a Photo. by W. Hambly.

of these is now fifty-eight years of age. Her husband died about fifty-six years ago, and until old age and blindness overtook her, Mrs. Peverill had perforce to maintain herself by hard work, first as a laundress and subsequently as a monthly nurse.

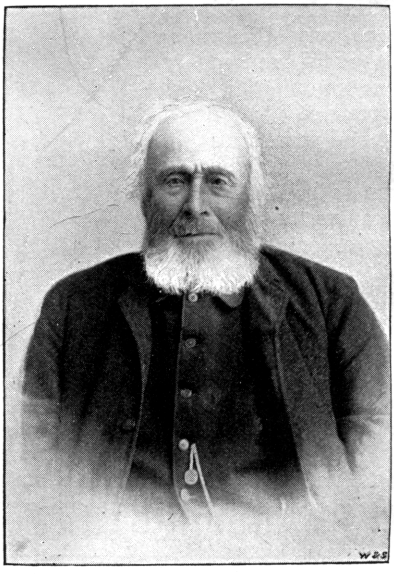
A very sad experience was hers in her 101st year. A daughter who lived with her in her humble home near the Green, Winchmore Hill, went out one evening to buy the weekly groceries. Somehow she stumbled in the darkness, and, falling into the New River that runs close by, was drowned. The poor old mother sat up all the night through—without any fire to warm her—wearily waiting for the daughter who never returned.

As a child Mrs. Peverill was very fond of old songs and ballads, and many of these she still remembers and can repeat with fine feeling. In her "latter days" she, it is to be feared, is not over-comfortably circumstanced, and certainly deserves better of the world.

JOHN BOTHWELL,

Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, is an excellently typical example of a centenarian. As his name indicates, Mr. Bothwell was a Scotsman. He was born in February, 1791, five years before the death of Robert Burns, and died in October, 1891. He thus completed the full cycle of life with half a year to the good. He was twice married, first in 1817 to Jean Bonner, who died without issue; and secondly, in 1827, to Jean Caie, by whom he had three sons and four daughters. His father was a farmer, and Mr. Bothwell himself was practically engaged in farm work all his life. He held the lease of the farm of Wombwell Hill, Kintore, Aberdeenshire, for over forty years, afterwards tenanting the farms of Boat of Kintore and Toll of Kintore. From the last-named place he removed to Old Meldrum, and for some years before his death he lived with his son-in-law, Mr. David Christie, there. He was confined to his bed eight weeks only previous to his death.

Mr. Bothwell was an exceptionally well-built man, and above the average, when in the prime of life, in strength and vigour. His habits were very regular, being practically the same from year to year. He rarely went beyond the boundaries of his own farm. He lived chiefly on oatmeal and milk, a fact which no doubt had much to do with his splendid health and great age. Butcher meat and luxuries of the table were practically unknown to the Aberdeenshire far-



JOHN BOTHWELL.
From a Photo. by Penny, Old Meldrum.

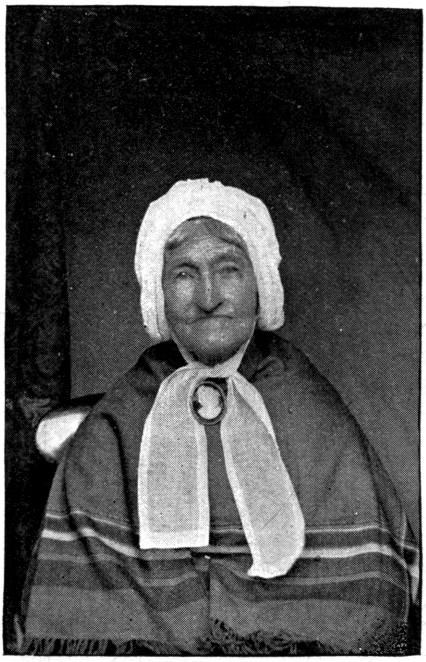
mers of his time. Although he smoked a good deal (he used a very black pipe and exceptionally strong tobacco !) from the time he was, comparatively speaking, quite young until he was ninety years of age, it did not seem to have any appreciable effect on his health. When he gave up the habit, he did so simply because he had grown so that he did not really care whether he had a smoke or not. He was most temperate in all things, and did not indulge in alcoholic liquors of any kind. Up to within a year or so of his death his memory was perfect, and the stories of far-past times which he used to tell his friends were most interesting and entertaining.

JANE BAKER,

Wrexham. At the date of the last census Wrexham was, in one particular regard, the most distinguished town in all Great Britain. It contained no fewer than three living centenarians, not to speak of many other very old folks fast graduating to that honour. Mrs. Baker was one of the three worthies, for she has since passed away, her death having occurred on the 1st June, 1891, when just a few months over her 101st year. Born on 2nd February, 1790 (her father's name was Braznel), Jane was always blessed with an abundance of good health. When in her twenty-eighth year, she married a paper-maker named James Baker, by whom she had eight children. On his death many years ago, she obtained her livelihood by acting as *accoucheuse* for the village of Barham, near Wrexham, an occupation she followed for over forty years, till old age necessitated her "taking her ease." To the very last day of her long life, Mrs. Baker retained in a remarkable degree her faculties of hearing, sight, memory, and speech, and was highly regarded by many people in the district where she lived.

MRS. CATHERINE DORWARD, OR NEIL.

A very interesting centenarian was Mrs. Catherine Dorward, who died on the 19th May of last year, in the parish of Gauldry of Balmerino, Fifeshire, aged 102½. She was born at Coultra, on the estate of Birkhill, in the same parish, on the 17th October, 1791. Her father was a hand-loom weaver and crofter, and at an early age Catherine was sent to work at the loom, at which she continued till her marriage in 1817. Her husband was David Neil, a weaver, though in his later years he became a road surfaceman. Their family consisted of ten children—seven sons and three daughters—of whom four sons and the daughters still survive. During the whole of their married life—over fifty-one years—they lived at a hamlet named Corbie Hill, near Coultra. After her husband's death, however, Mrs. Neil removed to Bottom Craig near by, where she resided with one of her daughters, Mrs. Blyth, till her death. The whole of her long lifetime was thus spent in the same parish, and out of it she travelled but seldom. She was once known to have made a journey all the way to Edinburgh, *viâ* Perth, on foot ! Her habits of life were at all times very regular and simple. In her young days, tea was an almost unknown beverage, so that her "nerves" were to the end of her life uncommonly well-preserved. For years she had a certain hour for rising and another for retiring, and to these she adhered very closely.



MRS. CATHERINE DORWARD, OR NEIL.
From a Photo. by D. Gordon, Cupar.

WIDOW BEATON.

It is "a far cry to Loch Awe !" It is a much farther cry to South Uist, where, in the remote parish of Sleat, and in one of the most inaccessible and picturesque parts of that wide and scattered parish, there lives to-day, hale and hearty, and, according to local opinion, in her 109th year, old Widow Beaton, the name this interesting centenarian is popularly known by. Her husband, Malcolm Beaton—dead many years ago—was by occupation first a shepherd and latterly a labourer. I am indebted to the Rev. Alex.

Cameron, minister of the parish of Sleat, for some interesting particulars about this old worthy, and cannot, I think, do better than quote him.

"Mrs. Beaton is one of my communicants, and has been present once or twice during the past twelve or thirteen years at our communion services. . . . . For the last nine or ten years she has been quite blind, and for two years has been almost always in bed. Her voice and hearing are almost as good as ever, but her face undoubtedly looks very old. Indeed, from her face, one could easily believe her to be 100 years of age. I saw her and read and prayed with her quite recently. Her eyes are not only blind, but quite closed. Her habits of life have been always of the very simplest, and, indeed, as she has often told me, she has come through not a few hardships and troubles in her day—in bringing up her family, and so on. She has lived ever since I have known her in the cottage of her second son, Sandy Beaton, and she has, I believe, lived very nearly all her life close to the same spot. The place is the most difficult of access in all this district—in a little glen on the west side of the peninsula of Sleat. If you will look at a good map of Skye you will see a place on the west of Sleat marked *Dalville;* Sandy Beaton's cottage is just at the head of the little inlet of the sea at that place, from where the manse here (Kilmore)—on the east side—is fully a two hours' walk, and no road or path."

Unfortunately, no portrait of Widow Beaton has ever been taken. What a very eloquent and pathetic figure the old lady would make! Mr. Cameron says of this: "Her portrait would, I am sure, make a very remarkable one—could it be taken; as also would be a picture of the primitive little cottage in which she lives." The worthy clergyman's own pen-portrait of her, however, as quoted above, to a large extent supplies that want.*

Mr. William Liddell.

This centenarian died at Dunbar in November, 1892, aged 102 years. His father was a farm-servant, and died at a comparatively early age, so that it may be said that, in his case, heredity did not count for much, if anything at all. Another very remarkable fact is that our centenarian was, during most of his life, engaged in the business of a distiller, an occupation which, in the opinion of some people, is most inimical to longevity.

Mr. Liddell was, however, always regarded as a very steady and faithful servant, and never known to indulge in intemperance of any description. He was for many years a Freemason, and a regular attender at the meetings of his "Lodge." He enjoyed the distinction of being, in his day, the oldest Freemason in Scotland, if not in the United Kingdom. A married man, he had a family of ten children, seven of whom are still living. He was never known to have had any really serious illness.

A gentleman who knew him well, and to whom I am indebted for the foregoing particulars, met the old worthy on the street a few weeks before his death, and asked him how he "did" in such cold weather, and he replied: "Oh, I'm weel aneuch, but my hearin's *no gettin' ony better yet!*" In the photo. of Mr. Liddell, here reproduced, the

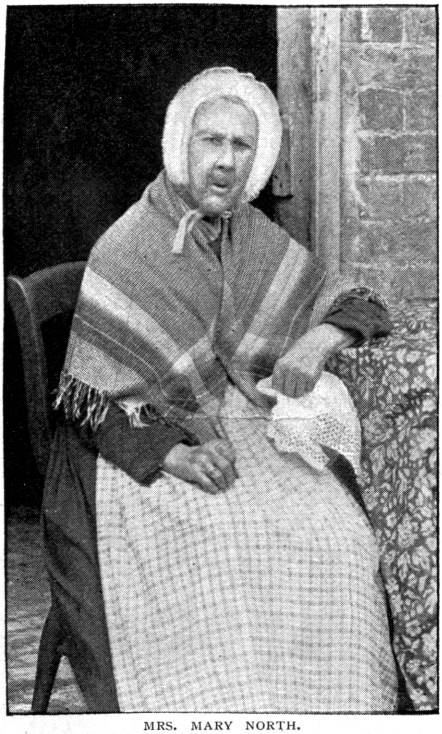
MR. WILLIAM LIDDELL.
From a Photo. by J. T. Gordon, Dunbar.

* Since this article was written, old Mrs. Beaton has passed to her rest.—N. E. C.

old gentleman is seen holding in his hand a valuable snuff-box, presented to him on his hundredth birthday by the brethren of his Lodge in token of that interesting occasion.

Mrs. Mary North.

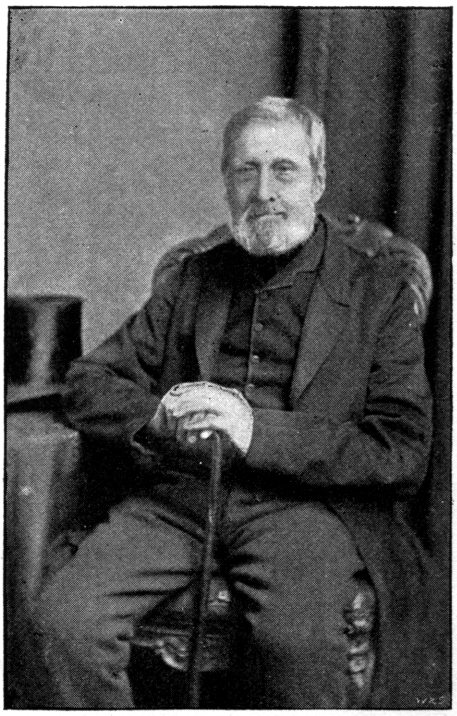
This worthy centenarian is still living at Afoneitha, near Ruabon, and if spared till the 11th of July next, will then be 105 years of age—one of the oldest persons in this country. She was born at Melville, near Oswestry, Shropshire, in 1790. We are able in her case to show a photo. of her taken quite recently. To all appearance, the worthy old lady has not aged very much in the last ten years.



MRS. MARY NORTH.
From a Photograph.

Archibald Guillan.

Kilconquhar, or "Kinnacher" as it is pronounced locally, in the Kingdom of Fife, enjoys the distinction of being the birthplace of Archibald Guillan, who died on the 30th May, 1891, in his 101st year, the date of birth being 18th October, 1790. As a mark of personal regard for Mr. Guillan, and especially to celebrate a most interesting event, viz., his 100th birthday, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, Anstruther, when he was presented with a



MR. ARCHIBALD GUILLAN.
From a Photo. by J. S. Ireland, Anstruther.

purse of sovereigns. A full account of the meeting, together with many interesting personal particulars of the old worthy in whose honour it was held, was published in the *East of Fife Record* at the time. The portrait of Mr. Guillan, which is here reproduced, is that of a shrewd, pawky, "well-dune" Scot. One would hardly take him as having arrived at the 100th milestone of life; but that Mr. Guillan nevertheless actually accomplished, and with something to spare!

Mrs. Janet Sinclair,

of Wick. There are not many particulars of the life of this centenarian, who died at Huddart Street, Wick, on the 14th February, 1892, in her 101st year. Mrs. Sinclair was born at Westerdale, in the parish of Halkirk, Caithness-shire, her father having been a small farmer or crofter there. He died while Janet was quite young, and his widow removed into Pultneytown, near Wick. Here Mrs. Sinclair spent most of her long life—always, until near the last, in the enjoyment of excellent health. She was able to perform her usual household duties, also to sew and knit, up to within about a week of her death, and was in the possession of all her faculties to the end. Her food was always of the simplest description, and she

MRS. JANET SINCLAIR.
From a Photo. by A. Johnston, Wick.

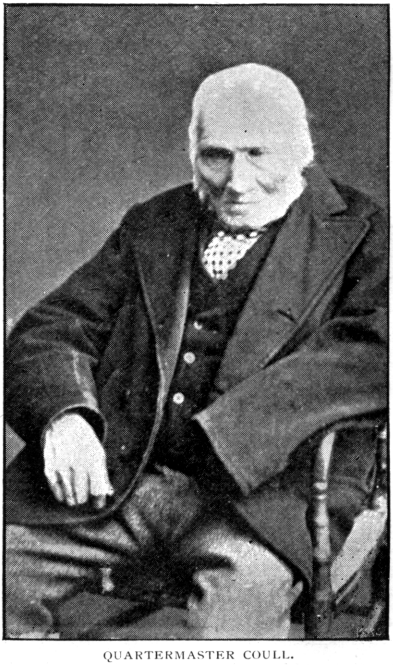
could never be induced to touch any alcoholic liquors, not even when prescribed for her by a doctor. The portrait here shown is that of herself and her husband, who pre-deceased her by a few years. An uncle of Janet was locally known as a remarkable man in his day. He was married thrice, and each wife bore him no fewer than ten sons.

Quartermaster Coull.

When collecting information for this article, I was one day shown the portrait of a worthy old veteran, whose age was stated to be up to the centenarian limit, and about whom I at once made inquiry. This I was all the more anxious to do, as the portrait told a story which I felt sure was of more than ordinary interest. The fine, thoughtful face, the noble physique—and the empty arm-sleeve—all promised a capital subject. On further inquiry, however, I found that Quartermaster Coull had been dead for some years, and, moreover, that his age was several years short of the century. But as his career was a most remarkable one—full of thrilling sea adventure (few men have undergone so much and lived so long), I make mention of him in this article.

Born in 1786, at the fishing village of Ferryden, N.B., James Coull was, from his earliest years, destined to be a sea rover. Beginning at the age of eight as a cabin-boy, Jamie soon experienced—*young salt* though he was!—the hardships and perils of the sea in all their fulness, not even escaping the press-gang. Probably the latter experience was the making of him, for one day he found himself eating the King's rations on board the battle-ship *Centaur*, then lying at Copenhagen, whither his ship, oddly named the *Concord*, had called shortly before. These were the brave fighting times that ended with the victory of Trafalgar, and about which so many stories were wont to be told by those—James Coull among them—who, now all "called up aloft," like poor Tom Bowling, took part in their clash and clangour.

The one great incident, however, in the life of Coull was the famous battle between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* in American waters in the year 1813. The man at the helm of the former ship when that encounter took place was no less an individual than Jamie Coull, of Ferryden, then in his 27th year, and the very *beau-ideal* of a sea-dog. All the world knows what was the upshot of that naval fight; but not the least important incident of it—that is to say, to the subject of this sketch—was the loss of his left hand, which of course disabled him for further employment in His Majesty's service, though it by no means put an end to his seafaring. Indeed,



QUARTERMASTER COULL.
From a Photo. by the London Photographic Co., Bayswater.

according to a notice of him which appeared in the *Montrose Review* at the time of his death, Coull's "one arm had more than the strength of two common ones, and with it and his cleek, as he called it, he could be a master cook at sea, which he was for many years" after he "quat" the King's service. As a matter of fact, "he crossed the Atlantic fourteen times as sea-cook, besides having been for twenty years cook in Montrose whalers."

MRS. MARY NEWTON,

aged 105 next birthday, has had a life of unusual hardship and toil, and lived most of her days (she was married to a miner when in her twentieth year) in the mining village of Bishopbriggs, near Glasgow. She, too, has reared a large family of children, with one of whom she now stays. She is very frail, and is fast nearing the borderland. Her portrait, as here shown (with her daughter by her side), is certainly one of the most interesting in the present collection, and is by far the most suggestive of great age we have ever seen.

MRS. MARY NEWTON.
From a Photograph.

ROBERT HORSLEY.

In these days most people think—and very properly, too—that they are well entitled to the "sweets of retirement" when they have spent half a century in the hurly-burly of active life. Many persons, indeed, consider that limit of service much too prolonged, and their opinion is indorsed by not a few of the more popular public departments of the present day.

Certain individuals, however, are able to toil away for sixty and even for sixty-five years, but very, very few have been known to work for so long a period of time as three-quarters of a century ere they felt compelled to take their ease. And if ever a man truly merited the "years of rumination and repose," it was the above-named centenarian, who, in his lifetime, "laboured on one farm alone for seventy-four years, and did more hard work than any man." Examples of such physical strength as was his are, of course, exceedingly rare, and so they become all the more interesting to us when the facts are known to be well authenticated.

Mr. Horsley, who died in January last in his 103rd year, was well known as the Centenarian of Soham, Cambridgeshire, where he was born on the 31st July, 1792. In a brief but interesting account of Mr. Horsley, which appeared in the *Daily Graphic* at the time of his death, it was stated that on the day following his hundredth birthday "he attended the wedding of a grandson, and ably performed the duties of best man!" A centenarian "best man" is far and away the most interesting wedding novelty we ever heard of!

In considering the foregoing examples of genuine centenarian ages (for I have been assured of the *bona-fides* of each case) attained by persons of British nationality, there are one or two points of peculiar interest which cannot fail to claim attention.

In the first place, the majority of the centenarians are, or were, persons who belong to the humbler ranks of the people, and who have lived for the most part lives of toil, care, and even privation.

In the second place all had, strange to say, been married, and, in several cases, reared large families. I endeavoured, while preparing this article, to secure, for the sake of variety, a few instances of *celibate centenarians*, but failed to obtain even a single case! I wonder if there are any such centenarians living at the present time?

Thirdly, most of my examples have lived quiet and temperate lives. None of them was ever known to drink alcoholic liquors to excess, while most of them eschewed those liquors altogether. Even the strong tobacco-smoker never partook of anything more *ardent* than

milk wherewith to quench his thirst, while the distiller centenarian was distinguished all through his life for his abstemiousness.

In the fourth place, the centenarians are, on the whole, pretty fairly distributed throughout the country. Certain districts seem to be more favoured than others in point of the numbers of these worthies. For one thing they are, or at least were, more numerous in northern than in southern counties, especially in Scotland, though in Ireland the reverse is the case. In the parish of Gareloch, in Ross-shire, for example, the centenarian record is a very remarkable one, as the following list, kindly prepared by the local registrar, will show:—

MR. HORSLEY.
From a Photo. by Scott & Wilkinson, Cambridge.

1. Donald Maclean	aged	101	years	at death
2. Murdo Maclean	,,	101	,,	,,
3. Mary Mackenzie	,,	104	,,	,,
4. Ann Chisholm	,,	100	,,	,,
5. Mary McPherson	,,	100	,,	,,
6. Alexander McKenzie	,,	102	,,	,,
7. Catherine Bain	,,	100	,,	,,
8. Alexander McKenzie	,,	111	,,	,,
9. Elizabeth McKenzie	,,	100	,,	,,
10. Margaret Campbell	,,	101	,,	,,
11. Ann Macrae	,,	102	,,	,,

And they were mostly *Macs*, too!

While a quiet, easy-going life in the country naturally conduces to longevity, centenarians are by no means unknown in large cities. At the last census, even London (and suburbs) contained no fewer than twenty-one persons—five males and sixteen females—who returned their respective ages at 100 years or over. Dublin City had five centenarians; Glasgow, two; Greenock, one; Salford, two—and so on, thus indicating that city life is not altogether inimical to long life, though the probability is that in most of the cases just referred to the centenarians had for many years lived "far from the madding crowd" in rural peace and quiet.

What, then, is the moral of the whole matter? We cannot all change our social condition, or rank, or environment in order the easier to become centenarians some day; nor can we all, to that same end, achieve the state of wedlock, although no doubt there have been, and even may be, many unmarried folk who have attained 100 years of life. But everyone, whatever be the sphere or circumstances, may certainly "have a care" with regard to those simple yet all-important daily habits which, if neglected, must certainly shorten the span of life, but which, if practised with patient diligence, may bring as a reward a glorious, green old age—even to the hundredth year!

STARVED INTO SUBMISSION

FROM THE ITALIAN.

EVERY maiden in the ancient city of the Doges knew that Carlo Metello, the lively, industrious, fifteen-year-old apprentice of the respectable master-tailor, Luigi Nadelli, was a handsome, brown-eyed fellow. What they did *not* know was that he possessed the treasure of a rarely sweet and strong soprano voice. His companions in Master Nadelli's workshop were well aware of the fact. Their needles flew more swiftly to and fro when Metello was singing one of his songs.

Very frequently, also, the customers heard him when they came to be measured for a new suit of clothes. Upon such occasions, Metello was the recipient of many compliments, and many shining coins found their way into his pocket. His fellow-workmen did not grudge him these favours, for he had won the hearts of all of them by his taking ways. He was a favourite with everybody. When he carried home the finished garments, *he* was not kept waiting in halls and anterooms, but was shown into the family apartment, received with friendliness, and seldom dismissed unenriched.

Metello had already managed to save a nice little sum, and began to dream of a comfortable, spacious work-room of his own, wherein he would diligently ply needle and thread, while his dear Guiseppa looked after the house.

For this boy had already a sweetheart, who was as slim, as black-haired, and as bright-eyed as himself. These young folk had been thrown together in the most natural way. Guiseppa was a little sewing maiden in the same house that held Master Nadelli's work-room. Her master was a rich merchant. It was through their frequent meetings in the house that these two learned to know and love one another.

One day there came into the work-room a tall, dignified-looking man, who was no other than the famous singer, Vario. Metello had been out upon an errand, and, as he re-entered the room, he overheard the stranger's inquiry: "Is that the singer, Master Nadelli?"

Nadelli, folding up his measure, made a low bow, rubbed his hands together, and said, with a simper:—

"Yes, your Excellency, that is he! That is our little Metello with the golden voice."

Vario nodded, and left the work-room. A few days later, Metello was commissioned to carry home his new cloak.

The renowned vocalist lodged in an aristocratic quarter. The apprentice had the good fortune to find him at home. Having handed to the purchaser goods and bill, he waited to know if any alteration were needed.

Vario tried on the mantle, which fitted admirably. He then took some money from a writing-table, and counted out the amount due to Nadelli. As Metello took the money, and was about to take also his departure, Vario remarked, in a careless-seeming tone:—

"Everyone praises your voice. Would you mind giving me some proof of your skill in singing?"

"Why not, signore?" said the pleased Metello. "I will sing you a little mountain song."

"No! I hear too many songs every day. Sing only the scale, beginning as low and ending as high as you can."

Metello obeyed. His chest-notes rang out full and strong; then came throat and head notes, until he had reached the high C. With that he paused.

"Can you go no farther?" asked Vario, whose keen eyes had been fixed upon the lad.

"I will try," was the answer, and the next moment a clear, true D rang through the chamber. The listener stopped the boy with an approving nod.

"You have a capital voice!" said Vario; "that I know now for myself. Have you never thought of being trained for a singer?"

"No; I would rather remain a tailor," returned Metello, naïvely.

"But with such a voice as yours you could gain more in a single night than you could earn by your needle in a whole year!"

"Is that really possible?"

"I assure you that with a little cultivation your voice, in less than five years' time, will have brought you in as much as a million of money."

"A million?" queried the apprentice. "And how much may that be?"

He listened in astonishment to Vario's attempt at explanation.

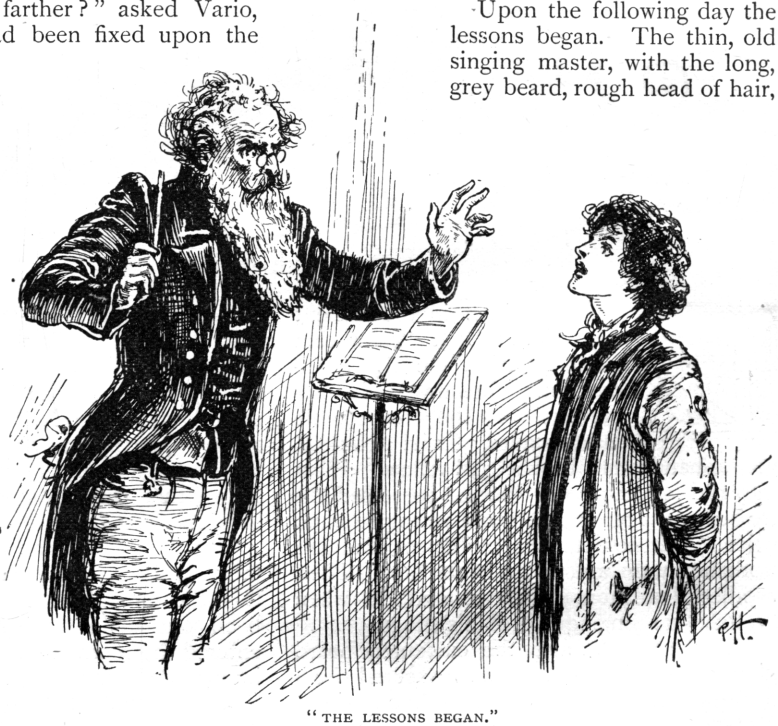
"If you had a million, you could live in a magnificent mansion containing many rooms, you could drive out in a carriage and four, with coachman and grooms."

"Ah!" ejaculated Metello, drawing a long breath; "that would indeed be rather different to sitting all one's life in a stupid workroom, handling a paltry needle and thread!"

"And what is there to hinder you from beginning at once? I will speak to the *maestro* of the Opera-house this very day. You must devote some hours daily to singing, and it will be an odd thing if in a few weeks' time you are not competent to take an important part. Do not lose your chance! It is every man's duty to try his luck."

"There I agree with you!" responded Metello, as he grasped the other's outstretched hand. "You are perfectly right; it *is* every man's duty to try his luck."

Upon the following day the lessons began. The thin, old singing master, with the long, grey beard, rough head of hair, and deep-set black eyes, worked the lad so hard, that at first he often cast back longing, regretful thoughts to the quiet, peaceful work-room.



"THE LESSONS BEGAN."

Again and again, until he was sick of them, he was made to sing the scales; then followed the intervals—thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths, and sevenths. To Metello, accustomed to warble, like a wild bird, at his own sweet will, this discipline was a positive purgatory.

But the old teacher, Giacomo, said that he was making progress, and, thus encouraged, he plodded steadily on.

In the course of a few weeks, Metello was taking a small rôle in the Opera, and drawing a regular salary. He had surmounted the initial difficulties, and now that the way lay plain and straight before him, he redoubled

his endeavours, bent upon doing his utmost to reach the highest possible pitch of perfection in his art.

Hence it is not surprising that Metello grew popular, and became at length the darling of the public. His wonderful voice, with its power to stir men's souls to their very depths—the plastic grace of his movements—the charm of his personality—all these were so original, so fresh, so fascinating, that men spoke with reverence of the handsome youth as the gift of Heaven, the singer by the grace of God.

At the age of twenty, the quondam tailor's apprentice was a famous artiste, who visited his former master's shop only when in need of a new suit of clothes. Upon such occasions, both master and men, much impressed by his grand appearance, carefully avoided any allusion to the past. Many a youthful maiden's heart throbbed faster at sound of his name, but he thought no other equal to his Guiseppa, either in beauty or goodness. And Guiseppa, on her part, preferred Metello to all others. For his sake she had refused the hand of many a well-to-do tradesman's son, and she was as proud of him as a queen-consort of a Royal conqueror.

They were to be married shortly, and Guiseppa was a poor sewing-maiden no longer, but inhabited luxurious rooms in a grand house, the windows of which commanded a magnificent view of the Grand Canal with its cupolas and palaces. She kept a lady's-maid and a cook, and had nothing to do but drive out, read novels, sing, and play on the mandoline. And yet she was never *quite* happy unless her lover was at her side.

"I only wish that I could do as you desire, and remain with you, dear Guiseppa! But that is impossible! I must appear in the Opera, must sing and act, because I am paid for doing so."

So spoke Metello one day, and Guiseppa replied:—

"Yes, dear Carlo, I understand. Go to your duty! You are the popular favourite, and your worshippers naturally want to see you every day."

And she bade him a laughing, loving adieu.

"YES, DEAR CARLO, I UNDERSTAND. GO TO YOUR DUTY!"

As Metello betook himself to the theatre, an evil spirit entered into him; rebellious thoughts for the first time found lodgment in his mind. "This is now the third evening upon which I have been made to perform for the delectation of the Republic's guest, the Duke of Arvenni. It is too bad! I will not submit to much more of it; I am determined that I *will not* sing to-morrow at any price!"

Upon the following evening he was again with his Guiseppa. They sat together upon the velvet-covered couch in loving talk, heedless of the flight of time, until at length Guiseppa, with a glance at the clock, said:—

"Have you not to sing to-night, Metello?"

"Yes, my child," replied Metello, carelessly; "I am expected to take the principal part in to-night's opera."

"Then go, dearest Carlo! Do not neglect your duty."

"Pooh!" He laughed scornfully. "For once I mean to brave the proud Senate, and if to sing this evening does not happen to suit my convenience, I shall leave it alone!"

"Metello!" exclaimed Guiseppa, in dismay. "What unhappy spirit is this which has taken possession of you? You will defy the Senate, the awful Council of Ten, whose authority none ever resisted with impunity?"

"Yes!" cried the young man, bombastically. "I *will* defy the awful Council of Ten! What can they do to me, the pet of the public? Were they to murder me in secret, they would kindle a firebrand in Venice which they would find it not easy to extinguish! Ha! ha! Venice would not tamely submit to be robbed of her joy, her idol, her Metello!"

"Metello! my beloved! be cautious, I beseech you!" implored poor Guiseppa, in an agony of terror. "I saw at dusk the black gondola gliding by on the gloomy water. It passed close below me—a grim picture of death. That was no good omen!"

"Nonsense! What is there to alarm you, my darling? No one will rob you of your Carlo. His fame is too great and well established, he is too much respected by young and old, high and low. Calm yourself, dearest girl! None will dare to harm the renowned tenor, Metello! Even the ruthless bandits of the mountains would not lift a hostile hand against *him!*"

He drew his love gently to him, kissed the cloud from her brow, and resumed his wonted gaiety and good-humour, until he had succeeded in allaying her fears.

When, late that night, he returned to his own dwelling, he inquired of his servant what had transpired in his absence. The theatre had been full to suffocation. The stranger-duke, the ambassadors, all the most wealthy and influential citizens of the Republic, were assembled in the boxes for the purpose of hearing the famous Metello, but he did not appear.

The audience had waited patiently enough for a full hour, when the old, much-respected *maestro*, who for so many years had acted as manager, and always to the complete satisfaction of the public and of the critics, came forward and announced, almost with tears in his eyes, that the opera could not be proceeded with, as Signore Metello was absent from the theatre, and could not be found at home.

Metello laughed to himself, and rubbed his hands together complacently as, with long strides, he paced to and fro in his chamber. What a triumph! It was *he*, Metello, who had dared thus to treat the haughty Senate and the diplomatic corps! How delightful it was to think that all would soon hear of and marvel at this act of temerity!

"I have conquered!" he exclaimed, aloud and joyously. Ah! sanguine, thoughtless, fool-hardiness of youth! Silly Metello! Have you not reflected that in your grand endeavour to show yourself original, interesting, capricious, and independent, you have insulted not the aristocracy only, but also the people—the people! from whose stock you yourself sprang—the people, to whom you owe your wealth and fame, and whom you justly consider your true friends?

"No!" said he to himself, "I will not sing to-morrow night either. It does not do to make oneself too common! Therefore, I will not sing again just yet. Let them see how they can get on without me!"

The next evening he sat again with Guiseppa. She was ignorant of the new risk incurred by her lover, who had told her that he was not needed to sing on that night. Nevertheless, she felt strangely uneasy, and when Metello rose to go, she clung to him in the anxiety of her farewell.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "I am so terrified, so unspeakably afraid for you!"

He tried to reassure her. "Be calm, sweetheart; the beloved of Metello the renowned can have nothing to fear!"

When they had parted at last, Metello descended the wide staircase, and went out. The moon was glorifying the heavens. For a moment he stood, drawing in deep breaths of air; then he ran down the steps, and hailed the gondola rocking on the glistening water.

"Ho! Alessandro! are you asleep? Let us hasten home!" The gondolier gave an odd little grunt. He was protected from the chill of the night air by the folds of a huge cloak, which effectually screened his face from observation. But Metello was too much occupied with his own thoughts to bestow any scrutiny upon his companion, as the latter, with rapid strokes, propelled his small craft along the Grand Canal.

Houses, churches, palaces glided by like the views of a magic lantern. The lighted windows here and there, the roofs and cupolas bathed in the pure, ethereal moonlight, with the blue, star-spangled heavens over all, composed a glorious night-scene.

"Stop, Alessandro! this is not the Villa Metello; that is the palace of the Doges! Foolish fellow! Whither have you brought me?"

"To the palace of the Doges, signore, sure enough. Assembled above is a numerous company, who await your arrival."

Something in the tone of the strange voice sent a cold shiver through the singer's frame.

"Who are you?" he demanded, with quivering lips, of the gondolier.

There was no answer. The unknown was busying himself with his gondola, which he brought up close to the stone steps. Then, with an imperative wave of his hand, he motioned Metello to ascend. Above stood two men, wrapped in long cloaks. Metello recognised the livery of the servants of the Senate.

"Follow us, signore," said one of these, "without delay. Your presence is impatiently desired."

All kinds of possible explanations flitted through the tenor's brain. His heart beat loudly; his conscience told him that he had acted unwisely. In silence he followed his guides. There was nothing else to be done; resistance, or any attempt to escape, would have been worse than useless. Up stairs, down stairs, they went, passing through large and desolate apartments, in which their footsteps evoked eerie echoes. At length they came to a chamber of more inviting aspect, where the light of innumerable candles was reflected in the mirror-lined walls. The profuse ornamentation in gold, the rich colours of the numerous pictures and frescoes, heightened the general impression of luxury. The middle of the room was occupied by a long marble table, upon which, between epergnes filled with magnificent flowers, stood flagons of wine and punch, and dishes heaped with choice viands. Evidently this accumulation of delicacies had been prepared for a party of the most refined epicures.

About twenty handsomely-dressed gentlemen of various ages were seated around the table, apparently doing full justice to the tempting repast. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. Laughter, toasts, and merry jests rang out bravely, but in all these the singer's practised ear detected a discordant note of incongruity, a latent vulgarity which smacked of the stable, and seemed strangely at variance with the presumably high rank of the feasters.

It may well be imagined that the sight of such a banquet as this did not tend to diminish Metello's already somewhat keen appetite. As soon, therefore, as he perceived an empty chair next to that of the gentleman who appeared to be acting as president, he unhesitatingly strode towards it, and was about to seat himself therein, when the old man exclaimed, sharply:—

"Not so fast, young sir! Not before you sing!"

Metello stepped back at once, with a stiff: "I thank you, but decline the honour!"

"Not a morsel without a song!" reiterated the president, wheeling round in his chair.

In gloomy silence stood the singer, gnawing his under-lip in impotent rage. What!

"NOT SO FAST, YOUNG SIR!"

did they treat him thus?—*him*, the greatest singer in Venice? Would they force him by means of hunger to exhibit to them his divine gift? Should he sing for a piece of bread, like a street-beggar? No! a thousand times no! "Sooner would I die," he exclaimed, "than so lower myself." And he drew further back.

Nobody seemed to heed him. The eating, drinking, and joking went on without interruption. Merrily clinked the glasses; louder and more frequent were the peals of foolish laughter.

At length, however, it grew gradually quiet. One by one the guests slipped out of the room, to sleep off elsewhere the effects of the wine they had taken. The hungry man's last hope of snatching a morsel from the remains vanished as the servants instantly swooped upon them, devouring with marvellous celerity until nothing at all was left.

Soon Metello was alone. All the candles had been extinguished, and the big, empty banqueting-hall was illuminated only by the pale moon-rays which streamed in at the window. The weary man had thrown himself into an arm-chair, and now the night's scenes passed in succession before his inward eye. He pictured to himself the sensation which his non-appearance at the theatre must have occasioned. Then he thought sadly and longingly of his own cosy little smoking-room, in which he was wont to enjoy every evening a substantial meal. He really was dreadfully hungry! During the hours spent in the company of Guiseppa, he had eaten little or nothing. He had been fasting since midday. Sorrowfully he realized that one cannot subsist solely upon love.

After this he fell asleep, and slept for some hours, at the end of which he awoke with stiff limbs, to see that the sun was already shining into the room. Again he beheld the long table, laid anew for breakfast. The delicious aroma of the fragrant coffee caressed his nostrils. How pretty the porcelain looked! how tempting the viands!

Then the same men who had been there on the previous night entered the room, seated themselves at the table, and ate and drank with an appetite that betokened an excellent digestion.

"Perhaps you will sing *now?*" inquired the old gentleman, of Metello.

"No!" answered the singer, stoutly, although tormented by hunger and thirst.

When the meal was finished, the servants again disposed of every drop and crumb.

"THE WEARY MAN HAD THROWN HIMSELF INTO AN ARM-CHAIR."

"Shameful!" said Metello, when he was left alone, gnashing his teeth. "They are deliberately laying siege to me, and think to starve me out. But I *will not* sing! Come what may, I will not sing! I will show the world that even a stage-hero may be capable of courageous endurance. I will *not* surrender! What would Venice—what would the world—say, did the famous Metello barter his lordly talent, his noble art, for a supper or a dinner? I will never sing upon such terms! Let us see whether they will dare to let the best singer the Republic pos-

sesses die of hunger! Ah! my high and mighty lords of the Senate, it would not be easy to replace me; to find another artiste of *my* rank!"

When the midday hour came round, another sumptuous meal was served, Metello still playing the rôle of Tantalus. He felt horribly sick and faint. Remarks such as the following were circulated around the table: "How are you getting on, duke? May I offer you a slice of this tasty venison?" "No, marquis! I shall remain faithful to this tender, excellent veal-chop." "Some of this pastry, count? I have never tasted any to equal it!" "Ah! this *is* caviare; thanks! thanks! dear Doria!" "What a delicately-flavoured lobster!" "A magnificent fellow, this pheasant!" "I assure you, count, this beef-steak is marvellously well-cooked!"

And so on, *ad nauseam.* Such a clatter of glass and crockery, such a babel of tongues, Metello had never heard before. All talked at once, each with his note of exclamation: "Superb!" "Magnificent!" "Delicious!" It was for the starving singer not difficult to discern that these rapturous ejaculations, in cruel mockery, were *spoken at* him.

It was over at last, and the "stage-hero" (as he had styled himself) was alone once more. He began now to admit to himself that he was paying an exorbitant price for the preservation of his precious dignity. He had had no idea that hunger was such a painful thing!

Nevertheless, he did not as yet waver in his determination to hold out, and win in the end the victor's laurel-crown. When that evening's banquet began, he averted his face and stopped his ears, in order to exclude both sight and sound.

That night he got no real sleep, but was haunted by phantoms. On all sides exquisite dainties danced before his fevered eyes. Roasted capons, geese and pheasants, harts and roes dressed for dinner, performed a quadrille before him. But, alas! when he put forth his hand to take them, he grasped only empty air!

With grotesque springs and leaps, they eluded him and escaped, while peals of derisive laughter rang through the salon.

Morning dawned, and the routine of the preceding day was repeated. The hour of noon found the company re-assembled around the table, before the food and wine.

When they had all taken their places, the president, glass in hand, rose to propose a toast.

"My dear friends! Let us drink to the health of every one of us—to the healthy and prolonged existence of our eating apparatus! And may we long be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of this well-appointed table!"

Thus far the president. He got no farther. For at this moment a solemn, long-drawn-out sound, like that of an extremely clear-toned bell, vibrated through the chamber, causing the gentlemen to exchange knowing looks. Yes, it was a fact! Metello, the obstinate one, was singing at last! He sang a *bravura aria*, and, goaded by the pangs of hunger, was better even than usual.

A nightingale could not have executed more beautiful trills and runs, and the men listened delightedly. When he had ended his song the president advanced toward him, bearing a full wine-glass in his hand.

"Bravo, signore! well sung! Your health, my esteemed Signore Metello! In the name

"BRAVO, SIGNORE! WELL SUNG!"

of the company you see here assembled, I invite you to a place at our board."

Metello drank off the wine hastily, then took the chair next that of the president. He felt new life coursing through his veins. He heaped his plate with food, and dined with inexpressible satisfaction, paying no attention whatever to the conversation of his companions.

The long and painful struggle was over. It seemed to him, however, that there was a spice of malice in the amused looks turned upon him. The president's own eyes twinkled as he asked Metello (who, having finished his long-deferred meal, was now drumming with his knife upon the empty plate): "With whom, think you, my respected Signore Metello, have you been dining?"

"With whom?" repeated the tenor, in bewilderment.

"Yes, with whom?" chuckled the other.

"I can scarcely be mistaken upon that point."

"With whom, then?"

"I think I may safely affirm this much: that I have the pleasure of beholding here his most Illustrious Highness the Duke of Arvenni, with the representatives of our glorious Republic and of the foreign powers, who have been good enough to organize a private *soirée* in recognition of my humble talent——"

Here he was unceremoniously interrupted by a roar of laughter from the president, in which all the others joined with almost terrifying vehemence.

"Do not alarm yourself, signore," said one of them, laughing still, as he motioned to the old gentleman that he should keep silence, "not with the Lord Duke, not with representatives of the Republic, not——"

"With whom, then, in the name of wonder?" demanded the impatient Metello.

"Guess once more."

"Why this torture? Oh! tell me quickly!"

"Well, then—you have had the gratification of dining with the public executioner and his servants."

"With *them?*" stammered the tenor, with a dazed look. The thing appeared to him scarcely credible; he suspected a hoax.

"With the executioner of Venice and his assistants. Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he!" tittered, roared, and shouted they around him, while Metello, beside himself with terror and indignation, sprang up, and with hair standing on end, darted back into his old corner.

"Let this be a warning to you, young man!" continued the executioner, in a graver tone. "The people, whose favourite you are, demand satisfaction, and the Senate could not entirely shirk the duty of punishing you. It has been decided to pass over, for once, your refusal to sing as a piece of youthful folly; hence you come out of the affair with a whole skin. You have just now eaten with the executioner of Venice. A second meeting with him might prove less pleasant, and have a more tragical termination. Beware, therefore, of repeating your experiment. You refused point-blank to sing, imagining yourself capable of heroic endurance, yet you have been conquered by your own need. Mark well the lesson; he who would withstand the will of the Republic must have other nerves than yours—and also another spirit. Now go—in peace!"

A servant stepped forward, and conducted the singer, whose cheeks burned with shame, out of the house. Without a word, Metello departed, and made his way to his own home, which for some days he did not quit, pleading indisposition as a reason for receiving no one.

In a very short time, however, he was back again at the Opera, playing his old parts, and as much of a favourite as ever.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

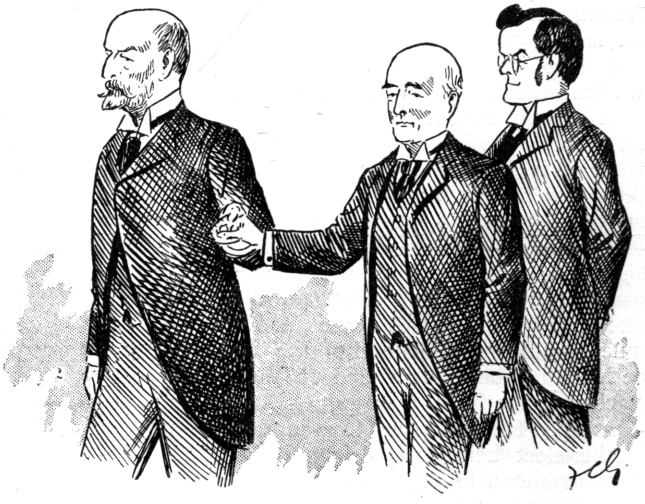
THE VACANT CHAIR.

SOME weeks before Easter the occasional illness of Mr. Speaker Peel, alternating with an attack of influenza suffered by the Deputy Speaker, brought into sharp prominence the danger that ever hovers above the House of Commons consequent upon existing arrangements with respect to the Chair. As far as Committee of the whole House is concerned, there is nothing to fear in the way of interruption of business consequent on the illness of the Chairman of Ways and Means. He has a corps of Deputies formally appointed at the beginning of each Session. When Mr. Mellor has been temporarily absent from the Chair owing to sickness, or in search of an hour's much-needed rest, one or other of these gentlemen takes his place, and business goes forward without a hitch. The arrangement is desirable in many ways other than that for which it was originally designed. It is an admirable training school for budding Chairmen and possible Speakers. It is comforting to the House to discover what wealth of resource it has in this matter, since of the members accidentally selected for the post of Deputy Chairman, each has during this Session displayed peculiar aptitude.

With the Speakership matters are essentially different. When, shortly after the opening of the Session, Mr. Peel was confined to his house by indisposition, only Mr. Mellor might take the Chair. Supposing his health had failed at this time, the House of Commons would have been obliged to close its doors, public business awaiting the convalescence of either the Speaker or his Deputy. Possibly even in such circumstances, supposing the term were not too far prolonged, the world would have gone round as heretofore, and the firmament would have looked on unwinking. Still, the crisis would have been a little ludicrous, the more deeply regretted because it would be so easy to reduce the possibility of its occurrence by nominating at least two Deputy Speakers.

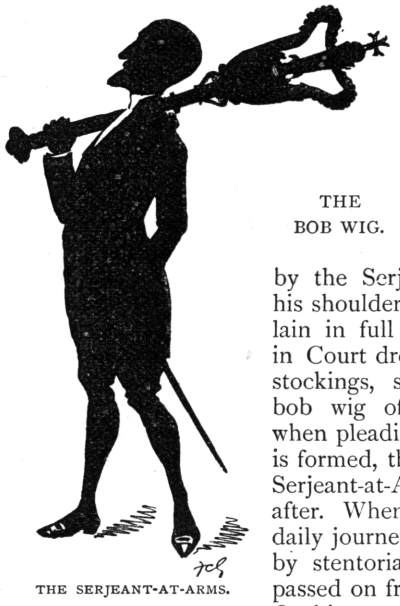
INTERREGNUM.

The advances of the Speaker-elect to the full dignity and authority of the Chair are ordered with painful anxiety. His first approach is made when his election is declared, and his proposer and seconder are required to "take him by the hand and lead him to the Chair." In the House of Commons there are structural difficulties in the way of carrying out this injunction. In the case of Mr. Gully, he, awaiting the result of the contest for the Speakership, took up his quarters in his customary modest retreat on a back bench behind Ministers. It was physically impossible for mover and seconder there to approach him, and, each taking a hand, trip up to the Chair as if they were going a-Maying. What happened was that Mr. Whitbread with difficulty threaded his way among members seated on the gangway steps and, "making a long arm," as they say in Cork, clasped Mr. Gully's outstretched hand, and so conveyed him to the table.



MR. GULLY AND HIS ESCORT.

Not to speak profanely, this preliminary process of installing the Speaker was awkwardly akin to what is known in the parlance of certain style of clothing establishments as "a reach-me-down." When Mr. Whitbread had conveyed his precious charge as far as the table, fresh difficulty presented itself. There was Mr. Birrell, the seconder, waiting to play his part in conducting the Speaker-elect to the Chair. But not two, much less three, members might walk abreast between the Treasury Bench and the table of the House of Commons. Accordingly, after a little hesitation, the proposer went first, the Speaker-elect followed, and the seconder brought up the rear.



THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS.

Not yet was Mr. Gully to take the Chair. Standing on the steps, with one foot on the topmost flight, he halted to thank the House for the honour done him. This attitude is a curious illustration of the ingrained conservatism of the House of Commons in all that relates to its ritual or procedure. There was no reason in the world why the more natural course should not have been taken of the Speaker-elect standing squarely on the daïs upon which the Speaker's Chair is set. Somewhere in the dim and distant ages came a new Speaker, with fine dramatic instinct, who, elected to the high position and led to the Chair, faltered on the topmost step overwhelmed by sense of his own unworthiness. In this attitude he stood humbly to return thanks, and there and thus, for all time since, the Speaker-elect has stood in attitude of approach, unable to take another step till he has unburdened his soul of the gratitude with which it overflows.

As soon as the Speaker-elect has made this little speech, always in the same words, passed on from lips long silent, he takes the last step and seats himself in the Chair. Meanwhile, pending the election of the Speaker, the Mace has been suspended on the hooks attached to the front, upon which it reposes whilst the House is in Committee. The Speaker-elect being seated, the Serjeant-at-Arms advances, lifts the Mace, and places it on the table in token that the House is now in full Session. The consequent proceedings are commendably brief, consisting of the proposal "That this House do now adjourn."

THE BOB WIG.

Next time the Speaker-elect appears in the House of Commons he comes in semi-State. He is met in his room by the Serjeant-at-Arms, the Mace on his shoulder, accompanied by the Chaplain in full canonicals. He is attired in Court dress, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver-buckled shoes, and a bob wig of the kind barristers wear when pleading in court. A procession is formed, the Speaker coming first, the Serjeant-at-Arms and Mace following after. When the Speaker makes this daily journey his progress is announced by stentorian cry of "Mr. Speaker!" passed on from policeman to messenger. On his reappearance on the scene after his election, Mr. Gully was heralded with cry of "Mr. Speaker-elect!" a formula observed till he had been in the House of Lords and there, by the action of the Lords Commissioners, received "Her Majesty's Royal allowance and confirmation of the choice made by her faithful Commons." Thereafter he was "Mr. Speaker," and, exchanging the bob wig for a full-bottomed one, put on the flowing robe, which adds inexpressible but irresistible dignity to the office of Speaker.

MR. COURTNEY'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

It is a confession sad to make, but it is indubitably true, that business in the House of Commons would proceed much less smoothly if its deliberations were presided

THE NEW SPEAKER.

over by a gentleman attired in ordinary morning dress. This great truth is recognised in the case of the Chairman of Committees. He may not compete with the majesty of the Speaker in wig and gown. But he is required, when presiding in Committee, to appear in evening dress, even though it be a morning sitting. This monotonous regulation proved so irritating to the sensitive mind of Mr. Courtney that, midway in his career of Chairman of Ways and Means, he invented the famous blue coat with two brass buttons at the back, which still lends an air of culture to dinner tables and sometimes graces evening parties. To take part in the amenities of social life in the attire officially connected with his Parliamentary office was to invest life with a strain of unendurable monotony. With the famous buff waistcoat worn by day, and the blue coat with two brass buttons at the back by night, Mr. Courtney threaded his way through life with the quiet assurance that lapped the wandering Israelites in rest what time they beheld the sentinel cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night.

MR. COURTNEY.

PAT O'BRIEN.

The late Sir Patrick O'Brien was not known to the present House of Commons, which is its distinct loss. Of all the varied types with which the genius of Ireland diversified the Parliaments of 1874 and 1880, Pat O'Brien, as he was universally and affectionately known, was unique. I have heard Mr. Joseph Cowen speak of him as an effective Parliamentary debater, even an orator. That goes back to a date earlier than my personal acquaintance with the man who for nearly forty years uninterruptedly sat for King's County. Even in his late manner there were not lacking flashes of genuine eloquence. The pity of it was that their effect was obscured by lack of continuity, sometimes of coherency.

Imbued with reverence for Parliamentary forms and traditions, Sir Pat was one of the few Irish members who in the Parliament of 1880 dissevered themselves from Mr Parnell's lead. Whilst that gentleman and the militant force of Irish Nationalists remained on the Opposition Benches, where the Dissolution had left them, Pat O'Brien, with Mr. Mitchell Henry, Mr. William Shaw, and two or three others, following ancient custom with Irish Liberals, crossed over in Mr. Gladstone's train. Sir Pat sat in the middle of the second bench behind Ministers, a position from which he was able to keep a scornful, though not always pellucid, eye on his countrymen below the gangway opposite. He was even more delightful to them than to the rest of the House, since he afforded opportunity of keeping up a chorus of interruption whilst he spoke. With hands thrust deep in his trouser pockets, his face sternly set in the direction of the Irish camp, sometimes his eye blazing with anger, often his lip curling with scorn at great thoughts not yet intelligibly expressed, Sir Pat was much to the fore in the Parliament of 1880–5. It was thus and from this place he one day enigmatically alluded to Mr. Mat Kenny as the "young sea-serpent from County Clare."

"Order! order!" said the Speaker. "The honourable baronet's remarks are entirely out of place."

"Then, sir," rejoined Sir Pat, with courtly bow to the Chair, "I withdraw the young sea-serpent."

The younger Redmond, at that epoch much more grotesque than he remains after a considerable course of Parliamentary training, was ever an object of Sir Pat's most furious indignation.

"Humble animal as I am," he observed one night, with gesture of contempt towards the Parnellites, "I am not about to assume the character of a lion. If I were to do so, I should select as my jackal the hon. member for Wexford (Mr. W. Redmond)."

"Why? Why?" shouted the delighted Radicals below the gangway.

"Why?" answered Sir Patrick, in a voice of thunder, "because I scarcely ever speak without his calling out 'Order!'"

This, so precisely describing the functions and habits of the jackal, settled the matter.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, not beyond suspicion of writing for a Dublin paper certain London correspondence in which the member for King's County was freely discussed, was

another object of Sir Pat's fiery aversion. What lent a special charm to his assaults on the enemy was their unexpectedness. One night, contributing a luminous speech in

"WHO CALLED ME A JACKAL?"

Committee on the vote for the salary of National School teachers in Ireland, Sir Pat, looking across the floor, happened to observe Mr. O'Connor laughing. Like a flash of lightning he was upon him.

"As the modern Plutarch who writes in the *Freeman's Journal* says that I am generally unintelligible, of course a Plutarch at ten guineas a week must be a much greater man than a Greek Plutarch."

It was in this same debate that Sir Patrick, always effective in his gibes at the pecuniary relations of the Parnellite members with their constituents, and with what he described as "the great army of servant girls in the United States," ascended to what was, even for him, an incomparable flight of eloquence.

"All persons in Ireland," he said, oracularly nodding his head, "whether Orangemen or Nationalists, or Whigs or Protestants, or members of the faith — if any faith were left in the country—or whether they belong to that still larger number which is waiting upon Providence, waiting to see whether the wind will always blow from the west across the Atlantic—all these ought to unite in promoting education."

Whilst the puzzled House was trying to follow this line of thought, Sir Pat, raising his voice and solemnly shaking his forefinger at his compatriots opposite, continued: "The wind may possibly blow across the Atlantic in a way very unpleasant for some people, notwithstanding the grand vertebræ and the big faces that I have so often heard thrown in the teeth of the Irish race."

CHALLENGES W. O'BRIEN TO A DUEL.

In these prosaic times it is forgotten how Sir Pat nearly forestalled Mr. Arthur Balfour in making an end of Mr. Wm. O'Brien. It was during the stormy Session of 1884. The House was still sitting, though the dawn of a midsummer day was struggling with the gaslight. The Bill under discussion dealt with the revision of jurors' and voters' list in the County of Dublin. Sir Pat had been dining out, and had, apparently, also been supping. It was three o'clock in the morning when he interposed, though on which side he spoke I forget, if indeed I ever was able to find out. His remarks being interrupted by Mr. T. Harrington, Sir Patrick turned aside to confide in the ear of Sir Arthur Otway (then in the Chair) the information that "Tim Harrington was carrying parcels at three-and-sixpence a week, whilst he (Sir Patrick) represented King's County in Parliament."

Subsiding for a short time, Sir Patrick waked up, and, looking across the House, his eye chanced to rest upon Mr. W. O'Brien, sitting half asleep. The more closely he regarded him the more certain he became that it was he, not Mr. Harrington, who, half an hour ago, had said something disrespectful about him. Sir Arthur Otway, rising to put the question that the clause under discussion stand part of the Bill, Sir Patrick jumped up, and thrusting his hands deeper than ever in his pockets, said, in blood-curdling voice:—

"Mr. Otway!" (It was too late at night for Sir Pat to remember that the Chairman of Committees had been knighted.) "The hon. member for Mallow just now interrupted me, and I desire now to give him an opportunity of explaining what he meant."

Then, leaning forward as if he would clutch at Mr. O'Brien's throat across the House, he shouted, "What do you want?"

Mr. O'Brien rubbed his eyes and began to wake up.

"What do you want?" Sir Pat shouted, again. "What do you want?" he roared, for the third time of asking.

"If the hon. baronet," said Mr. O'Brien, in blandest manner and softest tones, "is at all curious as to what I mean, I will be glad to let him know some day in King's County."

"Sir Arthur Otway," said Sir Patrick, punctiliously including the Chairman of

Committees in the conversation, and now remembering his title, "there is a much less distance than King's County at which the hon. member can ascertain what I think of him, and how I will deal with him."

Things beginning to look serious, the Chairman sternly interposed, and Sir Pat was reduced to silence. But it was only temporary. The debate continuing, the Committee was from time to time conscious of a voice breaking in on the ordered speech of the member on his feet. "Afraid?" it inquired, in a loud stage whisper. Whenever, for the next quarter of an hour, there was a lull in the conversation, this whispered inquiry, "Afraid?" resounded through the House.

It came from Sir Pat, who, again leaning forward, was intently, with mocking smile, watching Mr. O'Brien, who severely ignored his existence. The Chairman interposing with increasing sternness, Sir Pat rose and slowly strolled down the House, pausing before the bench where Mr. O'Brien sat and beckoning him to follow. He spent some time in the outer lobby, walking up and down like an angry tiger awaiting its evening meal. The O'Gorman Mahon chancing to pass, Sir Patrick engaged his services as a second; an arrangement of which he punctiliously informed Mr. O'Brien, taking it as a matter of course that he would make similar provisions on his own behalf. Judicious friends, interposing, got the irate baronet safely home, and Mr. O'Brien lived to suffer much in prison and, on his release, to carry on the Boulogne negotiations.

AT THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

MODERN PORTRAITURE.

At the Royal Academy banquet Lord Rosebery gave utterance to a sentiment which found an echo in the breast of the distinguished gathering of painters who sat at table. "I venture to say," the Prime Minister declared, "that you will never have a satisfactory portrait gallery unless you are able to give commissions to living painters to paint living men."

The bearings of this observation lie in the application thereof. There are few living men whom painters would more gladly see sitting or standing before their easel than Lord Rosebery. And yet, in reply to incessant urgent entreaty, he will not supply the subject. I have the pleased and proud reflection that Lord Rosebery gave me the fullest proof of friendship when he went through the agony of sitting—or, to be more precise, of walking about—for his portrait to add to a little collection I have made upon the principle to which he gave pointed expression in his Academy speech. Doubtless he was, in this instance, beguiled by the promise that there should be no tiresome posing, no prolonged sitting. The artist would camp out with easel in his study in Berkeley Square, and paint him whilst he worked. This scheme has a double recommendation. Whilst it is the only one practicable for the collaboration of busy men, the portrait, when complete, is free from the aspect and pose inseparable from the ordinary circumstances of portraiture. Here is the living, breathing man, with just the expression into which his face fell when engrossed in his daily work.

In Lord Rosebery's case, as in some others dealt with in similar circumstances, the success of the experiment was complete. Only, as the painter confided to me, the task was one of peculiar difficulty and delicacy.

"If," said Mr. E. A. Ward, "Lord Rosebery when he walked out of the room (and he was always walking out of the room) hadn't shut the door after him, I could have got on much better. But you can't do anything with your subject at the other side of a closed door."

PORTRAITS OF MR. G.

In this respect of distaste for being portrayed, either with brush or camera, Lord Rosebery much more closely resembles Lord Salisbury than he does his old chief and friend, Mr. Gladstone. There are many oil paintings and countless photographs of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery is the possessor of perhaps the most effective and picturesque—one in which Mr. Gladstone is painted in the

scarlet robes of his University office. Another portrait, now hanging at Hawarden, was painted by Sir John Millais some six or seven years ago. It was a commission forthcoming from a subscription of the women of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Gladstone is represented having at his knee his grandson, the eldest boy of the late W. H. Gladstone. Still another portrait, by Holl, was given to Mr. Gladstone on the jubilee of his married life. With it was presented a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, by Herkomer, the gifts being the offering of six-score old colleagues or close personal friends. The late Lord Granville, who at the private gathering at Spencer House was spokesman for the subscribers, remarked that whilst he had known Mrs. Gladstone during the whole of the golden time that day celebrated, his acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone had extended to a longer period, of which the last thirty-five years had given him the distinction of being intimate as a personal and political friend, a colleague, and a loyal follower.

THE PORTRAIT TRAP.

A portrait less well known, but of peculiar interest, is enshrined at Hawarden. It is by William Bradley, a name now forgotten, but in high repute sixty years ago. Painted ten years after Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons, at the time when he was still "the rising hope of stern, unbending Toryism," it presents a full-length figure, the arms folded, the fine, strong face, with its curate-like whiskers and abundant hair, set in deep thought.

THE DESIRE OF MR. HERKOMER'S HEART.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., has conceived a picture of Lord Rosebery which requires only the Premier's consent for realization on deathless canvas. The scene is the Prime Minister's room in Downing Street. The particular effect, alluring to the painter of the wonderful Burgomaster picture in the Royal Academy of this year, is the view from the window. In his mind's eye, Mr. Herkomer sees the living picture. At the table, at work among a pile of letters and documents, sits the Prime Minister, the head being relieved by the dark wall at the back. From the left side-window the light falls on the face, Mr. Herkomer's quick eye, surveying the room, noting the possibility of a bit of charming cross light from the right-hand window. It is from this window he would get the street scene, upon which he counts to make the picture unique among modern portraits.

"I feel inclined," he said, with a tear in his voice, "to paint the chamber and the scene even without a Prime Minister. But, of course, it would be nothing without the living figure."

Mr. Herkomer's idea, I should add, was conceived and communicated to me before Lord Rosebery's speech at the Academy banquet. The sentence quoted from that address seems to give peculiar point to the dream of the painter, and may even hold out promise of seeing it realized.

EXCITING MOMENTS IN THE SMOKE-ROOM.

Amongst the luxuries by addition of which Mr. Herbert Gladstone, most diligent of First Commissioners, is endeavouring to vindicate the ancient claim of the House of Commons to be the best club in the world, is a contrivance whereby the names of successive speakers in current debate are signalled to the members' smoking-room. Being somewhat remote from the Chamber, members retiring thither run the risk of missing the utterance of a man whom they particularly desire to hear. The chance is not so constantly recurrent as to induce them to remain in attendance awaiting it. So they go off for a cigar, a game of chess, or a chat. Still, they would like to be assured that they are not missing anything, and this new device places them at their ease.

It is on the principle of the tape lines at the clubs, which tick out strips of paper on which are printed the names of winning horses at the Derby, the latest prices on the Stock Exchange, fresh changes of the Ministry in France, and other items of current news.

The scene in the smoking-room when the sudden ticking of the instrument signals that a name is about to be spelled forth is of

never-failing interest. The latest orator has resumed his seat in the distant Chamber. The Speaker has called upon another member. Who is it? All eyes are turned upon the instrument, laboriously, with much clicking, spelling out the name.

"B." Arthur Balfour, perhaps; he was expected a little later, but may now have got up.

"A." Yes, it's Balfour.

"R," clicks the instrument. No, its Bartley; or Barran, someone suggests; or Dunbar Barton, says another.

"T." Ah; George Christopher Trout Bartley, for a shilling.

"L" "E." Yes, it's him.

"T" "T."—goes the instrument, choking with emotion.

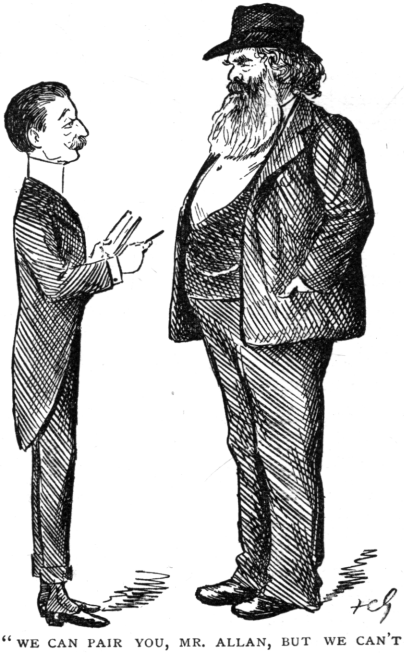
Bartlett! No need to wait for the Ellis Ashmead. The smoking-room knows the man from Sheffield. Pipes and cigars are once more puffed with pleased assurance, and the game of chess goes forward with the certainty that it will not be interrupted for a good hour.*

PAIRING.

It is probable that before opportunity for carrying out his well-considered improvements closes for the present First Commissioner of Works, he will turn his attention to an inconvenience that bears heavily upon members nightly through a Session. It is the difficulty of obtaining pairs, either for the dinner-hour or for the current sitting. Probably, on the average of a night, there are a hundred men on either side who either have dinner arrangements, or, not being interested in the proceedings of the sitting, would like to clear out after questions are over. No division may be pending. But in order to avoid accidents it is necessary that members from either side temporarily withdrawing from the scene should be paired. The Whips do what they can to assist their friends, but there is no ordered system adequate to meet the necessity of the hour. Members, agonized by the near approach of their dinner engagement, wander about the lobby, pace the corridors, search through smoking-room, library, and newspaper-room for a pair.

It is quite possible, indeed, it frequently happens, that a member may meet a friend from the other side forlornly bent on exactly the same errand. But there is no outward and visible sign about a man who wants a pair. Thus the two go by like ships that pass in the night. I once, somewhere, suggested that members in search of a pair should wear a rosette or bit of ribbon in their button-hole —say blue for Tory and yellow for Liberal. Coming together in such circumstances, two men would forthwith be made happy. The proposal, made half in jest, was, I believe, seriously considered. But nothing came of it.

A not less simple and perhaps more practical way out of the difficulty would be that a book should be placed in the library or reading-room, wherein a member desiring a dinner pair, or a pair for the night, might enter his name on one side of a double column; a member of the opposite party, consumed by identical desire, writing his name against it. Thus pairs would be settled with a minimum of inconvenience, the saving of much valuable time, and needless worry.

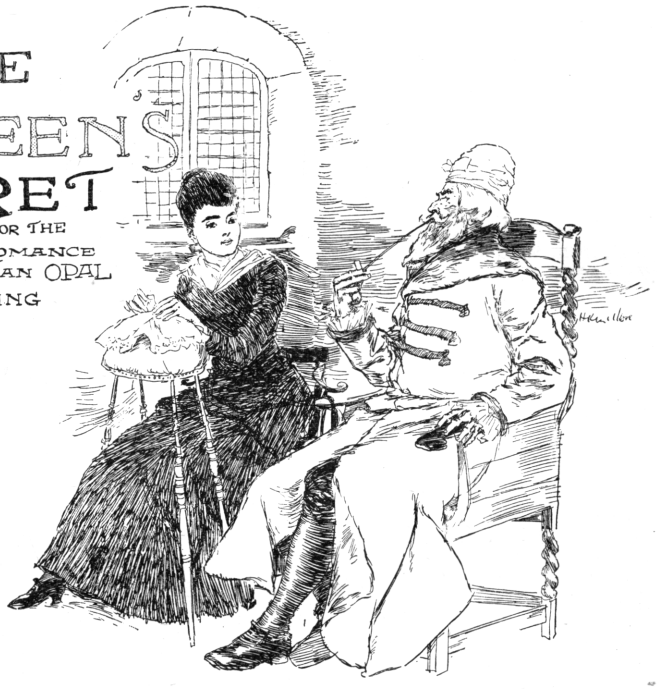


"WE CAN PAIR YOU, MR. ALLAN, BUT WE CAN'T MATCH YOU."

* An illustration of this instrument will be found on page 79.

THE QUEEN'S SECRET

OR THE ROMANCE OF AN OPAL RING



By Mrs. Skey.

THE morning sun was shining on the fair Alsatian landscape, on chestnut wood and budding orchard, and the distant blue hills that formed a background to the picturesque village of Mittelbroun, nestling at the foot of the hill on which arose one of those quaint old châteaux, so often to be seen in France: whitewashed, covering a considerable extent of ground, with brilliant red-tiled turrets at each angle, the whole surmounted by a tall old keep in the centre. The edifice looked imposing in the distance; but, at nearer sight, proved to be dilapidated and ruinous. At one of the small, iron-barred windows overlooking the neglected courtyard sat a young girl, bending over a lace-pillow and bobbins. Her plain and shabby clothes suited the dingy appearance of the surroundings and the bare discomfort of the room. She was dark and sallow, with irregular features, which were full of force and character, and her face was only redeemed from plainness by her magnificent dark eyes. But there was a queenly grace and dignity in her lithe, shapely figure, and in the poise of her small head and shoulders; while the hands which guided the bobbins were of exquisite shape and colouring. Near her, enveloped in a fur cloak and smoking a long pipe, sat a tall, elderly man with high-bred features and soldierly bearing. He shivered as the cold spring wind penetrated through the badly fitting woodwork of the window, and looked around with discontent. Certainly his present abode presented a strange contrast to the luxurious Court from which Stanislas Leczinska, formerly King of Poland, had been driven by the Russian Czar.

"Marie!" he said, speaking in the French tongue, but with a marked foreign accent, "life here is becoming unbearable. No answer comes to my letters, no notice is taken of our fate. We must go to Paris."

"But you forget that we are very poor, my father," said the girl, in a singularly liquid and musical voice. "How could we live in Paris in accordance with your rank? Here we are in your own castle, among friends who are faithful to their *seigneur;* and now that I have found a market for my lace-work and embroidery, we can manage to live. We have no means of reaching Paris or of living there when we have reached it."

"Yet I must see King Louis," said the exile, rising and walking impatiently up and down the room. "I must remind him of the promises which he was so ready to make, and which I was deluded enough to believe. The treaty between us was to be cemented by the marriage which was to make you Queen of France"; then, as a look of evident shrinking passed over his daughter's face, he added, hastily: "Even in exile we must remember who and what we are. Your brother's death has made you my heiress, and has annulled your betrothal in childhood to Armand de Richelieu. I had even counted on the gratitude of the Duke of Richelieu, who owes me so much, who is my earliest friend, and who, being high in Court favour, has the King's ear. But, out of sight out of mind! It is settled, Marie. We go to Paris to-morrow."

"But we have no means of reaching Paris. Consider, our stock of ready money is almost exhausted. Our jewels are all gone."

"There is still the opal ring."

The exile glanced as he spoke at the finger on which he wore a large and very beautiful fire-opal set in the form of a signet ring.

"The opal! The talisman of our house! Oh, no, my father! Do not part with the last of our heirlooms. You have King Louis' promise, which must sooner or later be redeemed."

As she spoke a shuffling step was heard on the staircase, and an elderly woman dressed in peasant garb entered, panting with haste and excitement. "Jesus Maria! Has mademoiselle seen the soldiers? A whole troop comes—to be quartered on us, without doubt."

"Soldiers, Goton? Are there soldiers in the neighbourhood?"

"Does not mademoiselle know that soldiers have been quartered in all the surrounding villages? It is said that the King is at Phalsbourg. And see! there they come riding up the hill and making straight for the castle gate!"

The troop was now plainly visible. Even at that distance it was evident that they wore the golden fleur-de-lis, and as they came nearer, both Stanislas Leczinska and his daughter exclaimed, in surprise.

"Armand de Richelieu!" murmured Marie Leczinska, drawing back from the casement; while her father, exclaiming, "It is the King! King Louis himself!" hastened to meet his Royal guest in the gateway.

This was Marie Leczinska's first reception. In her coarse black serge garments, having just laid her lace-pillow aside on the dark walnut table, amidst rough and bare surroundings, she received Louis XV., the most courtly and splendid of all the Bourbon Sovereigns, when he came to visit her father in the dilapidated Alsatian château which had been a part of her French mother's dowry, and where Stanislas had been compelled to take refuge, this being the only spot which he could still call his own. Princesses may not choose their fate; and Marie Leczinska was too devoted a daughter to hesitate at any self-sacrifice by which her father was to be benefited, though she may have had her own reasons for shrinking from her prospects—brilliant and dazzling as they might appear to other eyes. But she had too much strength of character to betray herself, even though taken so entirely at unawares. Nothing could have been more dignified or more graceful than her manner of receiving the King, or of performing all the courtesies suitable to the hostess of the place. With the King had entered the young Duke of Richelieu, his equerry and constant attendant, who was the only son of Stanislas Leczinska's earliest friend.

"It was M. de Richelieu who proposed this visit when first we entered Alsace, and who reminded me this morning that we were in the neighbourhood of Mittelbroun," said the King, turning to present his young attendant to the exiled Princess. "Ah, you are already acquainted," he added, as Marie Leczinska extended her hand, with one of her unconsciously regal gestures.

"M. de Richelieu and I have met before," said the young Princess, with one of the rare and beautiful smiles which had power to transfigure her otherwise plain and insignificant features. "It was long ago—in Poland. I have a good memory for old friends," she added, and her words unintentionally conveyed a tacit reproach to the King, though glance and meaning were intended for the Duke only.

But sweet as were the tones in which this friendly reception was given, it awakened no response. The young Duke merely bowed formally to the Princess, of whom he seemed to have no recollection as a playmate, and who was, he knew, destined to be Queen of France. Her words and her appearance seemed to recall no memories to him; and yet, but for his recollection of the exiled King and of the debt of gratitude owed by his father to Stanislas, King Louis' promises might have been forgotten, and her father

"WITH THE KING HAD ENTERED THE YOUNG DUKE OF RICHELIEU."

might have been left to linger in poverty and exile.

It was the winter of 1744. Louis XV. had just returned from the successful expedition which had replaced Stanislas Leczinska on the throne of Poland, and this success was being celebrated by a series of brilliant festivities. The Parisians, ready as ever to be intoxicated by "la gloire," had recovered their most ardent feelings of loyalty, and the whole population of Paris, from the highest to the lowest, seemed only to live in order that they might dance and rejoice. The heroes of the late war had been the Duke of Richelieu and his son. The former had just been appointed Field-Marshal of France, while he had long held the post of first Chamberlain to the King. The Duke went in Paris by the name of "le grand bel homme." His splendid personality, his talents as a statesman, his genius for intrigue were fully equal to those displayed a century earlier by his kinsman, the great cardinal, but the Duke had no ambition beyond the pursuit of pleasure, and his finances were so heavily impaired by losses at the gambling table, that he knew himself to be on the brink of ruin. Under these circumstances, he hoped that the important services which he had rendered the King might be rewarded by the hand of a rich heiress for his son.

There was little sympathy between the Duke and his heir. Armand had inherited from some remote ancestor an honourable and fastidious character, and was, in his father's opinion, a degenerate Richelieu. He silently condemned the folly which had brought them to the verge of ruin; and the Duke resented the unspoken censure. It was remarked of them that winter that they never met except at Court; and it was, therefore, a surprise to Armand to see his father enter his apartments one evening just as he had finished dressing for a Court ball. This was almost an unprecedented event, and he looked his surprise; the more so when the Duke, assuming a dignified and fatherly expression, addressed him in the following words:—

"My son! I am no longer young: indeed, I feel that for me old age is rapidly approaching. You are my only representative: it is natural that I should wish to see the fortunes and the succession of our house established in my life-time. In consideration of my past services, it has graciously pleased His Majesty to arrange a marriage for you."

"The King? The King has arranged a marriage for me?" cried Armand, too utterly taken by surprise at first to make the opposition which his father expected.

"Precisely! It is His Majesty's pleasure that this marriage shall take place, and we have only to obey. The settlements are already drawn up and must be signed to-night. The wedding will take place at Versailles to-morrow."

"This is preposterous—absurd."

"My son, I need not remind you that Kings must be obeyed."

"And who is the lady who is to be forced

on me in this extraordinary manner?" demanded the young Duke, indignantly.

"It is Mademoiselle Louise de Hauteville, one of the Queen's ladies. She is a very wealthy heiress. You are acquainted with our circumstances. Her fortune will relieve us from all financial embarrassment. In short, nothing can be more advantageous for us. The King is anxious to assist us——"

"By choosing a rich wife for me!" interrupted Armand, who now saw through the whole plan. "There will be no wedding to-morrow," he said, decidedly, rising as he spoke.

"Am I to understand that you refuse to obey the King?"

"You are to understand that I refuse this marriage."

"This is madness! Royal mandates are not to be so lightly disregarded. Either put in an appearance at Versailles this evening, or you may chance to find yourself in the Bastille to-morrow."

"THIS IS MADNESS."

Armand laughed ironically. "You will excuse my reminding you that, as the Queen's equerry, I am bound to appear at the masked ball given at the Louvre to-night," he said. He left the room with a mocking bow, while the echo of his scornful and indignant laughter was borne back by the echoes still further to infuriate the Duke, who had never for a moment doubted his son's obedience—even though it might be a most unwilling obedience—to the King's orders. There had been no exaggeration in his threat. *Lettres de cachet* were still in full force; and against a King's decision there was no appeal.

"There is a woman at the bottom of this!" ejaculated the angry Duke. "To be thwarted in this manner is unbearable. Mademoiselle de Hauteville is the richest heiress in France; she shall not slip through my fingers so easily. A week or so in the Bastille would soon bring Armand to his senses; but that depends upon the King; and he is high in Court favour both with the King and with the Queen. The Queen! Could it be possible? Have I the clue to his extraordinary conduct? The masked ball to-night may solve that point, and give me the knowledge by which I shall be enabled to enforce his obedience."

The Queen's masked balls that winter had been a dream of beauty and splendour. Music — such as seems to remind the hearer of a lost paradise—brilliant lights, gorgeous dresses (for according to etiquette the men were all expected to appear in full uniform or in Court dress), combined to produce a scene of enchantment. The ladies alone were masked; their cavaliers were not allowed to appear *incognito;* thus many a mystification was planned, many a plot was laid and carried out without fear of discovery or chance of failure. The Court ladies revelled in an etiquette which gave them more than their usual advantages; it was said that the fashion had been introduced by Marie Leczinska, who had seen it practised at the Courts of Austria and Poland. It was remarked that evening that several of the

ladies present—no doubt in order to avoid identification—had chosen to dress alike in white velvet, unrelieved by colour of any kind. On one of these white-robed apparitions, Armand de Richelieu was to be seen in constant attendance during the evening, he himself making a conspicuous figure in the brilliantly-lighted ball-room, wearing full regimentals, with the crosses of Stanislas and Vladimir, which had been given to him by King Stanislas during the late campaign.

"NOTHING SHOULD HAVE INDUCED ME TO KEEP THAT APPOINTMENT, MADAME!"

"We hardly hoped to see you at the Louvre this evening, M. de Richelieu," said his masked companion. "Are you not expected at Versailles to-night?"

"Nothing should have induced me to keep that appointment, madame!"

"That is an unwise decision. The consequences may be more serious than you think."

Her voice was singularly sweet and melodious, and the movements of her tall, lithe figure were full of a supple and yet of a queenly grace. It was not the first time that Armand had spent the evening in attendance on this white-robed figure, whose name he had hitherto failed to discover. The Duke had not been wrong in supposing that his son had reasons for wishing to attend this especial masked ball.

"No dread of any possible consequences could have kept me away from here to-night! Will you not put an end to this mystery? Will you not give me some sign by which I can recognise you to-morrow?"

"If I were to do so, the charm of our friendship would be destroyed. Mystery is the halo which lends it an enchantment."

"Love needs no halo! Love which is based on sympathy and on reverence is the crowning joy of life. What is life without love?"

"Love is a beautiful dream. Once in life it comes to us all, and its momentary ecstasy turns all that is noblest in our natures into a song of delight. The world is bathed in sunshine; we have found happiness at last. For a little space we grasp our dream, believing it to be a reality. But it is never that. And when it ceases to be a dream our joy in it is gone. Let us avoid that dreary but inevitable climax—you and I. Let us keep just this one illusion."

"This is cruel, madame! Am I never to know you? Are you to pass out of my life to-night? Am I to be always haunted by a memory, which is never to be anything but a longing and a dream?"

"You must put dreams aside. You have interests, occupations, ambition, and a future. In time you will forget. All men forget. We women can only sit and brood. To us Nature is cruel. Defenceless we are born, and defenceless we must meet our destiny. Yet there is a purpose in life. This we know; and for the sake of that knowledge

we meet our fate with firmness, self-strung to patience and endurance. Else, indeed, who would have courage to live through life, to face what the coming day may bring?"

Her voice was exquisitely modulated, and its low, sweet cadences seemed to linger on the ear, and to haunt it—as she had decreed that her memory should do. There was a strange power of fascination about her which her mysterious utterances and masked face only seemed to enhance. Armand was young enough to be influenced by the very mystery which surrounded her, even while seeking to devise some plan by which her determination to remain unknown might be frustrated.

"At least you will grant me a souvenir by which to remember you: a flower, a *gage*—and in return wear this ring, which is said to bring good fortune to the wearer?"

As he spoke, he drew from his finger a fire-opal set in the form of a signet ring. As he raised it towards the light, a soft ethereal radiance seemed at one moment to play upon its delicate surface; the next, strange sparks of fire appeared to dart from its centre as though proceeding from imprisoned drops of blood. Armand's companion started and exclaimed: "That is King Stanislas's signet ring! The heirloom of his house!"

"King Stanislas gave it to me after the battle of Potova, when I had the good fortune to save his life. It is said to be a luck-stone, and to insure the success of its owner. Wear it in remembrance of this evening."

Armand's companion hesitated. At one moment she was about to refuse the ring; then, animated by a sudden thought, she held out her hand to receive it.

"I will take your gift. Some day, who knows? I may return it to you; and when I do so you shall know my name."

In a gloomy but comfortably furnished apartment of the Bastille, Armand de Richelieu, having been arrested as he was about to leave the Louvre, had spent the three following weeks. It was evening; the attendant had entered to light the lamps, and to remind the Duke that the hour had arrived when he was permitted daily to walk on the terrace. The captive needed no urging to hasten out in the fresh, exhilarating evening air; and to look down from the terrace on gay, splendid, illuminated Paris, which was even then revelling in its countless pleasures and festivities, and whose lights and music seemed to call and beckon to him through the night.

Meanwhile the door leading to his rooms

"ON THE TERRACE."

opened, and a lady shrouded in a long, dark mantle appeared on the threshold accompanied by a warder. Recollecting that he had been strictly forbidden to allow anyone to enter the prisoner's rooms, the attendant advanced hastily towards the stranger, who simply remarked: "You can allow me to enter; I have the King's order to that effect, which has already been submitted to the Governor. You can let your prisoner know that a lady is waiting to see him."

The written order, and a sign made by the warder in corroboration of her statement, had

their effect; the attendant ushered the lady in, with every sign of respect; and then hastened out on the terrace to take the message with which he had been intrusted to the Duke.

Left alone, the lady loosened the long, dark cloak which enveloped her figure, and appeared in a dress of white velvet, unrelieved by colour of any kind. She was tall and slender, with graceful, floating movements, and beautifully chiselled features. Pride and courage were the distinguishing characteristics of her whole being, from the small, haughty head with its dark, lustrous eyes, to the slender foot with its arched instep. But, accustomed as this beautiful and imperious girl had been to supremacy, she was hardly at her ease just then. As she watched the door by which the attendant had departed, her colour came and went, and she moved restlessly up and down the room.

"Now that I am here my courage is fast deserting me! What strange witchery does the Queen possess that she can bend us all to her will? Twenty-four hours ago I should have said that nothing would have induced me to intrude on Armand de Richelieu here—to force myself on a man who has fled to the Bastille to avoid me; and yet here I am, in passive obedience to Her Majesty's will. If I were even superstitious enough to believe in the Queen's talisman, there might be something to keep my spirits up in the thought of possessing such a spell; but I am not so easily impressed. According to the Queen, this ring which she has given me to wear is a luck-stone; but she attaches a strange condition to the gift. I must be on my guard never to mention the name of the giver; otherwise the talisman will lose its magic virtue. I do not believe in occult power. Were I a man I would sooner trust to a sword; being a woman, I place my faith in that marvellous influence which some of us can exercise on our surroundings. Yet I wish the next hour were over, and the Duke safely beyond the city gates."

She started as a door opened and closed, and a hasty step was heard in the ante-room. But composing herself almost immediately, she turned to meet the young Duke with outward self-possession. Armand saw a lady in a white velvet dress of queenly height and bearing. He came hastily towards her, but she had unconsciously concealed the hand which wore the opal in the folds of her dress, and her first words enlightened him as to her identity.

"You have never seen me before, M. de Richelieu, and I am, therefore, obliged to introduce myself. I am Louise de Hauteville." Then, as his face expressed disappointment, and he unconsciously took a step backwards, she added, with a half-smile, in which there was a mixture of pathos and archness, "You will pardon this intrusion when I tell you that I am here as the Queen's messenger."

Armand bowed stiffly. Mademoiselle de Hauteville was to him a most unwelcome visitor; yet he could not refuse to behave with outward politeness to the Queen's messenger. "I am at your service, mademoiselle," he said, coldly.

"The Queen fears, M. de Richelieu, that your imprisonment here may be indefinitely prolonged. For some most unaccountable reason, the King is bent on carrying out the plans he has formed. He will hear neither argument nor entreaty. You, on your side, are equally determined that you will not give way."

"Most assuredly, mademoiselle. I shall remain in the Bastille until the King chooses to set me at liberty without the conditions upon which he at present insists."

"It is certain, monsieur, that none can blame you. I feel that I even owe you my thanks, for I do not see why my hand should have been disposed of in so unceremonious a manner. Nevertheless, this determination may detain you within these walls for a year—for years! And meanwhile you will execrate the innocent and equally-to-be-pitied cause of your misfortunes. I thank Heaven that an idea has been suggested to me by which you may, if you choose, recover your freedom, and that without conditions of any kind."

Armand looked at her incredulously. What was she about to suggest? And how could it be in her power to assist him? Yet, as he answered her, the studied coldness which he had at first assumed was already giving way to that involuntary respect and deference which is so charming to a woman. To her mere beauty and grace he might have remained impervious, but there was a magic in her *tout-ensemble*, which was producing its effect. It consisted in a wonderful smile and sparkle, in a mixture of pathos and archness, joined to a winning sweetness, of which even Armand de Richelieu—prejudiced as he had been against the bride who was being forced upon him—was compelled to acknowledge the fascination.

"I do not understand you, mademoiselle. What power can free a prisoner of the Bastille?"

"A woman's wits can sometimes work miracles, M. de Richelieu. I am here to change places with you."

"To change places with me?"

"Yes; I, Louise de Hauteville, propose to be the means of enabling you to defeat the plans of the King and the Marshal your father. If you agree to my proposal, we shall both be revenged and you will be free."

"We shall both be revenged?"

"Do you suppose, M. de Richelieu, that I wished to be disposed of in this summary manner? May I not too have had some wish to choose for myself? You may, perhaps, consider yourself the only injured person; but I am not of that opinion, and therefore I am very anxious to carry out my plan, which I consider a most delightful idea. You are not much taller than I. By the help of a skilful disguise—the means for which I have brought with me—you will find no great difficulty in deceiving an old gaoler and a few sleepy attendants. You will take my cloak and my hood; you will enter my carriage, and you will make your escape. The darkness is in your favour; by sunrise you will be beyond pursuit; you will join the army at the frontier, where your brothers-in-arms will gladly welcome you; and you will owe your liberty to me, who am enchanted to atone in this manner for the injury which I—most unwillingly—have done you."

"Have I heard you aright? You suggest to me that I——"

"That you should stoop to a harmless deception which will enable us to turn the tables on the King and the Marshal."

"But if I escape in your place and under your name, how are you to leave the Bastille?"

"I shall remain here."

"Here? Impossible! How could I permit you to run such a risk?"

"*Allons donc!* They are not likely to turn me into a State prisoner. M. de Richelieu, if you decline to accept my offer I shall be forced to believe that you really hate me—that you, in point of fact, detest me; and this I really do not deserve at your hands!"

"I? You think that I hate—that I detest you?" cried Armand, completely thrown off his guard. "On the contrary, the more I see you, the more I am convinced of your charm; to say nothing of the nobility of character which leads you to risk freedom and Court favour in order to assist me, a mere stranger, of whom you know nothing. Ah! if I had not already pledged my word——"

"YOU WILL TAKE MY CLOAK AND MY HOOD."

Louise had turned aside to conceal the amused and mischievous smile which she could not altogether restrain on hearing Armand's impetuous declaration; but his final words enabled her to recover her gravity.

"I thank you for your good opinion, M. de Richelieu," she said, giving him her hand, with a frank gesture. "I am happy to have overcome your prejudices; I trust that we shall part good friends."

She stopped short as the hand which she had offered him was

seized with an eager gesture of surprise and delight.

"The opal! At last! Ah, why did you propose flight to me? Why not sooner have shown me the ring?"

"This ring? I have, indeed, been told that it possesses occult powers. Permit me to remind you that it will soon be ten o'clock, and that the Bastille closes at that hour."

"Let it close! I no longer object to the terms imposed by the King!"

"What next, M. de Richelieu? Have you taken leave of your senses?" cried Louise, in great astonishment.

"On the contrary, I have recovered them. What a fatal mistake I have been on the point of making! If I had known three weeks earlier——"

"Impossible! Have you not yourself just told me that you are pledged to another?"

"Whom until this night I had never seen and whose name I did not know! We have met before—at the Queen's masked balls."

"It is true," murmured Louise, "that we have met and conversed at the Queen's balls, but you went to the Bastille to avoid me."

"Ah! *de grace*, do not keep up this pretence any longer! Am I to blame for a mystification in which you persisted in spite of my entreaties? If you had consented to tell me your name when last we met——"

"When last we met?" repeated Louise. A suspicion of the truth was arising in her mind.

"You do—you must—understand me! Otherwise—how comes this ring to be in your possession?"

"My promise!" murmured Louise, unconsciously uttering her thoughts aloud. The truth had come to her in a flash of inspiration. It was the Queen whom he loved without knowing her.

"Yes, you have redeemed your promise. When you restored to me my gift, I was to know your name. If I had known it earlier I need not have spent three weeks in the Bastille. Louise, when last we met you admitted that you loved me."

Louise hesitated: could she keep the Queen's secret? Could she deceive him? No words on her part were required, merely silence—and the Queen's plan would be successful; and the Duke's happiness would be secured—and hers—for she loved him.

But Louise de Hauteville's was no common nature. If she had loved Armand de Richelieu unbidden, it was because she had recognised in him a kindred nature to her own: a character that was at once loyal and straightforward, conscientious, and honourable.

"It has been a misunderstanding," she whispered, shrinking away from him. "When I wore the ring, I did not know the significance which you would attach to the act. I cannot tell you the truth: the secret is not mine, and I must keep it."

They were both silent, while Armand endeavoured to read the riddle. If he had not given her the ring, from whom had she received it? He remembered the words with which she had greeted him, when she introduced herself as the Queen's messenger.

Just then a clock in the distance was heard to strike the hour. "M. de Richelieu," cried Louise, trying to release the hand which he was still holding, "it is ten o'clock. It will soon be too late for flight."

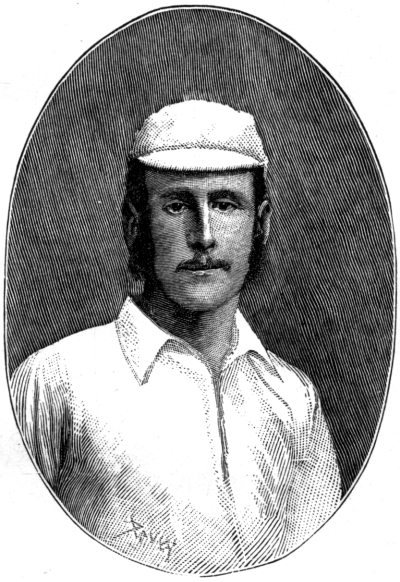
"Why should I go, when I am ready to obey the King? It is not the Bastille which has vanquished me, but the invincible power of love. Louise, I ask no questions; your secret shall be sacred. It was a dream; and it is over. This is the reality. Love, which is love, needs no halo, no mystery to lend it enchantment. The opal ring has worked its spell."

Armand de Richelieu has left no name in history. He is the only man of his race who avoided the Court and Court favour. The Queen's secret was loyally kept; so loyally that Marie Leczinska never knew that it had not always been in her own keeping.

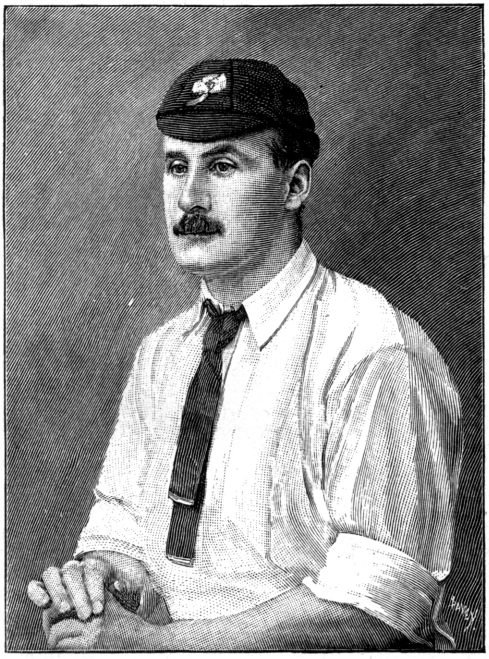
LORD HAWKE.

BORN 1860.

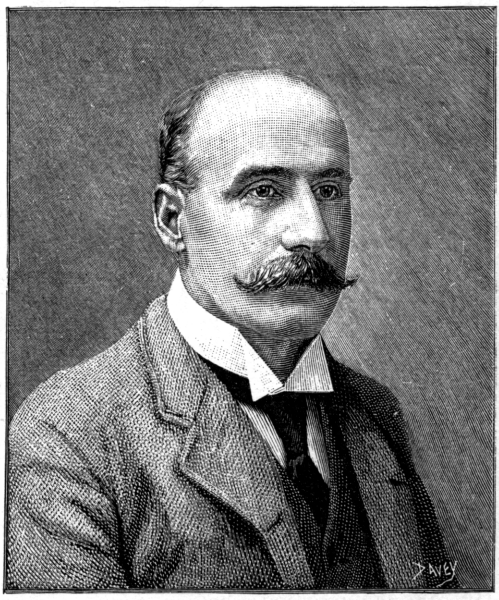
THERE are few names, among those of well-known figures in the cricket world, that are so familiar to the average Englishman as that of Hawke, and this is little to be wondered at, since Lord Hawke is one of the leading gentlemen players of England. He has taken a very prominent part in Yorkshire county cricket, and the game has no warmer supporter. He first represented his county in 1881, and was chosen captain of the team in 1883, a position which he has filled most satisfactorily. His style of batting is excellent, as he plays both forward and back with equal confidence, and comes down on the ball clean and hard. He represented Cambridge University in 1882 and 1883, and was captain of the eleven in 1885. He also played in Mr. Vernon's Australian team in 1887–8, and Indian team in 1890. His lordship was educated at Eton, and at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where his early love of cricket became conspicuous. He is the seventh Baron Hawke, and is Captain of the 3rd Battalion Prince of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment). Lord Hawke has taken teams to Australia and America respectively, and everyone is acquainted with the splendid manner in which the prestige of English cricket was upheld by their able representatives abroad.



AGE 18
From a Photo. by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

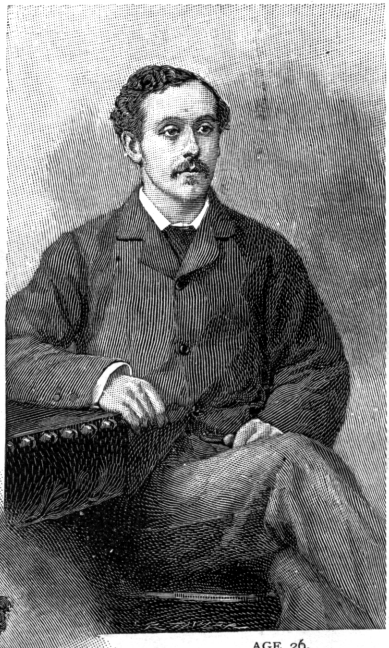


From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*

AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.



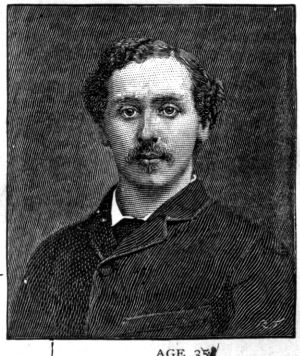
AGE 26.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P.

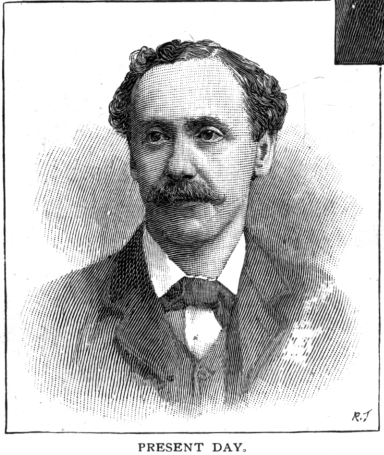
BORN 1854.

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

MR. HERBERT JOHN GLADSTONE, fourth son of our Grand Old Man, was educated at Eton, and University College, Oxford, where he obtained his M.A. degree in 1879. Before 1880 he was a lecturer on history at Keble College, where he had obtained a first in 1876, and the rapidity with which he acclimatized himself to the world of practical politics is remarkable. Mr. Herbert Gladstone then made his entrée in politics by fighting a very plucky, but losing, contest in Middlesex, in 1880. He, however, stepped into his father's shoes at Leeds soon after. During his father's 1880–85 Government he was one of the Prime Minister's private secretaries, and subsequently a Junior Lord of the Treasury without salary. He also represented the Commissioner of Works in the Commons during Lord Rosebery's tenure of that office. In 1886 he was Financial Secretary to the War Office, and Under Home Secretary since August, 1892. In March, 1894, after his father's resignation of office, Mr. Herbert Gladstone became First Commissioner of Works under Lord Rosebery's present Administration, a post which he has since held with great credit.



AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

MISS MAY YOHE

AGE 2.
From a Photo. by M. A. Kleckner, Bethlehem, Pa.

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Husted, Philadelphia.

From a Photo. by] AGE 16. *[C. Allevy, Paris.*

She now takes the part of *Dandy Dick Whittington* at the Avenue. Miss Yohe was married in November, 1894, to Lord Francis Pelham-Clinton Hope, second son of the late Duke of Newcastle.

AGE 13.
From Photo. by W. Höffert, Dresden.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker St., London.

WE have pleasure in publishing a charming set of portraits of Miss May Yohe, whose excellent acting and lovely voice have delighted so many of us lately. Miss Yohe is a native of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and went to Dresden at the early age of ten; from thence she entered the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, in Paris, to complete her education. She then returned to America, where, at nineteen, she made her first appearance on the stage, at Chicago, in a musical piece, called "Natural Gas." Her voice, originally a soprano, suddenly changed to the deep contralto now so much admired. Miss Yohe first appeared in England in 1893, in "Magic Opal," and subsequently in "The Lady Slavey."

From a] AGE 10. [*Photograph.*

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

BORN 1841.

WYNDHAM THOMAS WYNDHAM-QUIN, Fourth Earl of Dunraven, K.P., was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the 1st Life Guards in 1865. He left the Army in 1867, and went to Abyssinia as correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. He followed the Franco-German War, again as special correspondent for the same journal, and in 1871 succeeded to the title and estates. He

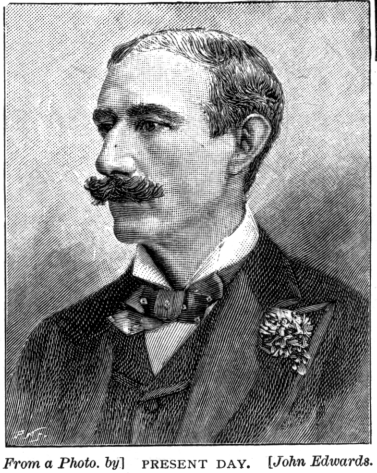
AGE 22.
From a Photo. by Le Jeune, Paris.

was Under-Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's two Administrations, but resigned in February, 1887. He is the author of "The Great Divide," "Notes on Irish Architecture," and "The Soudan: its History, Geography, and Characteristics." His name

AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

during the last few years has been prominently before the public as

AGE 44.
From a Photo. by A. Debenham, Cowes.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*John Edwards.*

that of a yachtsman. With his magnificent yacht, the *Valkyrie*, he has twice tried to wrest the America Cup from the New York Yacht Club, but each time failed, his opponent on both occasions (1893 and 1894) having been the *Vigilant*, a vessel of the American centre-board type.

The Romance of Our News Supply.

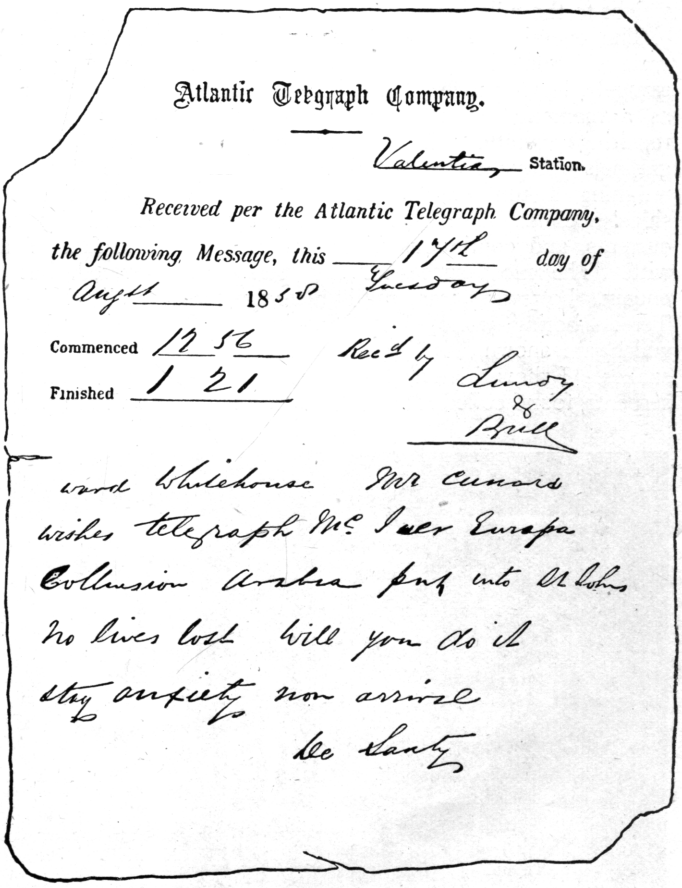
By William G. FitzGerald.

ONE almost despairs of conveying, in a single article, an adequate idea of the fascinating romance of the news supply to this country. When one of our dashing war correspondents, fired with feverish enthusiasm, performs a feat that astonishes Europe, or when cricket lovers are enabled to follow, almost over by over, Stoddart's Antipodean innings, then, indeed, the public appreciate the marvels of modern journalism. For the rest, it is mere exemplification of the aphorism that familiarity breeds contempt; or at least, indifference.

I can hardly do better than commence with a brief description of the system of ocean telegraphy, whereby news is transmitted from the uttermost ends of the earth. I must also acknowledge my indebtedness to Sir John Pender, G.C.M.G., M.P., who personally gave me much assistance. Here is given a reproduction from a photograph of the original message sent over the first Atlantic cable, the day after the cable was laid, August 17th, 1858. It is from the Cunard agent to the headquarters of his company in England, announcing that the mail steamers, *Europa* and *Arabia*, had been in collision, but that both ships and passengers were safe. This cable was never opened for public business, although 732 messages were sent through it with much difficulty.

Within the brief period of thirty years, 152,000 miles of cable have been laid on the beds of ocean and sea, at a cost of about forty millions sterling. The most important system is that known as the Eastern Telegraph Company, presided over by Sir John Pender. This company own 51,325 miles of cable, and their actual capital represents something like £15,000,000 sterling. The staff at home and abroad, exclusive of messengers and servants, number 1,790, besides the 600 men who are employed on the fleet of nine cable-repairing ships.

The Eastern and its allied companies have 124 stations in various parts of the world, and carry 2,100,000 messages per annum. At Porthcurnow, near Penzance, is the training school for operators, who, when properly qualified, are drafted to the various stations. While no probationer is sent to Aden, unless he volunteers to go, and Accra, on the West Coast of Africa, is a sort of white man's grave, there is a perfect crowd of applicants for posts at the station of Carcavellos, near Lisbon. The Eastern Telegraph Station at this place is a magnificent old château, purchased from the Marquis Morgado d'Alagoa; it is most beautifully situated, and the staff attend to the vineyards



Atlantic Telegraph Company.

Valentia Station.

Received per the Atlantic Telegraph Company, the following Message, this 17th day of August 1858 Tuesday

Commenced 12 56 Rec'd by Lundy & Bull

Finished 1 21

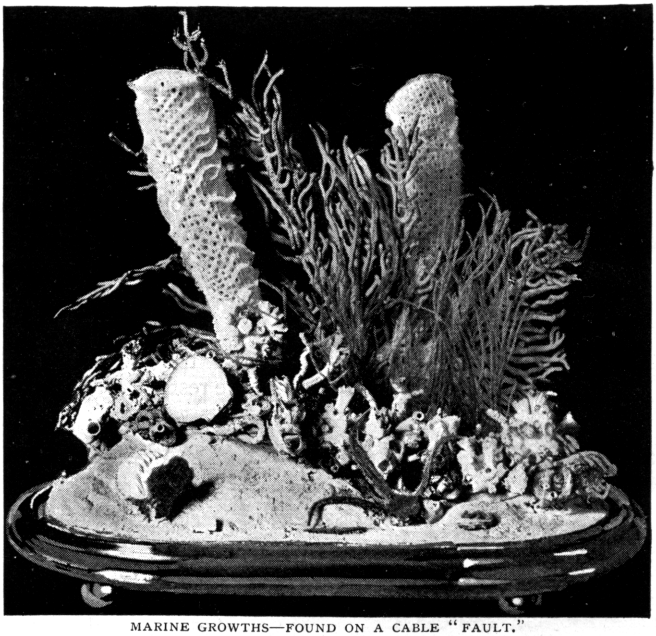
Lord Whitehouse Mr Cunards wishes telegraph Mr Isaac Europa Collision Arabia put into St Johns No lives lost Will you do it stay anxiety now arrived

Geo Saxby

FIRST MESSAGE CABLED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

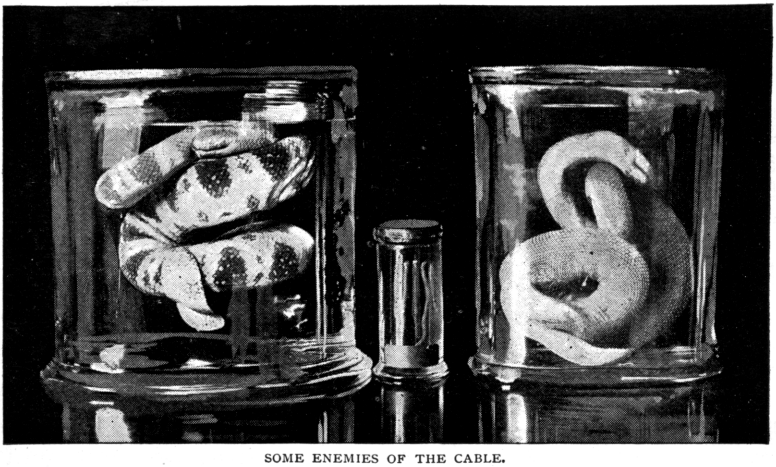
in their spare time, the produce being sold every season to a firm of London wine merchants. During 1894, for example, the produce was 1,528 gallons, which realized 687,000 reis.

I am assured that the cable between Lands End and Lisbon gives more trouble than any other, owing to the frequent breakages at such great depths as 3,000 fathoms. The Eastern maintenance bill, by the way, is between £80,000 and £100,000 a year. I should mention that the cable varies in thickness, the shore end weighing, perhaps, four tons to the mile, while the weight of that part which swings across valleys in the bed of the deep sea averages but thirty hundredweight to the mile.



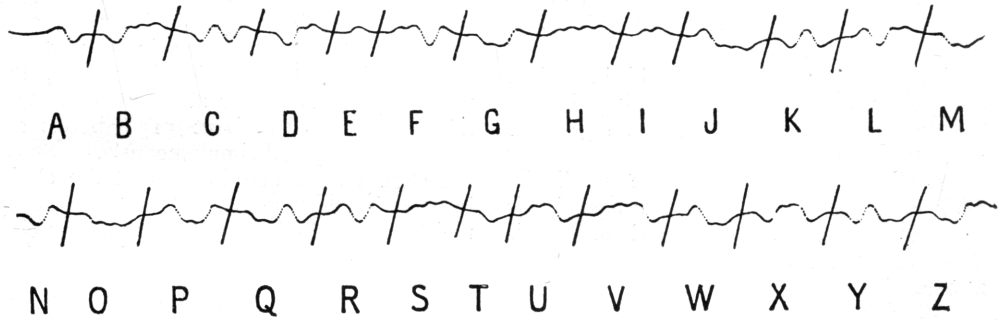
MARINE GROWTHS—FOUND ON A CABLE "FAULT."

The enemies of the cable are many and various. Sometimes a shark will bite at it savagely, leaving a few teeth in the coating as a memento of the encounter. During repairing operations in the Red Sea, the grapnels brought up a whale's skeleton weighing a ton or so. Then there are ships' anchors, submarine volcanoes, erratic currents, and continuous friction to contend with. The most successful and persistent enemy, however, was until recently the Teredo boring worm, some specimens of which are shown in a bottle between the snakes. I show these snakes as *bonâ-fide* sea-serpents, found coiled round the cable. How these reptiles came to be at the bottom of the sea at all has not transpired; which makes the matter the more interesting. I also reproduce a photograph of some marine growths of fairy-like beauty found upon a cable "fault" in the Straits of Malacca. Even the Teredo worm has now been baffled by the use of brass ribbon. The fact of a breakage is very easily discovered, but the way in which the spot is localized is simply marvellous. I cannot possibly describe the technical routine; let it suffice to say that the galvanometer test is applied, and then a cable-ship is dispatched to within perhaps a few hundred yards of the actual breakage, when she uses her grapnels until the broken lengths are brought up. Before the final splice is made, messages are sent from the ship in mid-ocean to the nearest shore station. On certain occasions, cable messages are interpreted at the receiving-station by means of a brilliant spark which plays along a scale; but almost



SOME ENEMIES OF THE CABLE.

every message flashed from continent to continent is now recorded by that wondrous instrument known as the "syphon recorder," invented by Lord Kelvin. The principal parts of this instrument are a light rectangular coil of silk-covered wire and a powerful magnet. The coil is suspended between the poles of the magnet, so that when excited by the electric current from the cable it swings on a vertical axis. Its movements are recorded on a paper ribbon drawn at a uniform speed before the point of a fine glass syphon, no thicker than a human hair, which conducts a stream of ink from a reservoir on to the paper ribbon. The marking end of the syphon responds to and multiplies every movement of the coil, leaving on the ribbon an ink trail, which is an exact and permanent record of the movements of the coil under the influence of the currents from the cable, but which the uninitiated might mistake for the trail of a partially disabled blue-bottle that had only just escaped an inky grave. My meaning will be better understood on glancing at the cable alphabet which is reproduced here. The syphon records from 250 to 300 letters per minute.



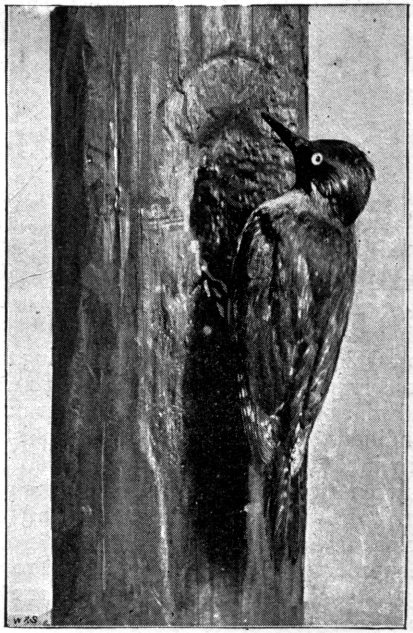
THE CABLE ALPHABET.

Perhaps no single telegraph system passes through such diverse countries as that of the Indo-European Telegraph Company. This line extends from London to Lowestoft; then it dips under the sea to Emden, on the German coast, whence it passes through Germany to the Russian frontier. From this point, the wire passes by way of Warsaw, Rowno, Odessa, the Caucasus, and Tiflis to the confines of Persia, and again by Tauris to Teheran, where it joins the Indian Government line, which runs from the Persian capital to Bushire, on the Persian Gulf. From the last-named town wires run through Beloochistan, completing the route by connecting up at Kurrachee.

This great line obviously has much to contend with. Flocks of wild geese fly against it on the snow-swept steppes of Russia; nomad tribes of the Caucasian districts make firewood of the poles; and the unscrupulous inn-keepers of Georgia will deliberately cause faults in the wires, in order to create a boom in the post-horse trade.

It will interest sportsmen to learn that "grouse protectors," or rattling sheets of tin, have to be hung on some of the telegraph wires on the new West Highland Railway, near Crianlarich. The noise made by these "protectors" warns the birds of a danger, and prevents them from hurling themselves in full flight against the pitiless wires.

In the accompanying illustration, an enemy of the Post Office telegraphs is depicted *flagrante delicto*. Here we see a small



WOODPECKER ATTACKING A TELEGRAPH POLE.

section of a Norway fir telegraph pole, three years old and deeply creosoted, and with a green woodpecker mounted near a big hole in the side. The story, as told me by Mr. J. C. Lamb, the courteous Assistant Secretary of the General Post Office, is as follows :—

"The pole stood at Shipston-on-Stour, and was perfectly sound and hard. It was 7¼in. in diameter at the point attacked by the bird, and the hole was 6½in. deep, with an oval opening 4in. high, by 3in. broad. Many other poles in the vicinity were similarly attacked, and, of course, they had to be removed lest they should topple over in the first high wind. One of the woodpeckers was shot, and then stuffed and mounted near the hole. It is thought that the bird attacked the pole in the hope of finding insects therein, being misled by the humming of the wires."

Practically the whole of the provincial work of the great London news agencies is done through the Post Office, where there is a special department for it. I reproduce here a view of the News Gallery at the General Post Office, which is simply bewildering to the ordinary person, owing to the ceaseless clatter and whir of the instruments. Under normal conditions, the number of telegraphists on duty in the news division varies from fourteen between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, to about 140 between six and eight o'clock in the evening, when the bulk of the newspaper work is dealt with. At 10 a.m. the staff numbers about forty, and at 2 p.m. about ninety.

THE NEWS GALLERY AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

There are twenty-three news circuits, and by an elaborate system of classification a vast number of messages are dispatched with surprisingly little trouble, the rate of speed varying from 300 to 450 words per minute. At each circuit in the busy news division there is a Wheatstone Automatic Transmitter, through which paper ribbon, prepared by pneumatic perforating instruments, is passed by clock-work. There are fifty-five perforating instruments, each capable of punching eight ribbons simultaneously. Each of these eight ribbons can be run through several automatic transmitters; and in this way, one slip, passing successively through four transmitters, might supply sixteen provincial newspaper offices with the same message in two minutes. On occasions of exceptional pressure, the punching staff is largely augmented by other telegraphists; and about 515 ribbons are sometimes prepared simultaneously.

I should have mentioned that the clerks in the Intelligence Department also keep registers of the clients of the news agencies, which registers are altered at Christmas, when annual contracts expire.

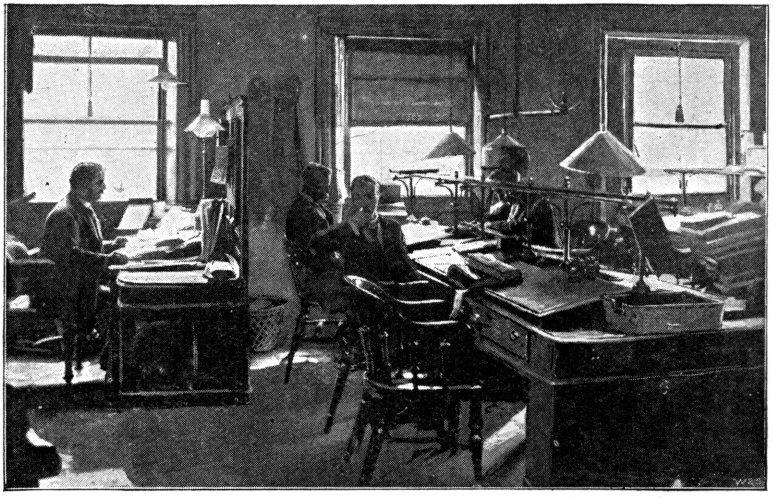
The whole world is focused, so to speak, on an unpretentious building in the Old Jewry; this is Reuter's Agency, whose name is indeed a household word. Baron de Reuter, then plain Mr., made his first important *coup* by reporting the announcement which electrified Europe on January 1st, 1859, when the Emperor Napoleon III. made use of the following ominous and threatening words to the Austrian Ambassador: "I regret that my relations with your Government are not as good as formerly; but I beg you to inform the Emperor, your August Master, that my personal sentiments towards him have undergone no change." The despatch containing this message was not at first credited, but confirmation soon came, and Reuter's had the honour of foreshadowing to the world the beginning of the great struggle that ended at Solferino.

When President Abraham Lincoln was shot by Wilkes Booth, on the night of April 14th, 1865, Atlantic cables were not working, consequently the mail steamers were the only means of quick communication between the United States and this country. All that night Reuter's agent waited for the announcement of Lincoln's death, which was known to be imminent. The President passed away at 7.30 next morning, and at that hour, too, a great steamer was leaving for England. Feeling that the occasion called for special measures, the energetic agent hired a fast tug and pursued the departing steamer until he was near enough to cast on her deck a tin canister containing the mournful tidings. This was the only intimation of Lincoln's death received by the mail.

In the early days of this world-renowned news agency, incoming Atlantic mail steamers were met by swift yachts off the extreme south-western coast of Ireland. Despatches inclosed in tin cans of special construction were then thrown overboard by the officers of the steamer, and picked up by the yachts, after which the messages were conveyed with all possible expedition to the nearest telegraph station for transmission to London. To still further expedite the receipt of this news, Mr. Reuter obtained the construction of a telegraph line from Cork to Crookhaven, a long stretch of wild, rough country, which would otherwise have had to be traversed by coach. This arrangement proved of the utmost value during the American Civil War.

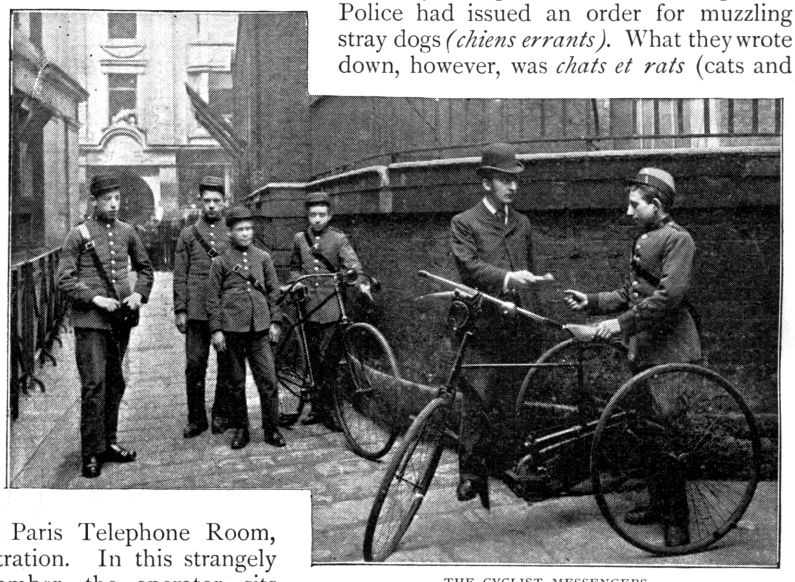
The moment a telegram from the cable offices, or other sources, is received at Reuter's, it is registered in a book by the timekeeper, who sits in a box at the foot of the stairs leading to the editorial department. The message is then passed on to the senior editor on duty, who knows precisely what to do with it. It may be satisfactory or doubtful, inadequate, or unsuitable for publication. In the case of a doubtful message, the editor keeps it back and probably cables for confirmation to half-a-dozen different centres. Ordinarily, messages are immediately transcribed in manifold, one copy being placed on the editor's file for reference, while the other is taken in hand by an operator, who dispatches its contents by the "piano transmitter"—of which more hereafter—to the offices of the great London newspapers, all of which receive it *simultaneously*, set up in printed columns by a miracle of latter-day electrical mechanism.

The re-transmission of messages is left entirely to the senior editor's discretion. He knows perfectly well that news of such an event as the loss of H.M.S. *Victoria* must be dispatched all over the world; while dicta on bi-metallism are of special interest to India and the United States. As well as receiving news from their own column-printing machines (actuated by the "piano transmitter" at Reuter's), newspapers also receive the same despatches by hand. For this purpose the famous agency keep a staff of about sixty-five boys in uniform, who come on duty at various times simply because the work goes on night and day. These messengers are paid extra if they run: for example, the office of the *Morning Post*, at the corner of Wellington Street, Strand, is supposed to be half an hour's walk from Reuter's, whereas at a run the return journey is supposed to take but forty-five minutes. Times and distances are regulated with great nicety; and cycles are used for the conveyance of messages to far-off newspapers like the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in Charing Cross Road. In the picture on the next page the chief of the messenger staff is seen handing despatches to one of the corps of cyclists.



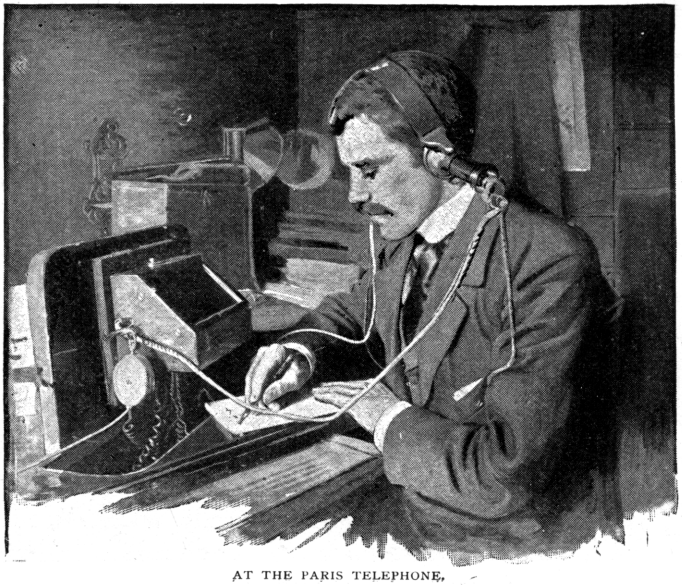
THE EDITOR'S ROOM AT REUTER'S.

Some idea of the enormous amount of money spent in the collection and transmission of news may be realized if we take the Deeming trial case at Melbourne. During the three weeks of this trial, Reuter's agent cabled whole columns of the *Times* at 3s. 4d. per word. This rate has, I believe, been since reduced. At any rate, the "special" far exceeded his limit of £200 per day.



THE CYCLIST MESSENGERS.

Not the least interesting feature to be seen at Reuter's is the Paris Telephone Room, shown in our illustration. In this strangely silent, padded chamber, the operator sits before the sensitive plate, with a pair of telephones affixed to his ears helmet-wise. He is seen taking down messages in shorthand as fast as his Paris colleague can speak, but he himself also dictates messages into the instrument in a marvellously articulate voice. The first intimation of the assassination of President Carnot was received at this instrument. As one might imagine, strange and comical misunderstandings sometimes occur in these *vivâ voce* messages. The Paris stenographers were once told, as distinctly as might be, that the Metropolitan Police had issued an order for muzzling stray dogs *(chiens errants)*. What they wrote down, however, was *chats et rats* (cats and rats), and this was printed in the French newspapers. On another occasion, on being apprised of the fact that the French smack *L'Aurore (Dawn)* had been spoken off Scarborough, the Paris stenographers reported for the satisfaction of French fishermen that *L'Horreur* — possibly the latest thing in sea-serpents—had been seen in British waters.



AT THE PARIS TELEPHONE.

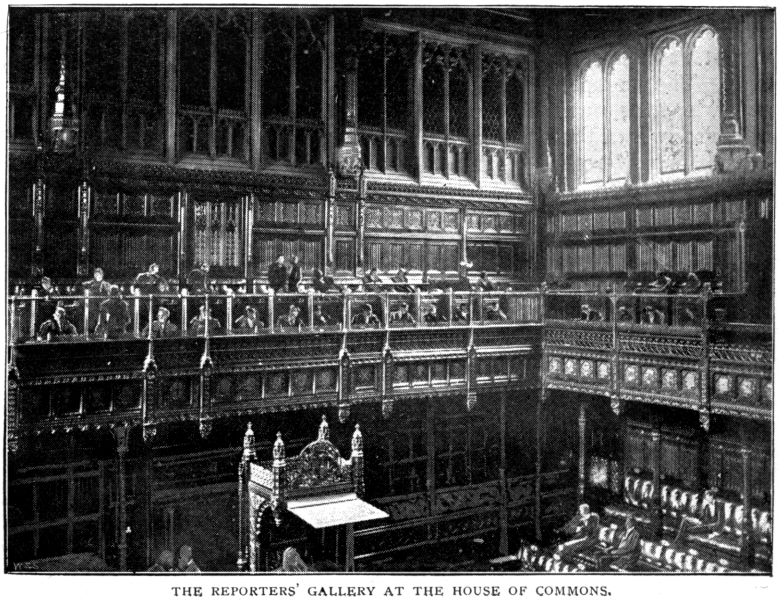
Among the many other remarkable Reuter despatches may be mentioned the news of the disastrous battle of Isandlwana, when Lord Chelmsford's camp was rushed by 15,000 Zulus, and a large part of the British force cut to pieces. By order of the then Governor of the Cape, Sir Bartle Frere, the message was conveyed by mail steamer to St. Vincent—there being no cable to South Africa at that time—and telegraphed thence, in a mysterious combination of Latin, French, and German words, to Reuter's head-quarters, where, although received at 1 a.m., it was translated and pre-

pared for the morning papers. Then, again, Reuter's agent at Durban walked into the telegraph office in that town one night, and wired to London the ignominious details of Majuba Hill. Surely there is something impressive in the spectacle of a man calmly sending off messages that are destined to stir a nation from end to end.

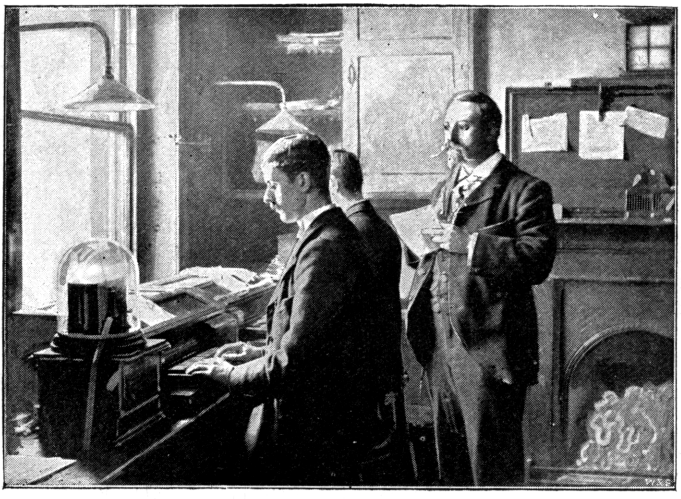
I will now proceed to touch on the system of the Exchange Telegraph Company, so well known by their wonderful tape machines. The head-quarters are at Cornhill, while the chief editorial office is in the Haymarket. This company started in 1872 with 200 machines, costing £10 each, and licensed by the Postmaster-General. The tape machine is an American invention, and at the time of its introduction into this country there were no fewer than 1,500 similar instruments at work in New York. The director of the company, Captain Davies, told me many entertaining stories about his former fierce struggles with the Post Office and the committee of the Stock Exchange, but they would scarcely be relevant to my subject. And yet both of these institutions receive royalties from the company, the one for concessions granted, and the other for the privilege of quoting its prices to hundreds of subscribers. The system of the Exchange Telegraph Company may be briefly described as the collection of news from about 1,200 correspondents, and its dissemination in classes to newspapers, clubs, exchanges, offices, and private individuals, who may take and pay for as much or as little as they please.

The Haymarket branch is the great receiving house for news. Hence come news telegrams on every conceivable subject from all parts of the kingdom; law reports from the office in the crypt of the Law Courts, and Parliamentary news from the Reporters' Gallery at the House of Commons. Here is a view of the Reporters' Gallery, with the representatives of our great newspapers hard at work taking down speeches and descriptions of "scenes," the notes being subsequently transcribed in a rather dismal-looking room provided with seven or eight big tables, writing materials, cane-bottomed chairs, and electric lights. The Exchange Telegraph Company have a Post Office wire direct from the Gallery at the House of Commons to their Haymarket branch; and in our next illustration the chief editor, Mr. John Boon, a veteran journalist, is seen dictating the detail of the Budget to an operator, who sits at the "piano transmitter," and who is causing hundreds of wonderful little machines in clubs all over London to simultaneously click out, on their paper tapes, neatly printed accounts of Sir William Harcourt's latest fiscal scheme. I may say that one transmitter could actuate thousands of subscribers' machines, at any distance, were it not that the Post Office vetoes a wider extension of the system.

The tape machines have clock-work mechanism, but their type wheels are rotated by electricity, and controlled by the transmitting apparatus; they cost from £8 to £20 each, and are made in lots of fifty, at the Exchange Company's works in Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate. They print at the rate of from thirty-five to forty words per minute, and some of them print about 4,000,000 words without needing repair. Perhaps the most astonishing thing about this system is that any number of tape machines can be



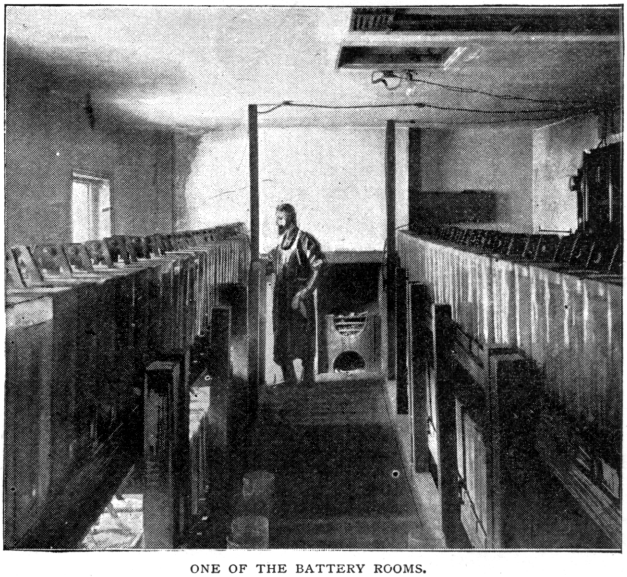
THE REPORTERS' GALLERY AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



DICTATING THE BUDGET.

operated from a single transmitter, even though those machines be scattered all over the Metropolis.

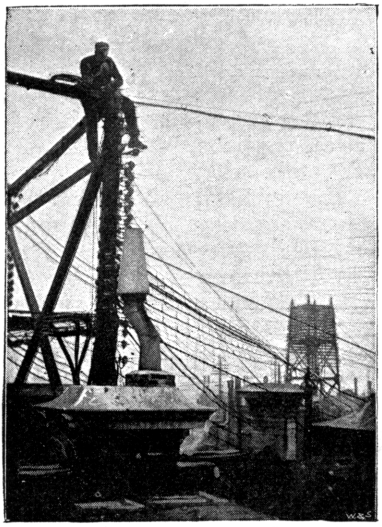
Thinking it would interest lovers of statistics, I induced Mr. Higgins, the company's electrical engineer, to prepare for me a few figures respecting the instruments. It seems that 13,557 miles of paper tape were used last year, besides 590 miles of the broad paper band used in the column-printing machines at the newspaper offices, the sum total being equal to 18,867 miles of tape. The column printer is also controlled by the transmitter, and can record 9,000 words per day; it was suggested by Colonel Hozier, of Lloyd's, who pointed out how awkward it was to read long and important messages from the tape. The company used to generate their own electricity, but the power at the Haymarket branch is now rented from an electric light corporation. The accumulators at Cornhill, however, are still charged on the premises by a Pelton water-wheel; and a view of one of the battery rooms is the next illustration. Last Boat Race Day the Exchange Company laid a cable under the river, and had twelve temporary telegraph stations all along the course, so that the result of the race was signalled to London, and re-transmitted to about 800 subscribers within *three seconds* of the judge's decision. Even this enterprise, however, is eclipsed by the ingenious notion of Mr. Saunders, the late M.P. for Walworth, and founder of the Central News Agency, who, when the University Boat Race aroused far more enthusiasm than it does now, procured a concession from the Cambridge University, whereby he was enabled to place a monstrous drum of four and a half miles of wire in the stem of the Cambridge steamer, and pay it out as the little vessel proceeded from Putney to Mortlake with the racing crews. By this means, minutely descriptive reports could be dispatched continuously to the Metropolis. It was Mr. Saunders, too, who caused temporary telegraph wire and Morse instruments to be set up all along the route followed by the procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, on the occasion of the Thanksgiving Service after the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever. Mr. Saunders knew full well that the streets would be impassable, and he wanted a descriptive report of the scene *en route*. This is the only occasion on which the tap of a Morse instrument has been heard within the walls of the Cathedral itself.



ONE OF THE BATTERY ROOMS.

Winter is a bad time for the Exchange Telegraph Company's tape machines, for not only does the wind then blow the wires together, but the stout telephone wires of phosphor bronze are apt to break beneath a load of snow and fall on them. The accompanying view of "overhead London," taken above the smoke-line, shows one of the linesmen engaged in his perilous duty of repairing the wires on the roof of Bartholomew House. Altogether, about 750 tape and telephone instruments are worked by the wires attached to this frame.

The extraordinary pains taken by representatives of news agencies to outwit their rivals and be first in the field are well worthy of note. At by-elections attempts are made to introduce a confederate into the counting-room, who shall announce, by secret signals from the window, the name of the successful candidate. This move was once found out at Walsall, so the window was carefully guarded. Not to be beaten, one enterprising journalist ascended the stairs, hammered the door, and roared "Fire"! In the panic that followed, he received from his fellow-worker inside, not only the result of the election, but a bundle of 200 other telegrams wherewith to block the wire against all comers after the dispatch of the message. In fact, it has often happened that the result of an election has been wired to London and sent as an item of news back to the constituency whence it came just as the Mayor was introducing the successful candidate to the people from the Town Hall balcony.



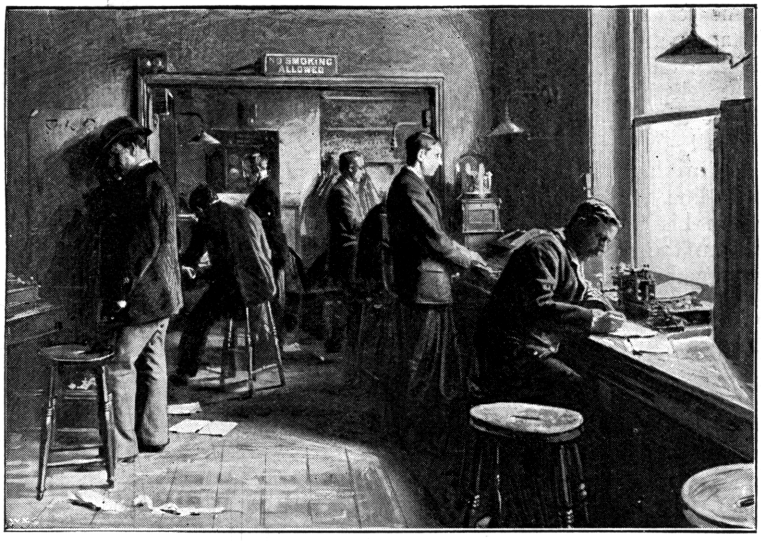
"OVERHEAD LONDON."

Another agent disguised himself as a beggar, stood beneath the window of the counting-room, and received from his confederate above—ostensibly as charity—a penny, whereon was scratched the initials of the successful candidate. Yet another artful pressman caused his rival to be regarded with loathing by both parties, pointing him out to the Conservative agent as a Gladstonian emissary, and to the Liberal agent as an unscrupulous Tory.

"Tapping" racing news that is passing over Post Office wires is all but impossible now; but a racing message may be stopped in the interest of a certain person if that person will but penetrate the gutta-percha covering and hang a piece of copper wire on the unprotected line. I am told that during the Egyptian campaign officers complained that the heliograph signals—mere flashes of light though they are—were read and translated by a "special," who promptly made copy of them and wired them home to his newspaper. This correspondent was observed at Suakin standing on a sandy hillock and watching the intermittent flashes playing afar off on shady spots.

On Derby Day, probably 150 pressmen and forty Post Office clerks are actually engaged in reporting the race, there being eight special wires from the course, and several temporary telegraph offices established in vans, besides the central post office behind the grand stand. The next illustration shows the racing intelligence department at the Exchange Company's Haymarket office. The result of a race is just being received by the operator in the foreground, who is taking it down on "flimsy" as fast as the Morse instrument taps out the letters. Simultaneously, the operator at the "piano transmitter" is dispatching the news to hundreds of clubs and newspapers in London; and the man at the telephone is speaking to the Brighton office. I should mention that every telegraphist perfectly understands the mysterious tapping language of the instrument.

Carrier or homing pigeons are sometimes employed to convey the result of a race, but they are not to be relied upon. Sometimes the bird will make for the nearest tree and try to peck the "flimsy" message from its leg; and at the Waterloo coursing meeting—for which pigeons are hired at a guinea each—it often happens that a man armed with a rifle has to be stationed at the home cote to shoot at and bring down sundry ornithological messengers, who are probably circling and manœuvring above in a most exasperating manner. Pigeons were successfully employed, however, when Captain Webb swam across the Channel. Two baskets, each containing



RECEIVING THE RESULT OF A RACE.

ten birds, were taken in the boat that accompanied the swimmer, and each pigeon carried a message of about 400 words.

There seems to be no end to the wonderful side of this subject. In the accompanying illustration Mr. Higgins, the electrician of the Exchange Telegraph, is seen following on the tape a description of a big match at Lord's. The operator actually on the ground is transmitting the report to the Haymarket branch, whence it is simultaneously dispatched to all the clubs and newspapers. No expense is spared on our news supply. When the Central News representative interviewed at Tokio an officer who had been in the thick of the famous battle of the Yalu River, the mere telegraphing of his descriptive despatch cost £115.

When local pressmen are not available as correspondents for the great London news agencies, the latter appoint schoolmasters or clergymen, many of whom, however, have strange notions as to the intrinsic value of news. In the Press Association's list of correspondents figure a lighthouse-keeper, woolstapler, publican, prison warder, tailor, organist, and Government spy. This latter agency has to deposit £500 with the Post Office in order to cover the cost of all telegrams sent to them during the twenty-four hours: for the correspondents, instead of paying for the news-telegrams they send, merely hand in a filled-in form giving the number of words and other details. The face value of these forms is assessed daily, and a Post Office bill sent in for instant settlement.

Many are the excellent stories told by the managers of news agencies anent Mr. Gladstone, whose disappearance from public life, by the way, meant a loss of £2,000 a year to the Press Association. About twelve years ago Mr. Gladstone was going from London to Edinburgh, accompanied by a "P.A. Special," who travelled in the same carriage. When the train reached Preston several local magnates were found to be in waiting, being desirous of presenting an address with the

FOLLOWING A MATCH AT LORD'S.

THE SMOKING-ROOM AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

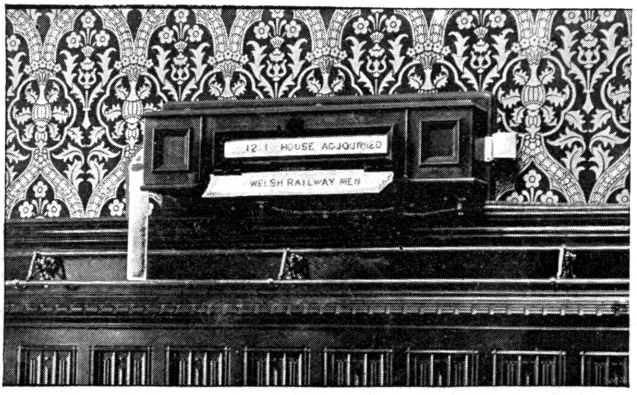
object of eliciting a short speech from the great statesman on "Protection and Free Trade." The moment Mr. Gladstone commenced to reply, however, the train started, and the boarding party beat an undignified retreat. Nothing daunted, the right hon. gentleman turned to the astonished reporter sitting near him, and after thanking him for the address, proceeded to make an important statement on a somewhat uninteresting subject, as the train sped swiftly through the country. The journalist put one-third of a column of matter on the wire when he reached Edinburgh, much to the subsequent amazement of the Preston correspondents of the big dailies, who declared that no such speech had been made.

On another occasion, in 1880, when Mr. Gladstone was in the height of his glory, and was followed about the country by a nimble squadron of ninety reporters, the great Liberal leader was announced to speak in an immense temporary wooden structure at West Calder.

The Central News people had arranged for a special train to run from Edinburgh to West Calder and back again, in order to convey the reporter and his eight columns or so of copy in hot haste to the telegraph office. "I'll run the enjun richt oop to the hall," remarked the local station-master confidentially to the Central News man, "and the driver shall whustle and whustle till ye come out."

This plan was faithfully carried out, with the result that Mr. Gladstone was startled and disconcerted in the middle of a fine burst of eloquence by the piercing and sustained shriek of a locomotive, apparently at very close quarters. Loud cries of "Shame!" arose, but the deafening sound did not cease until the reporter rushed out and waved his copy triumphantly. The funniest part of the whole affair, though, was that next morning the indignant Liberal papers appeared with aggressive head-lines telling of "Scandalous Tory Tactics."

The last two illustrations given here show the smoking-room of the House of Commons, where is now fixed the Exchange Telegraph Company's annunciator, whereby legislators sitting at their ease in this luxurious apartment can tell at a glance what is going on in the House itself. It is said that the party Whips regard this ingenious instrument with marked disfavour, since it obviates the necessity of frequent visits to the Legislative Chamber.



THE NEW ANNUNCIATOR IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

VII.—A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

I HAD taken an interest in Feveral since he was a lad, and had watched his early medical career with pleasure. His brains were decidedly above the average, and he was in all respects a first-rate sort of fellow. As a medical student he was fond of coming to me for advice, which I always gave frankly. By-and-by, he secured the post of house physician at Guy's Hospital — his short career there was marked by much promise, and when the death of a relative enabled him to buy a share in a good country practice, I told him that I regarded his future as secure. He married soon afterwards, and at his special request I was present at the wedding. After this event I saw much less of him, but his letters, which reached me once or twice a year, assured me that he was doing well and happily in every sense of the word.

I had not seen Feveral for nearly three years, when one day, towards the end of the winter of '93, he called at my house. I was out when he arrived, but when I opened my door with my latchkey he came into the hall to greet me.

"Halloa!" I exclaimed, when I saw him. "How are you? What has brought you to town? I hope you are well How are the wife and child?"

"My wife is well," replied Feveral; "the baby died a month ago—oh, the usual thing —influenza."

He paused and looked me full in the face —I glanced at him and almost uttered a shocked exclamation.

"We have had an awful visitation of the plague," he continued; "it is my belief that it has been worse at Westfield than in any other part of the country."

"You don't look too fit. Have you had an attack yourself?" I said.

"Yes, and I am overdone in every way. The fact is, I rushed up to town on purpose to consult you."

I gave him another quick glance. When last I saw him he was a handsome, well-set-up fellow, full of muscle and vigour, with the Englishman's indomitable pluck written all over him; now he looked like a man who had undergone a sort of collapse. He had contracted a slight stoop between his shoulders, his abundant black hair was slightly streaked with grey, his eyes were sunken and suspiciously bright, there were heavy, black lines under them, and his cheeks were hollow.

"HE CAME INTO THE HALL TO GREET ME."

"I shall be all right presently," he said, with a laugh. "Will you have the goodness to overhaul me, Halifax, and put me into the way of getting back my old tone? Can I speak to you — can you devote a little of your time to me?"

"All the time you require," I answered, heartily. "You have arrived just at a convenient moment; I have come back to dinner, and don't mean to see any more

patients before nine or ten o'clock to-night. I have several hours, therefore, at your disposal; but before we touch upon medical subjects, you must have some dinner."

As I spoke I ushered Feveral into my dining-room, and, ringing a bell, ordered Harris to lay places for two. Dinner was served almost immediately, but I noticed to my dismay that my guest only played with his food. He drank off several glasses of good wine, however, and the fact was soon discernible in his increased animation.

"Come into the study and have a smoke," I said, when the meal had come to an end.

He rose at once and followed me. We drew up our chairs in front of a cheerful fire, and for a time smoked our pipes in silence. It needed but a brief glance to tell me that Feveral was completely broken down—I should never have recognised him for the bright, energetic fellow whose happy wedding I had attended three years back. I waited now for him to begin his confidence—he did not say a word until he had finished his first pipe, then he sprang to his feet and stood facing me.

"I can't attempt to describe what a time we have had," he said, abruptly—"that awful influenza has raged all over the place. The more I see of that insidious, treacherous complaint, the more I dread it. It is my firm conviction that influenza has caused more deaths and wrecked more lives than the cholera ever did. You have seen Russell, my partner—well, he and I have been completely worked off our feet: I can't tell you what domestic tragedies we have been through."

"Well, you have not come up to town simply to tell me about them?" I interrupted, abruptly.

"Of course not; I daresay you can record just as dismal a tale."

"Worse, if possible," I replied; "but now to turn to yourself: you say you have been attacked by the enemy?"

"Yes—worse luck—it was after the child's death. She was a bright, healthy little soul, eighteen months old. Perhaps you don't know what a first child is in a house, Halifax?—my wife and I simply lived for the little one. Well, she succumbed to the malady in a day or two. Poor Ingrid broke down completely—she did not have influenza, but her strength gave way. She lost appetite and sleep. Nothing roused her but my unexpected illness. I suppose one does feel surprised when a doctor knocks up. Yes, I was down with the complaint, and had a short, sharp attack. I was up and about again in no time. I thought myself all right, but——"

"You acted very unwisely in going about so soon," I replied; "you are not fit for work yet."

"Is it as bad as that? Do I show that things are amiss so plainly?"

"Any doctor can see that you are not the thing," I answered. "You are broken down—your nerve has gone; you want rest. Go home to-night, or, better still, wait until the morning, and then take the first train to Westfield. See Russell, and tell him plainly that you must have a month off work. I can send him down a substitute, if you commission me to do so. Get away, my dear fellow, without delay. Take your wife with you—the change will do her as much good as it will you. Go somewhere on the Continent. Have complete rest in fresh surroundings, and you will be a different man when you return."

"God knows I need to be different," said Feveral. "At the present moment I don't recognise myself."

Here he hesitated, paused, and looked away.

"The fact is," he continued, suddenly, "I have not yet told you the true reason which brought me to consult you."

"Well, out with it, old man," I said, encouragingly.

He tried to give me a steady glance, but his eyes quickly fell.

"The fact is this," he said, abruptly, and rising as he spoke: "the influenza has left an extraordinary sequel behind. I have an inexpressible dread over me. By no means in my power can I drive it away."

"Sit down and keep calm," I said; "tell me your fears as fully as possible."

Feveral sat down at my bidding. After a pause he began to speak.

"You know," he said, "what an uphill thing an ordinary doctor's career is. I thought I had done a very good thing when I bought a share of Russell's practice. I found, however, that it was nothing like as large as I had been given to suppose. I did all that man could do to increase it—I have been popular as a doctor, and fresh patients now come daily to consult me. In short, I am likely to do well, and if only I can keep my health, to make a fair provision for my wife."

"Why should you not keep your health?" I asked.

"That is just the point," he replied; "at

the present moment, for practical, useful purposes my health is gone—my nerve has deserted me."

"You must be more explicit," I said. "What is up?"

"I dread making a fearful professional mistake, and so ruining my prospects as a medical man."

"What do you mean?"

"I will try and explain myself. Since I have had influenza I have been subject to brief but extraordinary lapses of memory. You know we dispense our own medicines. Well, this is the sort of thing that happens almost daily: I see a patient—I diagnose his case with my usual care. I then go to the dispensary to prepare the right medicine for him—I take up a bottle, as likely as not of some strong poison, and find that the whole case has vanished from my mind; I do not in the least know what I am holding the bottle for, nor why I am in the dispensary;

"I DO NOT IN THE LEAST KNOW WHAT I AM HOLDING THE BOTTLE FOR."

my patient and his case, the diagnosis I have made, the medicine I want to make up, become a complete blank to me. After a lapse of several minutes my memory returns; but this state of things comes on oftener and oftener, and the fear of it has made me thoroughly nervous and unfit for work. You see yourself, Halifax, that grave consequences may arise from such a peculiar state of nerves as mine. I may during a lapse of memory put something into the medicine which may kill my patient. My terror on this point at times almost reaches mania—I am nearly beside myself."

"Does your memory desert you at any other time?" I asked.

"Yes, but the curious thing is that it only fails me in connection with my profession. When I am alone with my wife I feel at comparative ease, and almost like my usual self; but when I am driving to see patients, I often completely forget my most important visits. I neglect the patients whose lives are in danger, and visit those who have comparatively little the matter with them. Of late I have given my coachman a list of all the patients whom I wish to see. He takes me to the right houses, but when I see the patient I forget the complaint under which he is labouring. Only yesterday I encountered the rage of a man who was suffering from an acute attack of double pneumonia, by asking him if his rheumatic pains were better. Of course, this state of things can't go on. Don't tell me that all my fears are fanciful. I have studied diseases of the brain, and know that my case is a serious one."

"It is serious, but temporary," I answered. "You have just been down with the complaint which leaves the most extraordinary sequelæ behind—a complaint which none of us with all our study have yet fully gauged. You are tired out, mind and body—you want rest. You must not attempt to make up your own medicines at present. I can't hide the truth from you; if you do, the consequences may be serious. You must get away at once, Feveral. I told you a moment ago that I can get a good man to take your work for a month or even two months, if necessary; if you like, I will write to Russell on the subject to-night. He will, of course, see the necessity of your leaving."

Feveral did not reply at all for a minute. After a pause he said:—

"I suffer from other symptoms of a distressing character. I am possessed by that very ordinary delusion of the insane—that I am followed. I walked to this house to-night, and, in spite of all my efforts to assure myself to the contrary, I could not resist the suspicion that someone tracked me from the station to this house. The only thing that comforts me is that we have no insanity in

our family. I cling to that fact as a drowning man does to a spar."

"You are not insane," I replied, "but you will be if you don't take rest. All your present most distressing symptoms will disappear if you take my advice. You had better not return to Staffordshire. You are welcome to make my house your head-quarters until you have arranged matters with Russell. Meanwhile, telegraph to your wife to join you here—get away to the Continent before the end of the week. I promise you that long before the summer you will have returned to work like a giant refreshed."

Feveral heaved a heavy sigh. After a time he rose from his chair and leant against the mantelpiece.

"I suppose there is nothing for it but to take your advice," he said.

"You will not repent it," I answered. "Shall I write to Russell for you, to-night?"

"Better wait until the morning," he replied. "I will sleep over all you have said, and give you my final decision then."

"Well, I must leave you now," I replied. "I have promised to look in on one or two patients this evening; we shall meet at breakfast."

The next morning I was down early, and entered my breakfast-room before eight o'clock. I noticed that a place was only laid for one. "How is this, Harris?" I said to my servant. "Have you forgotten that Dr. Feveral is in the house?"

"Dr. Feveral left this morning, sir," replied Harris. "He came downstairs very early, and told me to tell you that you would find a note from him in your study. I inquired if he would like breakfast, but he said that he did not wish for anything. He was out of the house before half-past six, sir."

I hurried off to my study in some alarm. Feveral's note was on the mantelpiece. I tore it open; it ran as follows:—

"My dear Halifax,—I regret to say that I find it impossible to remain in your house another hour. I spoke to you last night about what I believed at the time to be a delusion, namely, that I was followed wherever I went. I now perceive that this is not a delusion, but a grim reality. Even in your house I am not safe. Last night two men entered my room — they watched me from behind the curtains, and did not leave until daylight. I have risen early, and am leaving London without delay. My fear is that I have already made some extraordinary mistake in my dispensary, and have, perhaps, during my queer lapses of memory, given medicine which has deprived a fellow-creature of life. In this way I have undoubtedly laid myself open to the punishment of the law. The men who came into my room were policemen. You will understand that I can't stay longer in London.—Yours,

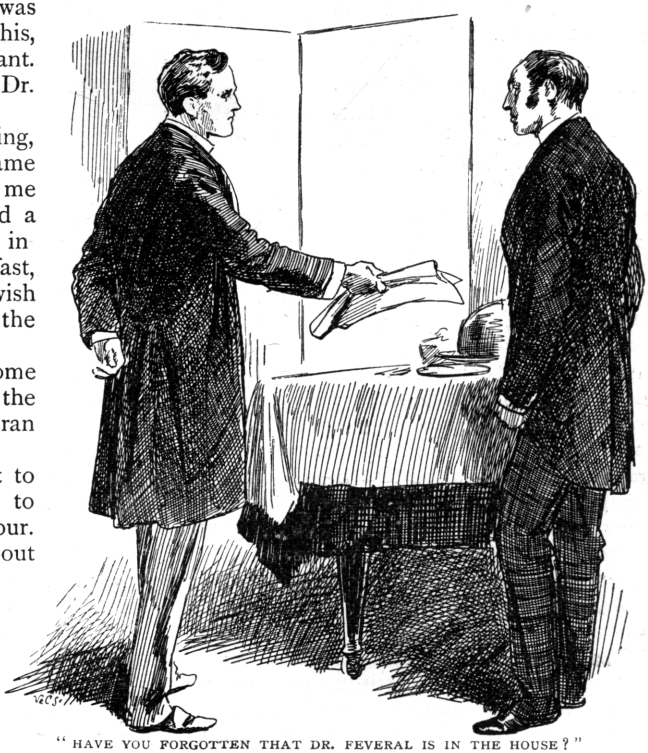
"ARTHUR FEVERAL."

The moment I read this extraordinary letter I put my hat on and went out of the house. I went to the nearest telegraph office, and sent the following message to Mrs. Feveral:—

"Your husband called on me last night—he was not well; he left suddenly this morning, giving no address. If you have no clue to his whereabouts, come and see me at once."

To my surprise, no reply came to this telegram for several hours. In the evening I found a yellow envelope lying on the slab in my hall. It was from Mrs. Feveral—it ran as follows:—

"Thank you for telegram—no cause for



"HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT DR. FEVERAL IS IN THE HOUSE?"

uneasiness. Arthur returned this morning, looking better and cheerful. He is busy in the dispensary now—I have not shown him your telegram.—INGRID FEVERAL."

"This is not the last of what may turn out a bad business," I could not help saying to myself.

The next event in my friend's queer story scarcely surprised me. Within forty-eight hours after his sudden departure, Mrs. Feveral called to see me. I was just going out when she drove up to my door in a hansom cab. I had last seen her as a bride—she was now in deep mourning. She was a remarkably handsome young woman, with an extraordinary fairness of complexion which one seldom sees in an English girl. It suddenly flashed through my memory that Feveral had married a young girl of Norwegian origin. This fact accounted for the whiteness of her skin, her bright blue eyes, and golden hair. She stepped lightly out of the hansom, and, seeing me, ran up the steps to meet me.

"Thank God you are not out," she exclaimed. "I am in great trouble. Can I see you immediately?"

"Certainly," I answered, leading the way to my study as I spoke. "How is your husband, Mrs. Feveral? I hope you are not bringing me bad news of him?"

"I am," she replied. She pressed her hand suddenly to her heart. "I am not going to break down," she continued, giving me an eager sort of pathetic glance which showed me a glimpse into her brave spirit. "I mean to rescue him if a man can be rescued," she continued. "No one can help me if you can't. Will you help me? You have always been my husband's greatest friend. He has thought more of your opinion than that of any other man living. Will you show yourself friendly at this juncture?"

"Need you ask?" I replied. "Here is a chair—sit down and tell me everything."

She did what I told her. When she began to speak she clasped her hands tightly together. I saw by her attitude that she was making a strong effort to control herself.

"I asked my husband to visit you a few days ago," she began. "He had spoken of some of his symptoms to me, and I begged of him to put his case into your hands. I hoped great things from your advice. Your telegram a couple of days ago naturally frightened me a good deal, but almost in the moment of reading it I received another from my husband, in which he asked me to expect him by an early train, and told me he was better. He arrived; he looked cheerful and well. He said that he believed his grave symptoms had suddenly left him. Several patients were waiting to consult him; he went off at once to the dispensary. I felt quite happy about him, and telegraphed you to that effect. In the evening he was wonderfully cheerful, and said he did not think it necessary to go to the expense of a change. He slept well that night, and in the morning told me that he felt quite well. He went out early to visit some patients and came home to breakfast; afterwards he spent some hours, as usual, in his dispensary. I had been very unhappy and depressed since the death of my child, but that morning I felt almost glad—it was so good to see Arthur like his usual self again. I was upstairs in my room—it was a little after twelve o'clock—when someone opened the door in great excitement. I looked up and saw Arthur—he almost staggered into the room—his hair was pushed wildly back from his forehead—he went as far as the mantelpiece and leant against it.

MRS. FEVERAL.

"'What has happened?' I asked.

"He pulled at his collar as if it would choke him before he replied.

"'I have just committed murder,' he said—then he stared straight past me as if he did not see me.

"'Oh, nonsense,' I answered; 'you can't possibly know what you are saying.'

"'It is true—I have taken a man's life,' he repeated. 'I am ruined; it is all up with me. There is blood on my hands.'

"'Sit down, dear, and try to tell me everything,' I said to him.

"I went up to him, but he pushed me aside.

"'Don't,' he said; 'my hands are stained with blood. I am not fit even to touch you.'

"HE ALMOST STAGGERED INTO THE ROOM."

"'Well, at least tell me what has happened,' I implored.

"After a time he grew calm, and I got him to speak more rationally.

"'You know those awful lapses of memory,' he began. 'A young man—a stranger—came to consult me this morning. I diagnosed his case with my usual care, and then went to prepare some medicine for him. I went into the dispensary as usual. I felt quite well, and my intellect seemed to me to be particularly keen. I remember distinctly putting some ammonia and some salicin into a glass—then followed an awful blank. I found myself standing with a bottle in one hand, and a glass containing medicine in another—I did something with the bottle, but I can't remember what. After another period, in which everything was once again a blank, I came to myself. I found myself then in the act of giving a bottle made up in paper, and sealed in the usual way, to my patient.

"'"By the way," I said, "would you not like to take a dose at once? If so, I will fetch you a glass—even the first dose of this medicine will remove your troublesome symptoms almost immediately."

"'The man to whom I was speaking was a fine-looking young fellow of about three or four and twenty. He hesitated when I suggested that he should take a dose of medicine directly. After a pause, he said that he would prefer to take the medicine when he returned to his hotel. I shook hands with him, he paid me his fee, and then left the house. A moment later I returned to the dispensary. I there made the following awful discovery. In a moment of oblivion I had put strychnine instead of valerian into the medicine. The quantity of strychnine which I had used would kill anyone. I rushed from the house like a distracted person, hoping to be in time to follow my patient. I made inquiries about him, but could not catch sight of him anywhere. Even one dose of that medicine will kill him. He will die of convulsions even after the first dose—in all probability he is dead now. Oh, what a madman I was to return to Staffordshire!'

"I tried to comfort my husband, Dr. Halifax, but I soon found that my words had not the slightest effect upon him. I saw that he was not even listening to me—he crossed the room as I was speaking and, going to one of the windows, flung it open and leant half out. He began to look up and down the street, in the vain hope of seeing his unfortunate patient amongst the crowd.

"'I shall never see him again—he is a dead man,' he repeated. 'He is dead—his blood is on my head—we are ruined.'

"'We must try and find him immediately,' I said.

"'Nonsense, we shall never find him,' replied Arthur.

"As he said these words, he left the room. I paused to consider for a moment, then I went to consult Dr. Russell. My husband's partner is, as you know, an old man. He was terribly disturbed when I told him what had happened, and said that immediate steps should be taken to find the poor fellow who had been given the wrong medicine. He went out himself to inquire at the different hotels in the town. Meanwhile, I began to search for Arthur. I could not find him in the house. I asked the servants if they had seen him. No one knew anything about him—he had not gone out in his carriage. Dr. Russell presently returned to say that he could get no trace of the stranger. Almost at the same time a telegram was brought to me. I tore it open—it was from Arthur.

"'Don't attempt to follow me,' he said in it; 'it is best that we should never meet again. If I can I will provide for your future, but we must never meet again.'

"There was no signature.

"That is the whole story," said Mrs. Feveral, standing up as she spoke. "After receiving my husband's telegram, I went to his bank and found to my astonishment that he had drawn nearly all the money we possess. He took a thousand pounds away with him in notes and gold. That fact seems to point to the conclusion that he had no intention of committing suicide; but where has he gone—why did he want so much money? What did he mean by saying that he would provide for me? I know that he is not responsible for his actions—it is very unsafe for him to be alone. I thought the whole thing over, during last evening and during the long hours of the night, and resolved to come to you this morning. I must find my husband again, Dr. Halifax, and I want to know now if you can help me to search for him."

"I certainly will," I replied; "the story you have just told me is most disastrous. I warned Feveral the other day that he was in no fit state to dispense medicines at present. He did very wrong not to take my advice. Of course, I ought not to blame him, poor fellow, for he is not responsible for his own actions. Two duties now lie before us, Mrs. Feveral."

"Yes?" she replied, eagerly.

"We must first discover whether your husband has really caused the death of this man or not. After all, he may only have imagined that he put strychnine into the medicine."

"No, no," she interrupted; "there is no hope of getting out of the terrible dilemma in that way. My husband used two glasses to mix his medicines—they were found in the dispensary unwashed. Dr. Russell, on examining one, found some drops of strychnine adhering to the bottom of the glass."

"Then that hope is over," I answered. "Well, we must only trust that something prevented your husband's victim from taking the medicine. Our first duty is to find that young man immediately; our second, to follow Feveral. Will you rest here for a few moments while I think over this strange case?"

I left the room, ordered Harris to bring the poor young wife some refreshment, and went off to my consulting-room to think over matters. I was busy, it is true, but I resolved to cast everything to the winds in the cause of my unhappy friend. I had known Feveral since he was a boy. I was not going to desert him now. I came back presently and told Mrs. Feveral that I had made arrangements which would enable me to devote my time for the present to her service.

"That is just what I should have expected," she replied. "I won't thank you in words—you know what I feel."

"I know that you are brave, and will help me instead of hindering me," I rejoined. "Will you accept my hospitality for to-night, Mrs. Feveral? My servants can, I think, make you comfortable. I mean to go to Staffordshire by the next train."

"Why so?"

"I must set inquiries on foot with regard to your husband's patient—I must find out his name and all possible particulars about him. I hope to be back in town with news for you early in the morning. In the meantime, will you hold yourself in readiness to accompany me the moment I get a clue as to Feveral's present whereabouts?"

"I will do exactly what you wish," she answered.

I saw that her lips quivered while she spoke, but I also perceived to my relief that she had no intention of breaking down. A few moments later, I found myself in a hansom cab driving as fast as I could to Paddington Station. I took the next train down to Staffordshire, and arrived at Westfield, the small country town where Feveral had his practice, about nine o'clock in the evening. I drove straight to Dr. Russell's house. He was in, and I was admitted immediately into his presence. The old doctor knew me slightly. When I appeared he came eagerly forward.

"I can guess what you have come about," he said: "that unhappy business in connection with poor Feveral. His wife told me that she was going to town to consult you. Of course, I am glad to see you, but I don't know that you can do anything."

"I mean to find the man if he is still alive," I rejoined.

"The whole case points to suicide, does it not?" replied Russell. "But sit down, won't you? Let us talk it over."

I removed my overcoat and sat down on the chair which Russell indicated.

"I don't believe in the suicide idea," I began. "If Feveral meant to commit suicide, he would not have drawn a thousand pounds out of his bank. He is undoubtedly at the present moment suffering from a degree of mania, but it does not point in that direction. I want, if possible, to get a clue to his whereabouts; and, what is even far more important, to find out if the strychnine which, in a moment of oblivion, he put into his patient's medicine has really led to a fatal result."

"That I can't tell," replied Russell. "The

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE SUICIDE IDEA."

young man who came to consult Feveral yesterday morning appears to be a stranger in Westfield. Just after Mrs. Feveral left for town, I succeeded in tracing him to a commercial hotel of the name of Perry's in a back part of the town. He must have walked straight to the hotel after leaving my partner's consulting-room. The waiter there tells me that he looked ill when he entered the house—he observed that he carried a bottle of medicine wrapped up in paper in his hand. The bottle seemed to be unopened when the waiter observed him—he asked for his bill, which he paid, and in ten minutes' time had left the hotel. Yesterday was market day at Westfield, and there were a good many strangers in the town. This young man evidently attracted no special attention—the waiter did not even know his name. He arrived early in the morning, asked for a room, had a wash and change; had breakfast, of which he ate very little; went out, evidently to consult my partner; returned, paid his bill, and vanished. Where he is now, Heaven knows."

"The case must be put into a detective's hands immediately," I said. "Have you a good man in the town, or shall I wire to Scotland Yard?"

"There is, I believe, a private detective in Short Street," answered Russell; "but may I ask what is your object in following up this man's history? If he really dies of the medicine, we are likely to know all about the affair soon enough."

"There is just one chance in a hundred that he has not taken the medicine," I replied, "and on that chance we should act promptly."

"I can't follow you," replied the old man, impatiently. "If this young fellow never takes the medicine, why move at all in the matter? If the thing is known, it will be disastrous to us in every way. It is hard enough, Heaven knows, in these times of keen competition, to keep one's connection, and if it were bruited about that we had a mad doctor on the premises, who administered poison instead of cure, we should lose all our patients in a month's time."

"Don't you see my point?" I answered. "In order to prevent your having a mad doctor on the premises, I insist on having this thing cleared up. If by a lucky chance the young man who called at your dispensary this morning is still alive and well, Feveral will in all probability recover from the mania which now threatens to overbalance his reason. From the nature of the medicine given, the patient was most likely only suffering from some simple disturbance. He refused to take the medicine while in Feveral's consulting-room—it is evident that he left the hotel with the bottle still unopened—it is not wrong, therefore, to infer that he was better. Being better, it is also on the cards, although I know it is scarcely likely, that he never touched the medicine at all. If this is the case and the fact is known, Feveral's reason may be saved."

"Oh, poor fellow, I doubt if he is in the land of the living," interrupted Dr. Russell.

"I am certain he is alive," I replied; "but the fact is this, doctor: he will be insane to the end of his days if he has really killed that young man. If his supposed victim is alive and unhurt, Feveral will in all probability soon be restored to his normal state of health."

"Perhaps you are right," said Dr. Russell, "and if so, you had better come with me at once to consult Hudson. He is a shrewd fellow, and will in all probability soon be able to trace the man to whom the strychnine was given. But how do you propose to find Feveral?"

"We will tackle Hudson first," I said. "I

want to set him to work without a moment's delay."

Dr. Russell rose, put on his hat and great-coat, and we soon found ourselves in Short Street. Hudson, the private detective, happened to be in—we had an interview with him. I put the case as briefly as possible in his hands; he promised to take it up; assured us that it was a very easy and promising investigation, and told us that in all probability we should know whether Feveral's victim was alive or dead by the following morning.

"I PUT THE CASE AS BRIEFLY AS POSSIBLE."

As we were returning to Russell's house, a young man came up and spoke abruptly to the old doctor.

"How do you do?" he said. "Will you take a message from me to Feveral?"

"Feveral is from home at present," replied Dr. Russell.

"What a pity. The fact is, I heard from my brother this morning. He particularly begged of me to see Feveral, or by some means to convey his thanks to him."

"I hope your brother is better, North," said Dr. Russell, in a kindly tone.

"Thanks, he is getting as fit as possible—he thought Dr. Feveral would be glad to know about him—he is now at Monte Carlo, having a right good time—in short, his nerves are completely restored, and he proposes to return to work within the next fortnight or so."

Dr. Russell said a few more words, assured North that he would give Feveral his message when he saw him, and we continued our walk.

"What is that about Feveral sending a patient to Monte Carlo?" I asked, suddenly.

"I knew nothing about it until North mentioned it," said Dr. Russell. "Both the Norths have been down with influenza—the younger suffered considerably; he went through just the sort of nerve storm which seems, in a different degree, to have affected poor Feveral himself. I did not know that Feveral had recommended him change—I am surprised that he sent him to a place like Monte Carlo."

"Why so?" I asked.

"On account of the gaming-tables. There never was a man who had such a horror of gambling as Feveral. His father was bitten with the craze years ago, and, as a boy, he learnt something of the tremendous evils which spring from indulgence in such a vice. That he should recommend a patient to put himself in the way of temptation astonishes me a good deal."

I thought deeply for a moment or two.

"Do you happen to know," I asked then, "when the Norths had influenza?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I have a reason for wishing to know. In short, if Feveral gave this advice *since* his own attack, it may give me a clue to his present whereabouts."

"I can't see your meaning," said Dr. Russell, with impatience. "As a fact, the youngest North was down with the malady

immediately after Feveral had made his own quick recovery—he had a short, sharp attack, followed by great depression—Feveral spoke about him to me one day. I said, casually, that he should have change—I did not know until to-night that my advice was acted upon."

"Thanks," I answered; "your information is of great importance. Now, if I can obtain North's address at Monte Carlo, I think my business here will be over, and I should like, if possible, to catch the midnight train to town."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"I am scarcely in a position to explain myself at the present moment," I answered. "Will you oblige me by sending a note round to North at once, asking his brother's address?"

"Why, yes; I will do that, certainly. Here we are, at home—you can have an answer to my note while we are at supper."

Russell was as good as his word; he sent a messenger to North's house asking him for the name of his brother's hotel at Monte Carlo. The answer came back quickly, and with it in my pocket I returned to London.

As I hurried back to town in the express train, the thought which had suddenly darted through my mind on hearing that Feveral had ordered North to seek change at Monte Carlo gathered strength and substance. The advice which he gave this young man was exactly the reverse of what he would have given had his mind been in its normal healthy state. If in a hasty moment he had ordered North to seek change of scene in the very place where he would be most exposed to temptation, was there not a possibility that he might himself seek the same relief? The fact of his having a horror of gambling in his sane moments would make it all the more probable that he would turn to it in his insane hours. In short, the idea grew stronger and stronger the more I thought it over, that North was the man to help me to find Feveral. In the early hours of the morning I reached town, and, driving straight to an office which was open all night, wired to North to his Monte Carlo address. I worded the telegram in the following manner:—

"Dr. Feveral is ill, and has disappeared from home—look out for him at Monte Carlo. If he arrives, telegraph to me without delay."

Having sent off this message, there was nothing whatever to do but to wait. Until I heard either from Hudson, the detective, or from North, I could take no further steps.

On the evening of that day I received a telegram from the detective—it was unsatisfactory, and contained the simple words:—

"No news; writing."

The following morning I received his letter.

"Dear Sir,"—it ran—"I am completely foiled in my efforts to trace Dr. Feveral's unknown patient; beyond the fact that a young man in some respects answering to his description was noticed by a porter at the railway station entering a third-class carriage for London, I have no tidings to give you. I will continue to make investigations, and will let you know immediately anything turns up.

"Yours respectfully,

"James Hudson."

I had scarcely read this letter before Mrs. Feveral, who had moved to a hotel close by, called to see me. I showed her the letter. She read it with impatience.

"Can nothing be done?" she cried. "Have you no plan to propose, Dr. Halifax?"

"I have the ghost of a hope," I answered, "but it is really so slight that I have not dared to tell it to you."

"Oh, do not deprive me of the slightest shadow of hope," she answered; "you don't know what my despair is and what my fears are."

At that moment Harris entered the room, bearing a telegram on a salver.

"Wait one moment while I attend to this," I said to Mrs. Feveral.

I opened the envelope and saw, with a sudden leap at my heart, that my conjecture with regard to Feveral had been correct.

"There is no answer, Harris," I said to the man.

He withdrew. I glanced again at the words of the telegram, then placed it in Mrs. Feveral's hands.

"There," I said, "this will explain itself."

She almost snatched it from me, devouring the words with her eyes. They were as follows:—

"Feveral arrived here last night—he is at the Hotel des Anglais—does not recognise me—visited the tables after dinner—lost heavily."

"Thank Heaven he is found!" exclaimed Mrs. Feveral.

Tears streamed from her eyes—she let the little pink sheet of thin paper flutter to the floor.

"He is safe—he is alive," she gasped, with a choking noise in her throat. "How—how did you guess that he might be at Monte Carlo, doctor?"

I repeated in a few words my reasons for telegraphing to North—her tears ceased to flow as she listened to me—her eyes grew bright—a look of determination and courage filled her beautiful face.

"And now, what do you mean to do?" she asked, as soon as I paused.

"Go to him at once," I answered.

"I will come with you, if I may."

"You certainly may. There is still time to catch the eleven o'clock boat train from Victoria; we shall arrive in Paris this evening, and, if we are lucky, may catch the Mediterranean Express. Can you have your things packed and be back at this house in a quarter of an hour?"

"I can and will," she answered.

She left me immediately. I gave hasty directions to my servants, saw the doctor who was to take charge of my patients in my absence, and was ready when Mrs. Feveral returned. We drove to Victoria, caught the boat train by a minute or two, and soon found ourselves rushing away to Dover. We arrived in Paris without any adventure, and were fortunate enough to catch the Mediterranean Express at the *Gare de Lyon*. I wired to North to tell him of our proposed visit, begged of him to meet me at the railway station, asked him to watch Feveral, and to say nothing of the fact that his wife and I hoped to reach Monte Carlo the following day.

Mrs. Feveral and I reached Marseilles at eleven o'clock on the following morning. There we left the train for breakfast. During breakfast I said, suddenly:—

"It would be well for us to arrange our plan of action now."

She looked up at me in some surprise.

"Is there anything special?" she began.

"I want you to promise me one thing," I said.

"Yes, of course, anything," she said, with a heavy sigh.

"I want you to be guided by me—I want you to obey me explicitly."

"Yes, I will, of course; but surely there is but one thing for me to do?"

"You think you must go straight to your husband?" I said.

"Certainly; that is why I am visiting Monte Carlo."

"It seems hard to say 'no' to such a natural desire," I said, "but I am anxious that you should not see Feveral on our arrival. All his future depends upon our acting with circumspection in the present crisis. I firmly believe that your husband's insanity is only of a temporary character, but one injudicious move would confirm his delusion and make him insane for the rest of his life. He has rushed from home now, under the impression that he has taken the life of a fellow-creature."

"There is little doubt that such is the case," replied Mrs. Feveral.

"I am by no means sure on that point. I have asked Hudson, the detective, to telegraph to me at the Hotel Métropole at Monte Carlo. I may find news on my arrival there. All depends on the nature of this news. When we reach our destination to-day, will you allow me to take you straight to a hotel, and will you stay there quietly until the moment comes for you to make your presence known to your husband?"

"It is hard for me to obey you, but I will," answered the poor wife, with a heavy sigh.

We soon afterwards took our places in the train, and between three and four o'clock that afternoon arrived at Monte Carlo. Young North was waiting on the platform to receive us. He shook his head when I introduced myself to him. By a gesture, I warned him not to say anything in Mrs. Feveral's presence. She was completely worn out by her journey, and fortunately did not notice the expressive action by which he gave me to understand that he had bad news. I took her to a large hotel not far from the Casino, saw that she was accommodated with a comfortable room, and promised to return to see her after a few hours. I then went out with North. He walked with me to my hotel.

"Well, I am glad you've come," said the young fellow. "I have had an awful time ever since Feveral's arrival. He is as mad as a man can be—spends every moment of his time at the tables, eats nothing, drinks a good deal—either does not recognise me or won't. He is losing money at a frightful rate, but, from the manner of his play, seems to be absolutely reckless as to whether he loses or wins."

"And where is he staying?" I asked.

"At the Hotel des Anglais. He has rooms on the first floor, and evidently denies himself nothing."

I knew that Feveral was not rich. A little more of this reckless sort of thing, and he and his young wife would be beggars.

"The poor fellow is not responsible for his actions at the present moment," I said.

"No, he is as mad as a March hare," said North, with vehemence.

"Well, I trust his madness will not con-

"HE IS AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE."

tinue," I replied. "He is suffering at the present moment from a sort of double shock. The death of his child, followed immediately by an attack of influenza, produced the first bad effect upon his nerves—the second shock was worse than the first, but for that, he would not be losing money as fast as man can at the present moment."

"What do you mean?" said North.

I then told him what had occurred a few days ago at Westfield.

"The unfortunate thing is this," I said: "we cannot find the patient to whom Feveral gave the strychnine. I have put the best detective in Westfield on his track, but there are no tidings whatever of his whereabouts. I had hoped to have a telegram from the detective, Hudson, on my arrival. I desired it to be sent to this hotel, but none has yet arrived."

"Hudson is a very sharp fellow," said North. "If anyone can help to solve a mystery, he is the man. I am glad you put the case into his hands. My father, who is supposed to be the best solicitor at Westfield, often employs Hudson, and thinks most highly of him."

"Well," I said, "there is nothing to do at the present moment, but simply to wait. One false step now would confirm Feveral's insanity."

"Will you not let him know that his wife has arrived?" interrupted North.

"Not at present; I must be guided altogether by circumstances. It will be your business and mine, North, not to lose sight of him. If by any chance he leaves Monte Carlo, he must be immediately followed."

Shortly afterwards North left me, and I went to seek an interview with Mrs. Feveral. Poor girl, she was worn out in every sense of the word. I begged of her to take some rest, assured her that I would send for her the moment her presence was likely to be of use, and went away.

On the afternoon of the next day, I was walking in the gardens just outside the Casino, when I suddenly saw Feveral coming to meet me. The weather resembled that which we have in June in England. The tender blue of the sky was intensified in the deep blue of the Mediterranean. I was standing near a large bed of mignonette when Feveral walked by. He was dressed with care and looked like, what he was, a remarkably handsome and well-set-up fellow; he was evidently going to the Casino. He passed within arm's length of me, stared me full in the face, showed no gleam of recognition, and was about to pass me, when I could not help speaking to him.

"How do you do?" I said.

He stopped when I said this and looked at me fixedly. A curious change came over his face; his eyes, which had appeared quite frank and untroubled when first he saw me, assumed a secretive and almost sly expression.

"I know who you are quite well," he said. "Will you oblige me by walking down this path with me?"

He pointed to a shady avenue of eucalyptus as he spoke. I yielded immediately to his humour. We walked together for a few paces, then he turned abruptly and faced me.

"You are a detective officer from the London police force," he said. "I know

"I KNOW YOU QUITE WELL."

you quite well, and what you have come about. The whole thing is perfectly fair, and I have not a word to say. It is my last intention to defeat the ends of justice in any way. I have committed murder — I am stained with blood. The law must, of course, have its course — all I beg of you is to give me time. Before I am arrested, I am anxious to win a sum of money to place my wife above want. I came to Monte Carlo for this purpose. Hitherto, I have been strangely unlucky, but I have a presentiment that my luck is about to turn. I shall win largely either this afternoon or this evening. After the gaming-tables are closed to-night, I am at your service, Inspector——"

He paused, but I did not supply any name.

"I will wait on you this evening at the gaming-tables," I said, suddenly.

"As you please," he replied, "but don't come until late—I am certain to win largely. You know yourself how important it is for a man in my position to provide for his wife."

I nodded, and he left me. I sat down on a bench and watched his retreating figure. He went slowly up the steps into the Casino and vanished from view. The beautiful scenery which surrounded me — and, perhaps, there is no more beautiful scenery in the world than is to be found at Monte Carlo—no longer gave me pleasure. I thought very badly of Feveral. His malady had progressed even farther than I had anticipated. If he had indeed killed his man, all hope of his recovering his senses was completely at an end. I went back to my hotel and spent some anxious hours there, during which I could settle to nothing. I had asked North to dine with me, and he came at the appointed time. I told him of my interview with Feveral—he shook his head as he listened.

"He took me for one of the gardeners here," he answered, "and asked me how I acquired my very excellent English. His brain is quite gone, poor fellow. I must say that I am rather surprised, Dr. Halifax, that you don't——"

"Don't do what?" I asked.

"Don't use your authority, and take the poor fellow back to England. He surely is not in a condition to be at large."

"Any forcible step of that kind would make the case hopeless," I answered. "I am inclined to use the most cautious measures until we really know the fate of his unlucky patient."

"And do you intend to follow him to the Casino to-night?" said North.

"Yes, I promised to be there—I shall keep my word."

"May I accompany you?"

"Certainly; I should like you to do so."

"What about Mrs. Feveral?"

"Poor soul, I must have an interview with her before I go," I answered.

My brief interview with the poor young wife was full of pain. I told her that I intended to follow her husband to the tables, and would bring her word of the result before midnight. She replied to this with a ghastly smile. As I was leaving the room she called after me.

"You are expecting a telegram at the Hotel Métropole from Mr. Hudson?" she said.

"I asked him to wire there if he had any news," I answered.

"Suppose his message comes while you are at the Casino?"

"In that case it must wait until I return," I replied.

"Will you commission me to bring it to you, if it does come?" she asked.

"I would rather you did not come to the Casino," I replied; "it is not a fit place for you to visit alone."

She made no answer, but I noticed a queer, determined look creeping into her face.

The hour was growing late now, and North and I hastened to the Casino. We followed the crowd into the vast building, obtained the usual cards of admittance, and soon found ourselves walking slowly through the suite of rooms which contain the celebrated gaming-tables. The hour had approached ten o'clock, and the numerous visitors from the different hotels were crowding in for their evening's amusement. Both ladies and gentlemen were in full evening dress, and the scene which met my eyes was a very brilliant and animated one. Each of the long tables was surrounded by groups of players seated on chairs close together; outside these groups, three or four rows deep, were crowds of spectators, some merely watching the play, others playing themselves over the heads of their more fortunate neighbours, others again waiting for their turns to find seats at the tables. The *roulette* tables, which were eight in number, were all crowded, but as we walked through the rooms, North whispered to me that Feveral despised *roulette*, and only played for high stakes at the *trente et quarante* tables. We passed the first of these, and eagerly scanned the faces of the men and women who surrounded it. Feveral was not amongst them. We stood for a moment or two to watch the play. A woman, splendidly dressed, was drawing attention to herself by the reckless manner in which she was flinging one-hundred-franc pieces on different divisions of the table. She lost and lost, but still went on playing. Her play was reckless in the extreme, and some people who stood near begged of her to desist. The terrible passion for gambling in its worst form was written all over her excited face. I turned away with a sense of disgust, and followed North to the other *trente et quarante* table. Here I found the object of my search. Feveral was in irreproachable evening dress; his face was calm and pale, there was no apparent excitement either in his manner or appearance. He sat rather near one of the *croupiers*, and, to all appearance, was playing with extreme caution. From thirty to forty hundred-franc pieces were piled up at his left hand. He was making careful notes on a card which was placed in front of him, and was evidently playing with intelligence. At each deal of the cards he placed his gold on certain divisions, and, as we stood at a little distance and watched, I noticed that he won at every deal. His pile of gold grew larger, but his cautious and steady manner never deserted him. By degrees some people who were standing near began to remark on his invariable luck. Hearing a remark close by in the English tongue, he raised his eyes, and for an instant encountered mine.

"I told you I should win to-night," he said; "but you have come a little early, inspector. It is all right—quite right; but you must give me time."

As his success went on he began to double and quadruple his stakes—never once did he lose. A man who was standing near me said:—

"That Englishman has been here for the last three nights, and he has not had a moment's success until now. He evidently means to carry all before him to-night. If only he has sense to stop playing before his luck turns, he may retrieve his losses, which must have been very considerable."

"He plays with caution," I answered.

"He does to-night," was the reply, "but last night and the night before his play was reckless beyond words."

Some people in the crowd of spectators moved away at this moment, and North and I stepped into the space which they had vacated. By doing so we stood at Feveral's left hand, and could look over his shoulder. In the midst of his play he glanced at me once or twice. My presence did not irritate him in the least. He supposed me to be a detective come to take him into custody—his impression was that his time was short to accomplish the task he had set himself to do—he went on doubling and doubling his stakes—still without any apparent recklessness—never once did he lose.

The moments flew by, and the time for closing was not far off. Feveral was already a rich man.

"Stop him now, if you can," said North. "Let him take away his enormous winnings,

and whatever happens, his wife is provided for. Stop him, for God's sake, doctor, before his luck turns."

Before I could reply, a noise at my left caused me to turn my head—there was a slight commotion—a little pressure in the crowd, and I heard a woman's clear voice say:—

"Pardon me if I ask you to allow me to pass. That gentleman sitting there is my husband—I have something I wish to say to him."

The gentle, high-bred tone had an effect. I turned quickly, and saw, to my astonishment and horror, that Mrs. Feveral had come into the room. Unlike the other women present, she was in the quietest morning dress. Her fair face looked all the fairer because of the deep mourning which she wore.

"Your telegram has come at last, Dr. Halifax," she said to me. "I have taken the liberty to bring it to you—don't keep me, please—I must speak to my husband."

Before I could prevent her she had reached his side, her arms were round his neck, her cheek was touching his. The crowded room, the gaze of the many spectators, were nothing to her—she only saw her husband.

"Come away, darling," she said; "come away at once."

He started up when she touched him, and stared at her more in impatience than surprise.

"Don't interrupt me, Ingrid," he said, "I will come presently. Leave me now; I am busy."

He tried to resume his seat, but she clung to him, holding one of his hands in both of hers with a sort of desperation.

"No; you must come now," she said. "You don't know where you are——"

"I don't know where I am!" he interrupted, speaking fast and thick, his face scarlet now with intense excitement. "Yes, by Heaven! I do. I am here because my hands are red with blood. I conceal nothing. All the world may know the truth. I am in this place to-night because I have taken a man's life. I am about to pay the forfeit of my crime. This detective," here he pointed at me, "will arrest me in a moment or two. Before I go, I wish to provide for you—don't touch me—I am a murderer. Hands off, I say."

He pushed her from him. His eyes were wild. The people in the immediate neighbourhood heard his words—they began to move away from him with looks of horror, even the *croupiers* turned their heads for a moment.

"Go home, Ingrid," said her husband. "Don't touch me. I have made a bargain with that man," again he pointed at me; "he is a detective from Scotland Yard. My bargain is that I am not to be arrested until I have won enough money to provide for your future. I am going to double my winnings. There is blood on my head—don't touch me."

His last words were uttered with a shout. Mrs. Feveral turned ghastly pale. Feveral sat down again by the table. At this moment I remembered the telegram, which was still unopen in my hand. I tore the seal open and read the contents. These were the words which almost took my breath away with relief and delight:—

"*Found Dr. Feveral's patient yesterday—he is a young man of the name of Norris. He lives at Colehill, in Warwickshire. He took the doctor's medicine to the last drop, and says that it restored him to perfect health. On hearing this, I went straight to Dr. Russell, who examined the bottle from which the strychnine was supposed to have been taken, and found it quite full. If Dr. Feveral took strychnine from the bottle by mistake, he must have poured it back again. It is evident that Norris had none in his medicine.*"

"Read this," I said to Mrs. Feveral; "read it quickly—tell your husband the truth—he may be saved even yet."

Her quick eyes seemed to flash over the words—she took in the meaning in a couple of seconds.

"You have committed no murder," she said to her husband. "Don't go on with that horrid play—it is unnecessary. You are not what you think yourself—you are innocent of any crime. The man you gave the medicine to is alive and well. Read this—read this."

She thrust the telegram before his eyes. He read it—staggered to his feet, turned first red, then pale.

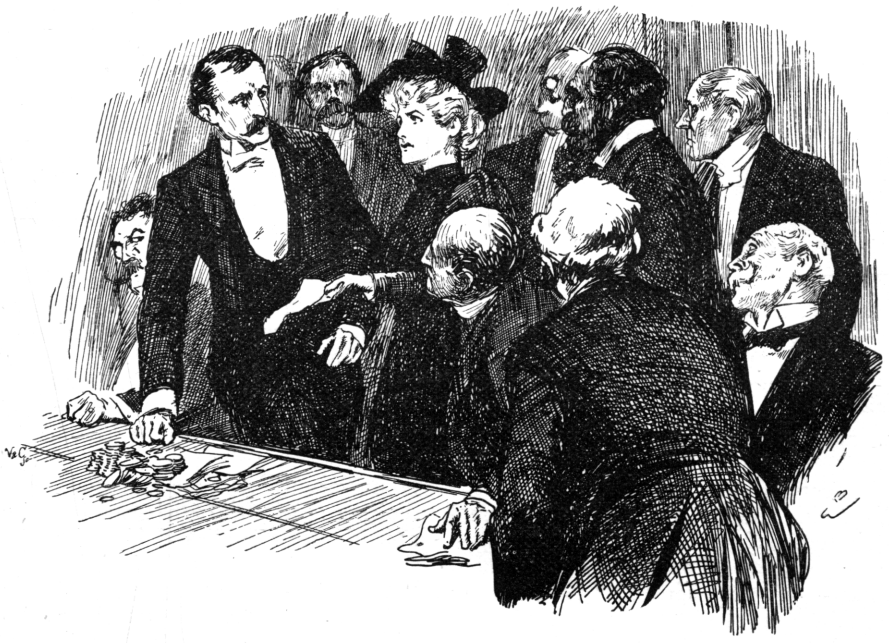
"Is this true?" he said, turning and fixing his eyes on his wife.

"Yes, it is perfectly true; it has just come. The man you gave the medicine to is well, quite well. Your medicine cured him instead of killing him; you shall see him again when you return to England."

Feveral put his hand to his forehead—a bewildered look crossed his face.

"Then what, in the name of Heaven, am I doing here?" he exclaimed.

He turned and looked with bewilderment around him.



"READ THIS—READ THIS."

The piles of gold which he had won lay close to him, but he did not touch them.

"What am I doing here?" he repeated. "How did I get into this place? They play for money here; I don't approve of it—I never play. Come, Ingrid, come home."

He grasped his wife's hand and led her quickly out of the Casino. I followed the pair, but North stayed behind to gather up Feveral's winnings.

The next day, when I visited him, Feveral was quite sane. He received me with a look of surprise.

"I can't imagine how I came to this place," he said; "I have not the least remembrance of how I got here—in fact, I recall nothing since the evening I interviewed you, Halifax, in Harley Street."

"Well, you are here now, and a very good thing too," I interrupted.

"Yes," he replied, "and now that I am out of England, I think I shall stay away for a little, for although I feel ever so much better, I am not yet quite fit for work."

"Take a good, long change while you are about it," I answered.

I saw, with a sense of relief, that Feveral had completely lost all knowledge of that terrible episode during which he believed himself to be guilty of having taken the life of a fellow-creature. The winnings, which North had carefully secured, counterbalanced the large sums which he had lost during his first two evenings' reckless play at the Casino.

By my advice, Mrs. Feveral persuaded her husband to leave Monte Carlo that afternoon. They spent the next six months visiting different parts of Europe, and when he returned to his work in the following summer, he was completely restored to his normal state of health. I saw him shortly after his return, but he did not allude to the Monte Carlo incident—he is never likely to remember anything about it.

Some Notable Hymns.

II.

By Francis Arthur Jones.

AT a recent Convocation of Canterbury a Committee of the Lower House was formed "to inquire into the hymnals now in general use, and to make any observations or recommendations which such an inquiry may suggest." The Archbishop directed the appointment of the Committee, and the result of its inquiry was interesting and certainly remarkable. At the first meeting—of which Canon Twells was appointed chairman — it was agreed "to ascertain through the rural deans the hymnals in use in their respective deaneries."

The information was readily supplied, and out of 810 deaneries (including 165 in the northern province) only 87 failed to send in reports. Of the 10,909 churches and chapels in the Province of Canterbury, the Committee were able to show that 8,601 use "Hymns Ancient and Modern"; 1,062 "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer" (edited by the Bishop of Exeter); 937 "Church Hymns" (S.P.C.K.); and only 309 any other hymnal. Out of 2,750 churches and chapels in the Province of York, 1,739 use "Hymns Ancient and Modern"; 525 "Church Hymns"; 416 "Hymnal Companion; and only 70 any other hymnal. Or, taking the two provinces together, the result is as follows:—

	Churches and Chapels.
"Hymns Ancient and Modern"	10,340
"Hymnal Companion"	1,478
"Church Hymns"	1,462
Various	379
	13,659

The most astonishing result of the inquiry was that out of 13,659 places of worship no fewer than 10,340 should use "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The phenomenal success of this work is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that, at the time of its introduction to the Church of England, its reception was by no means universally cordial. I well remember myself what an uproar occurred when this hymnal was first introduced in Chester Cathedral and certain churches.

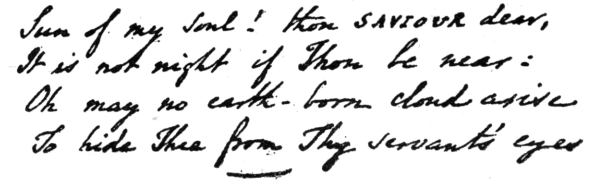
The Committee was further able to state that "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is adopted in twenty-eight English and Welsh cathedrals, is almost universal in the seven dioceses of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and is used throughout the Army and Navy. In the return furnished by Colonial bishops, it was conclusively proved that the hymnal is universally adopted in their respective dioceses. In the Irish Church the hymnal now in use is published by the authority of the General Synod, while, in Wales, Welsh hymns are generally sung.

To the above information I had hoped to add a few statistics with regard to the publishing and printing of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." On applying, however (through Messrs. Clowes and Sons), to the Chairman of the Committee, I was informed that such information could not be supplied until my request had been laid before the members. On the question being brought up at a recent meeting, it was put to the vote whether the information should be given or not. Unfortunately the negatives were in the majority.

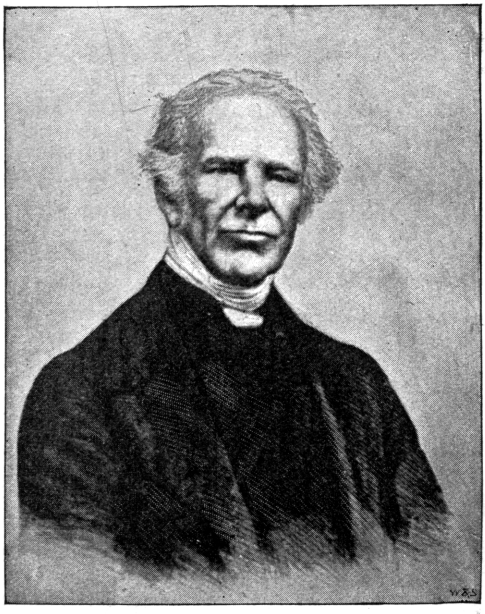
In a former paper I hazarded the remark that Lyte's "Abide with me" was more often sung as an evening hymn than even Keble's "Sun of my soul." I have since had reason to believe that their popularity is about equal —one hymn being sung as frequently as the other. Certainly both are now held in greater esteem than that fine hymn, without the singing of which an evening service seldom closed: "Glory to Thee my God this night."

Almost all Keble's hymns now in common use—"Sun of my soul," "There is a Book, who runs may read," "When God of old came down from Heaven," "Blest are the pure in heart," etc.—are taken from "The Christian Year," a volume which has had, perhaps, a larger circulation than that of any other work of a similar character, and from the profits of which Keble built Hursley Church. His evening hymn, "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," consists of verses selected from the poem beginning, "'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze."

It is to the authorities at Keble College, Oxford, that I am indebted for the accompanying facsimile of "Sun of my soul." In order to obtain the whole hymn, as given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," we had to photograph four large pages of MS. and then cut out the six verses required. In the college library I found two MSS. of this hymn; the one chosen bears an earlier date than the other, and contains Keble's alterations.



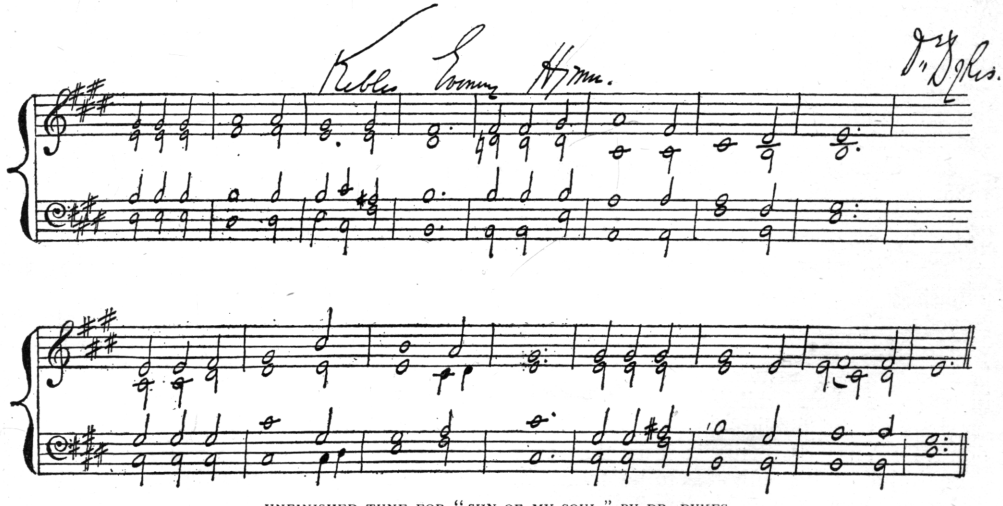
FACSIMILE OF MS. OF THE FIRST VERSE OF KEBLE'S HYMN, "SUN OF MY SOUL."



REV. J. KEBLE.
Author of "Sun of my Soul."
From a Painting.

In "Hymns Ancient and Modern" there are three tunes to "Sun of my soul": the first, "Abends," being by Professor Oakley; the second, "Keble" (this tune is the copyright of the proprietors), by Dr. Dykes; the third, "Hursley," being from the German. I have had lent to me a fourth tune, also by Dr. Dykes, which has never before been published, and is, in fact, quite unknown. It was given in MS. by Dr. Dykes, shortly before his death, to a friend, among whose papers it has lain for many years. A short while since, however, the owner of this MS. also died, and his widow sent me the hymn to use as I thought fit. The tune is very beautiful, and I here give it for the benefit of my musical readers.

Sarah Adams, *née* Flower, the authoress of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and many other hymns and poems, was the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Flower, a staunch Nonconformist. In her "Memoir of Mrs. Adams" (containing all the hymns she ever wrote), published at Essex Hall, Mrs. Bridell Fox tells us that "Sarah was tall and singularly beautiful, with noble and regular features; in manner she was gay and impulsive, her conversation full of sparkling wit and kindly humour."



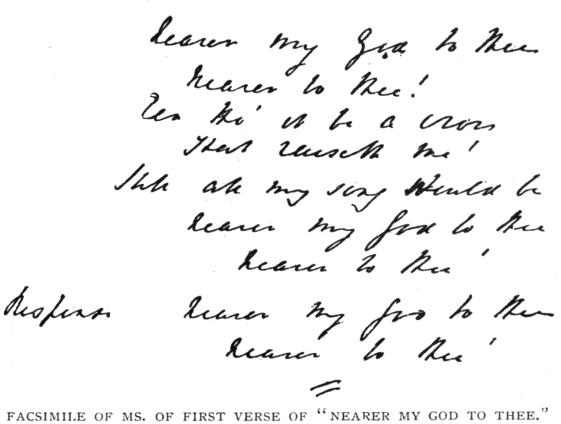
UNFINISHED TUNE FOR "SUN OF MY SOUL," BY DR. DYKES.

Sarah, the younger of two daughters, was born at Harlow, in Essex, on February 23rd, 1805, her sister, Eliza Flower, being two years her senior. In his poem entitled "Blue stocking revels," Leigh Hunt heads his list of female celebrities with "Mrs. Adams, rare mistress of thought and of tears"; while the elder sister, Eliza, who when quite a child developed a wonderful talent for music and composition, is alluded to in the same poem:—

Some lady musician completed the bower
At the head of whom earnestly gazed Lizzie Flower.

Nearly all Mrs. Adams's hymns and poems were set to music by her sister; "Nearer, my God, to Thee," being especially beautiful. It is not easy, however, and requires several good soprano voices, but when sung as it used to be at South Place Chapel during the ministry of Mr. W. J. Fox, father of Mrs. Bridell Fox, the full beauty of the composition is strikingly apparent.

A few years ago, Mrs. Fox placed complete copies of both Miss Flower's sacred and secular music in the British Museum, together with a copy of Mrs. Adams's religious drama, "Vivia Perpetua" (now out of print, but obtainable through Mudie's), her hymns, and the little memoir to which I have already alluded. In 1888, a selection of Miss Flower's sacred music, in which is included "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was published by Messrs. Novello. The hymn by which Mrs. Adams is best known was written in 1840, a short while previous to the publication of "Vivia Perpetua"; it is the only composition of this authoress to be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."



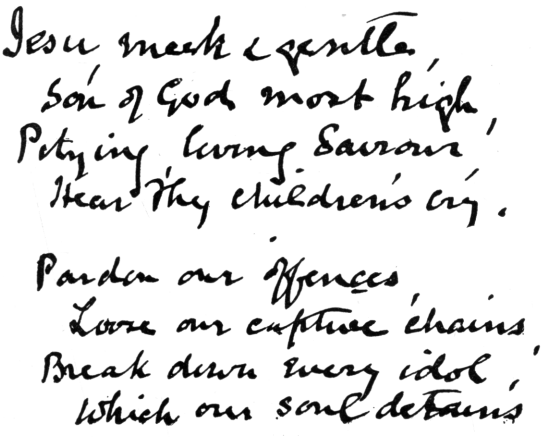
FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "NEARER MY GOD TO THEE."

"How she composed her hymns," Mrs. Fox says, "can hardly be stated. She certainly never had any idea of *composing* them. They were the spontaneous expression of some strong impulse of feeling of the moment; she was essentially a creature of impulse. Her translations would, of course, be, to a certain extent, an exception; also, perhaps, when she was writing words for music already in use in the chapel." Both sisters died at an early age—within less than two years of each other—Eliza in December, 1846, and Sarah on the 14th of August, 1848; hymns by the latter, with her sister's expressive music, being sung at the funerals of both.

The MS. of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," is now in the possession of Mrs. Bridell Fox, who has kindly allowed me to reproduce it here in facsimile. The original portrait of Mrs. Adams (a very slight sketch) is also in Mrs. Fox's possession. It is believed to have been made by Miss Margaret Gillies, miniature painter, and member of the old Society of Painters in Water Colours (now called the Royal) just before Mrs. Adams's marriage in 1834.

MRS. SARAH ADAMS.
Author of "Nearer my God to Thee."

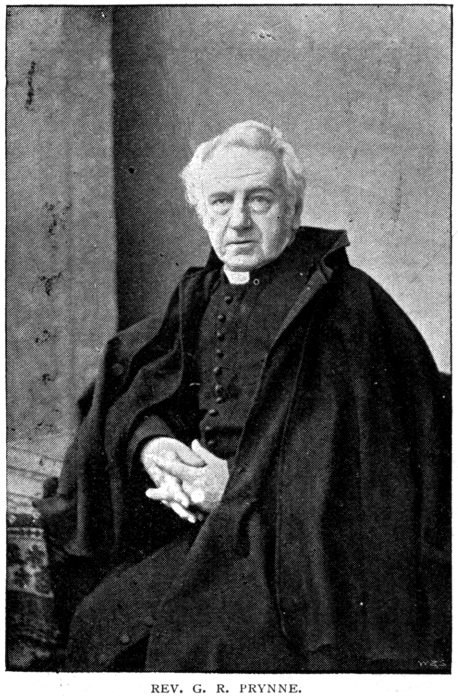
"Jesu, meek and gentle," was written by George Rundle Prynne, in 1856, and first appeared in a collection of hymns, edited by Mr. Prynne, entitled "A hymnal suited for the services of the Church, together with a selection of Introits." In 1881 the author published his "The Dying Soldier's Visions, and other Poems and Hymns," and in this volume "Jesu, meek and gentle," was also included. Owing, however, to some slight error, possibly in the correction of the proof-sheets, the hymn was printed "*Jesus*, meek and gentle,"



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF THE FIRST TWO VERSES OF "JESU, MEEK AND GENTLE."

instead of "*Jesu*, meek and gentle," as originally written. This was the more unfortunate as many compilers of hymnals took their copies from Mr. Prynne's book, thinking, not unnaturally, that, if nowhere else, it would certainly appear in its original form in the author's own work.

Mr. Prynne was born in 1818 and was educated at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree in 1861. For nearly fifty years he has been vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth, one of the largest parishes in the Exeter Diocese. The Church of St. Peter, while being one of the most beautiful in Plymouth, is rendered doubly interesting by being the architectural work of the vicar's brother, Mr. George Fellowes Prynne. The church also contains many beautiful pictures by various members of the Prynne family.



REV. G. R. PRYNNE.
Author of "Jesu, meek and gentle."
From a Photo. by Heath & Bullingham.

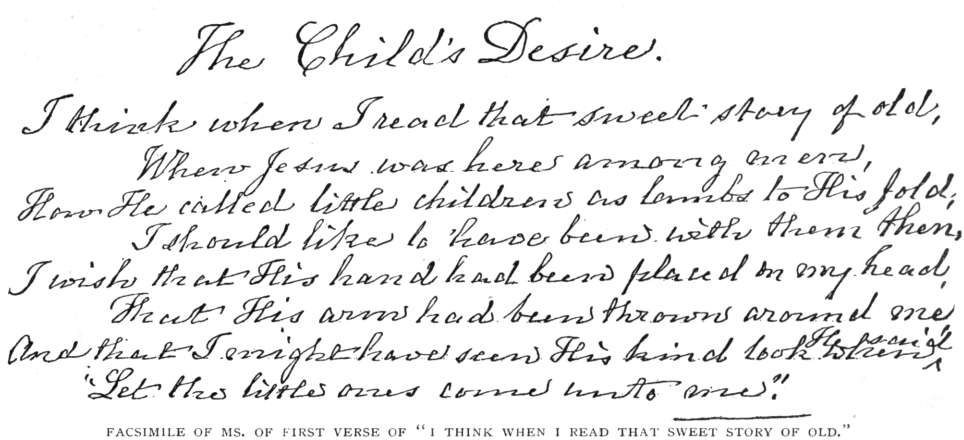
G. R. Prynne.

In a conversation which I had with Mr. Prynne a short while since at St. Peter's Vicarage, the author informed me, while penning the accompanying MS., that the hymn was written one evening while Mrs. Prynne played to him from his favourite composer. Almost unconsciously, lines came into his head which seemed to suit the melody, and taking out a pencil he scribbled the verses on the back of an envelope.

A short time after its publication, the author went for a holiday to Rome, and while there was asked to conduct the service at the English Church. When the time came to give out the hymns, he was amused to find himself delivering the first line of his own composition: "Hymn No. —, 'Jesu, meek and gentle.'" The pleasure he experienced at finding that it had so soon made its way to Rome was, if anything, intensified on learning from the vicar that the name of the author had never occurred to him; it was merely an example of a very happy coincidence. Mr. Prynne is the author of three volumes of "Parochial Sermons," and also the "Eucharistic Manual," published a few years since.

The authoress of "I think, when I read that sweet story of old," is Mrs. Jemima Luke, a lady whose long life has been almost exclusively devoted to mission work at home. Mrs. Luke is the daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Thompson, the originator of the Home Missionary Society and one of the founders of the Sunday School Union. Born in 1813, Mrs. Luke is now a white-haired old lady, living at Newport, Isle of Wight, and still trying (so she says) to account for the popularity of her one contribution to hymnody!

In 1841 she undertook the editing of a children's missionary magazine, and it was about the same time that "The child's desire" was written. Here is the story of its composition, as given in her own words:—



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD."

"I went," she says, "in the year 1841, to the Normal Infant School in Gray's Inn Road to obtain some knowledge of the system. Mary Moffat, afterwards Mrs. Livingstone, was there at the same time, and Sarah Roby, whom Mr. and Mrs. Moffat had rescued in infancy when buried alive, and had brought up with their own children. Among the marching pieces at Gray's Inn Road was a Greek air, the pathos of which took my fancy, and I searched Watts and Jane Taylor and several Sunday-school hymn-books for words to suit the measure, but in vain. Having been recalled home, I went one day on some missionary business to the little town of Wellington, five miles from Taunton, in a stage coach. It was a beautiful spring morning; it was an hour's ride, and there was no other inside passenger. On the back of an old envelope I wrote in pencil the first two of the verses now so well known, in order to teach the tune to the village school supported by my step-mother, and which it was my province to visit. The third verse was added afterwards to make it a missionary hymn. My father superintended the Sunday school in which we taught, and used to let the children choose the first hymn. One Sunday the children started their new hymn. My father turned to his younger daughters and said, 'Where did that come from? I never heard it before.' 'Oh! Jemima made it,' they replied. Next day he asked for a copy, and sent it, without my knowledge, to the 'Sunday School Teachers' Magazine.' But for this it would probably never have appeared in print."

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.
Author of "I think when I read that sweet story of old."
From a Photo. by Debenham & Co., Sandown.

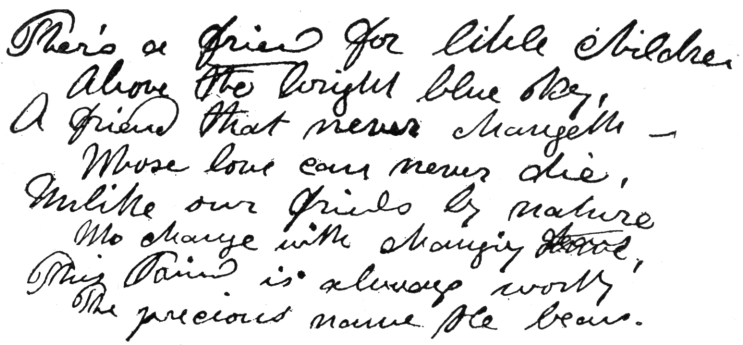
Jemima Luke.

Mrs. Luke adds that she regards her composition as "a little inspiration from above and not 'in me,' for I have never written other verses worthy of preservation."

Another hymn, very precious to "little pilgrims," is Albert Midlane's "There's a Friend for little children," written, as I mentioned in my last paper, at Newport, Isle of Wight. Not far distant from Mr. Midlane's residence is the house in which Thomas Binney lived during his ministry at Newport, and where he wrote his admirable and popular hymn, "Eternal light, eternal light."

Albert Midlane was

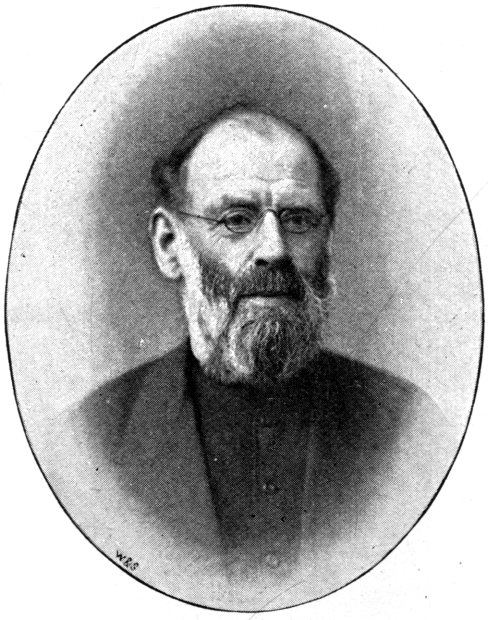
born in 1825, and began writing hymns at a very early age. "My first *used* hymn," Mr. Midlane informs me, "was written on the 24th May, 1844, under the title of



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN."

'God bless our Sunday schools,' and (scarcely necessary to add) sung to the 'National Anthem.' Fifty years ago this coming summer it was first sung as our anniversary hymn, and still it finds expression from the lips and, I trust, from the hearts of many children. It was first published in the 'Baptist Children's Magazine' for July, 1844."

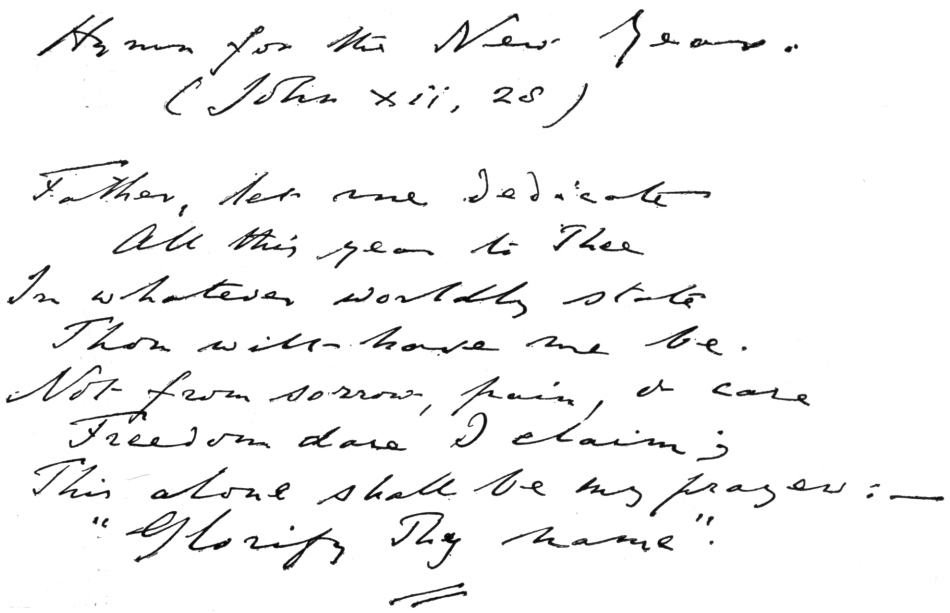
The hymn, however, by which Mr. Midlane will be longest remembered is "There's a Friend for little children," written on the 27th February, 1859. This hymn formed a contribution to a little serial called "Good News for the Little Ones," edited by C. H. Mackintosh, and published by Broom, and was first printed in that publication as the final article for the year 1859, under the heading of "Above the bright blue sky." As written and first printed, the opening verse began, "There's a *rest* for little children" — "Friend" being subsequently substituted for "rest." Michael Watson's setting of this hymn has given it a prominent place among the favourites of the "Service of Song."



REV. ALBERT MIDLANE.
Author of "There's a Friend for little children."
From a Photo. by Brading, Newport.

Mr. Midlane is about to publish an entirely new children's hymnal of nearly 400 original hymns (save those which have found their way into print already) of almost every description, and embracing a wide Scriptural range, suitable for children — "Home and School." The MS. of "There's a Friend for little children," here reproduced, is from Mr. Midlane's note-book; the corrections were made when the fair copy was written out for the magazine in which it first appeared. The photo. of Mr. Midlane was taken in 1881.

"Father, let me dedicate," the most beautiful of New Year hymns, was composed by Canon Laurence Tuttiett more than thirty-three years ago. It was first published in 1864, in the author's volume entitled "Germs of Thought on the Sunday Special Services," and in 1869 it was included in the S.P.C.K.'s "Psalms and Hymns." It next appeared in the "Anglican Hymn Book," and to-day it would be difficult to find a hymnal in which it is not included. In America it has undergone considerable alteration at the hands of various editors (whose ideas of improvement are peculiar), and even in England it has not altogether escaped. In many hymnals the last stanza is given in the following form :—



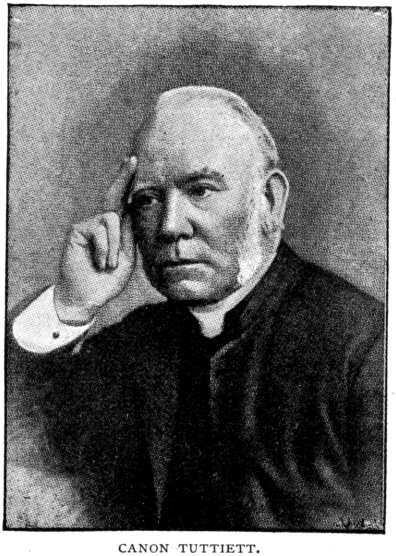
FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE.

If we must, in grief and loss,
Thy behest obey;
f beneath the shadowing cross
Lies our homeward way,
We will think what Thy dear Son
Once for us became,
And repeat, till life is done,
Glorify Thy name.

In this verse not one single line, with the exception of "Glorify Thy name," adheres to the original, and yet an editor, after thus mutilating a fine hymn, has the coolness to place the author's name at the foot! However, in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" it appears in its original form, as may be seen by comparing it with the MS.

Another popular hymn by Canon Tuttiett, and one which seems to be growing in favour, is "O quickly come, dread Judge of all," written ten years prior to "Father, let me dedicate." It was first published in "Hymns for Churchmen," in 1854, and was included in the appendix to "Hymns Ancient and Modern" sixteen years later.

Though Canon Tuttiett has written many theological works, and is known as a powerful and eloquent preacher, it is as a hymnist that he will probably be longest remembered.

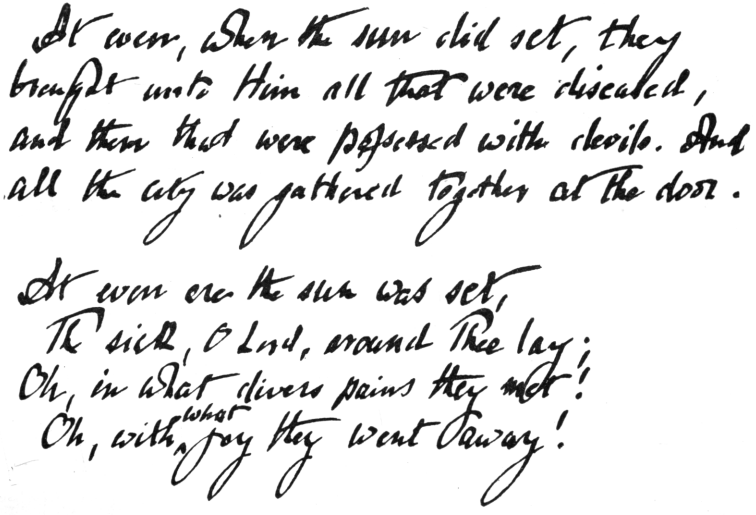


CANON TUTTIETT.
Author of "Father, let me dedicate."
From a Photograph.

It might appear strange to a thoughtful mind that, in Canon Twells' fine hymn, the opening line should be seemingly in direct contradiction to the text.

"At even, *when* the sun *did* set," writes St. Mark; "At even, *ere* the sun *was* set," sings the hymnist. In one hymnal, Mr. Thring's "Church of England Hymn Book," I notice that this line has been altered to suit the exigencies of the text, but the alteration was made by a hand other than Canon Twells' (though with his permission), and the author adheres to the words as he first wrote them, as may be seen by a glance at the MS.

"There is nothing particular to be said about 'At even,'" Canon Twells wrote me some



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF THE FIRST VERSE OF "AT EVEN, ERE THE SUN WAS SET.'

months ago. "It was written at the request of my friend, Sir Henry Baker, at that time Chairman of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' who said they wanted a new evening hymn. They were, at the time, about to bring out their first appendix, and it was in this appendix that the hymn was first published. I have been asked for permission to insert it in 127 hymnals, and many more have taken it without asking me. No other of my hymns has obtained a similar popularity, although those in the last supplement of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' Nos. 506, 511, 528, and 533, are a good deal sung, and I am being constantly asked for leave to insert them in fresh hymnals. The hymn about which you ask ('At even, ere the sun was set') was written and first published in 1868."

CANON TWELLS.
Author of "At even, ere the sun was set."
From a Photo. by Mayall & Co., Brighton.

To give some idea of the popularity of Canon Twells' hymn, I might mention that the number of copies of it printed off must certainly exceed 60 millions, including its circulation in America.

Many hymns, alas! owe their popularity to the tunes to which they are sung; this certainly cannot be said of "At even, ere the sun was set," for a more uninteresting melody than Johann Scheffler's "Angelus," to which it is allied, it would be difficult to find. "At even" will ever remain one of the finest hymns in the language, but its popularity would not be lessened by the substitution, or at least the addition, of a second and a happier tune.

Some Remarkable Wedding-Cakes.

By Framley Steelcroft.

ONLY a very small percentage of the readers of this article will be able to recall Her Majesty's wedding-day, Monday, February 10th, 1840, when the theatres were open free to the public. In the evening a banquet was given at St. James's Palace, and covers were laid for 130 persons. There were three tables, and at the upper end of the Queen's table stood the two chief wedding-cakes, one of which is depicted here. This cake was made by Messrs. Gunter, of Berkeley Square, and before being sent to the Palace, it was exhibited on the firm's premises to more than 21,000 persons. It is said that besides the two principal wedding-cakes there were nearly a hundred smaller ones, which were subsequently cut up and distributed, practically, all over the world.

WEDDING-CAKE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.
From a Drawing by J. Glover.

The second wedding-cake that figured on this historical occasion was designed by Mr. John C. Mauditt, yeoman confectioner to the Royal household. It weighed nearly 300lb., and was 14in. thick and 12ft. in circumference. On the top was seen a figure of Britannia blessing the bride and bridegroom, who were somewhat incongruously dressed in the costume of ancient Rome. These figures were nearly a foot high, and were, of course, moulded in sugar. At the feet of Prince Albert was the figure of a dog, denoting fidelity; while at Her Majesty's feet were a pair of turtle doves, denoting the felicity of the marriage state. A large Cupid was also seen writing the date of the marriage in a book, and at the top of the cake were many bouquets of white flowers, tied with true lovers' knots of white satin ribbon. Among the decorations of this wedding-cake may also be mentioned four white satin flags, on which were painted the Royal Arms.

The next free theatrical night marked the marriage of the Prince of Wales, on March 10th, 1863. For many days the presents were on view at Garrard's, in the Haymarket, and they included a particularly massive wedding-ring and keeper, the latter set with six precious stones, selected and arranged so that their initial letters formed the word "Bertie." The stones were respectively a beryl, emerald, ruby, turquoise, jacinth, and another emerald. Also among the presents figured eight lockets for the bridesmaids, which were set with coral and diamonds—red and white being the colours of Denmark. In the centre of each was a cipher in crystal, forming the letters "A. E. A.," after a drawing by the late Princess Alice. The bridal garments were ordered from Mr. Levysohn, of Copenhagen, and were, of course, on view at his shop in the Kjöbmagergade. On this occasion a splendid wedding-cake was made by Her Majesty's confectioner, M. Pagniez; but one

WEDDING-CAKE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
From a Photograph.

of equal importance was made by the Royal confectioners, Messrs. Bolland, of Chester, and this great cake is shown here. This is what is known as a "three-tier" cake, and around the base were festoons composed of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, entwined with the Royal and Denmark Arms. On the tiers were placed alternately reflectors and figures of seraphs with harps; also satin flags, on which were painted miniature likenesses of the Prince and Princess. The whole was surmounted by a temple embedded in orange blossoms and silver leaves, on the summit of which was placed the Prince's coronet and a magnificent plume of ostrich feathers. The cake, which stood nearly 5ft. high, was of colossal proportions.

I may mention, incidentally, that the largest cake ever made by Messrs. Gunter was that which figured among the Jubilee presents. This cake was 13ft. high, and weighed a quarter of a ton, its value being about £300. The smallest wedding-cake made was ordered by a lady for a child. It was a doll's wedding-cake, 3in. high, and weighing about four ounces; it cost 10s., because it was perfect in every respect, and the confectioner had great difficulty in getting moulds small enough.

The next wedding-cake shown here is that of Prince Leopold (Duke of Albany) and Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who were married on April 27th, 1882.

This wedding-cake stood nearly 6ft. high, and was mounted on a richly-carved gilt stand, which was first employed at the wedding of the Prince of Wales. The total weight of this cake was about 2cwt., and the decoration of the lower tier consisted of four groups, representing the four continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; these being adapted from the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. Considering the great difficulty of working in material like sugar, and the fact that all the forms have to be built up by squeezing the liquid sugar out of a small hole in a piece of paper, it is perfectly amazing to notice the artistic success of these Royal wedding-cakes.

WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCE LEOPOLD (DUKE OF ALBANY) AND PRINCESS HELEN OF WALDECK-PYRMONT
From a Photo. by Silvester Parry, Chester.

There were also to be noticed on this particular cake a number of satin-surfaced pillars, painted with the lily and its foliage. These pillars were surmounted by vases containing the characteristic flowers of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and at the base of the vases were reading Cupids, emblematic of the literary and studious tastes of the Royal bridegroom. At the salient points of the base were swans, associated with sea-shells, in which were dolphins at play.

The second tier was octagonal in shape, and in the spaces between the satin-surfaced pillars, painted with orange blossoms, were medallions richly worked in colour, and representing the arms and monogram of the bride and bridegroom. The pillars of this tier were surmounted by Cupids bearing flowers, from which sprang jets of mimic spray to water the flowers contained in the vases below.

The third tier of this cake was ornamented with wedding favours and festoons, and on the top of it was a pavilion containing a fountain playing, with doves drinking from the basin. Above this again was a terminal stage, supporting cornucopiæ, from which issued the various fruits of the earth. In the midst of these emblems of plenty stood a Cupid, bearing upon his shoulders a vase overflowing with the most beautiful flowers.

It is interesting to note that each of the Royal bakers has a distinct recipe, which is guarded like a Cabinet secret. Roughly speaking, a bride-cake takes about half a day to bake, but after the tins have been removed from the oven and the cake turned out, the serious part of the work only commences—for a wedding-cake has to be at least six months old before it is fit to be eaten. During this time it is kept in an enormous warehouse, called the "cake-room," and each firm keeps a separate staff of artists employed in making new designs and altering the fashions in wedding-cakes. Natural flowers are the great feature in modern wedding-cakes; white roses and orange blossoms being the most popular varieties in use. A good deal of ingenuity, however, has to be exercised in keeping these fresh, for a faded wedding-cake would indeed be a grievous sight. The Royal Chester bakers (Messrs. Bolland) have got over the difficulty by having narrow, white porcelain cups sunk in among the decorations, thus enabling each natural bouquet to rest in water.

WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

An adequate idea of the magnitude of this business may be realized when I mention that Messrs. Bolland's standing stock of wedding-cake is about 2,000lb. The curiously statuesque cake, which we now reproduce, was made, appropriately enough, for the Princess Louise, on the occasion of her wedding with the Marquis of Lorne, which took place on March 21st, 1871. This cake was designed and made by Mr. Samuel Ponder, the present chief confectioner of Her Majesty's household. Mr. Ponder tells me that this cake was about 5ft. 10in. in height, and weighed 2½cwt. The four figures at the angles were modelled from the statues on Holborn Viaduct, and the cake was built in four tiers.

WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCESS BEATRICE AND PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.

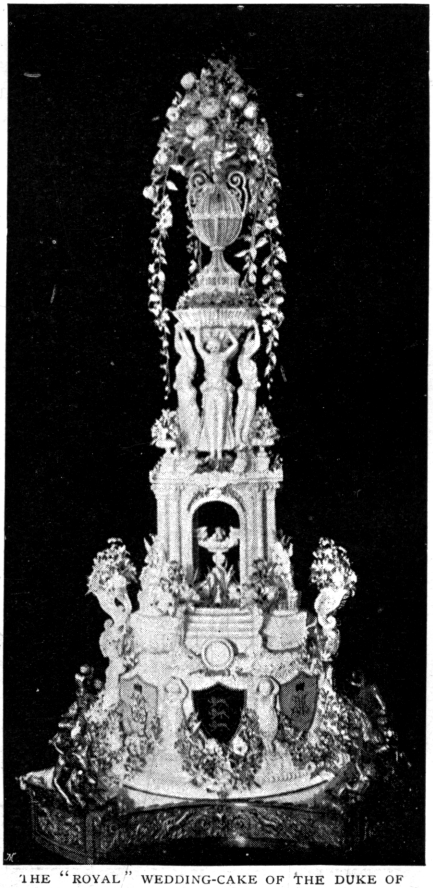
This very artistic wedding-cake was surmounted by a replica of Canova's "Hebe," Mr. Ponder having procured a plaster model of the statue at a decorator's in Leather Lane.

It would appear that there is no limit to the vagaries of those who have wedding-cakes made to order. One titled lady gave Messrs. Gunter an order for a cake weighing 120lb., and standing 5ft. high, the whole cake to be trimmed with splendid ropes of ostrich feathers to match the bridal dress. An M. F. H.'s wedding-cake was entirely decorated with hunting trophies. Around the drum of the cake was an imitation, in sugar, of a rough wooden palisade, round which were represented huntsmen, hounds, and fox—in fact, a lively hunt in full swing. Round the cake itself were medallions showing dogs' and foxes' heads, horses, whips, and brushes. Somewhat similarly, an angler will want piscatorial trophies reproduced on his cake; the architect likes to see his *magnum opus* in the form of a "temple" on the third tier; and yachting and military men, cricketers, and musicians frequently provide special designs for their own wedding-cakes. Even heirlooms are reproduced in coloured sugar on wedding-cakes; for example, I am informed that the famous vase known as "The Luck of Eden Hall," which has been in the possession of the Musgrave family for the past 500 years, was reproduced by a well-known confectioner, and served to adorn the bridal-cake made for the marriage of the daughter of Lady Brougham and Vaux.

Princess Beatrice was married on July 23rd, 1885, and the cake made on that occasion by the Royal Confectioner, Mr. Ponder, was 6ft. high, and weighed 280lb.; it is shown in the accompanying illustration.

The next wedding-cake that figures here is that of the Princess Helena and Prince Christian, whose marriage ceremony was performed in the private chapel attached to the Royal apartments at Windsor Castle. The Queen gave the bride away, and a luncheon was subsequently served privately to the

WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCESS HELENA AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN.
From a Drawing.



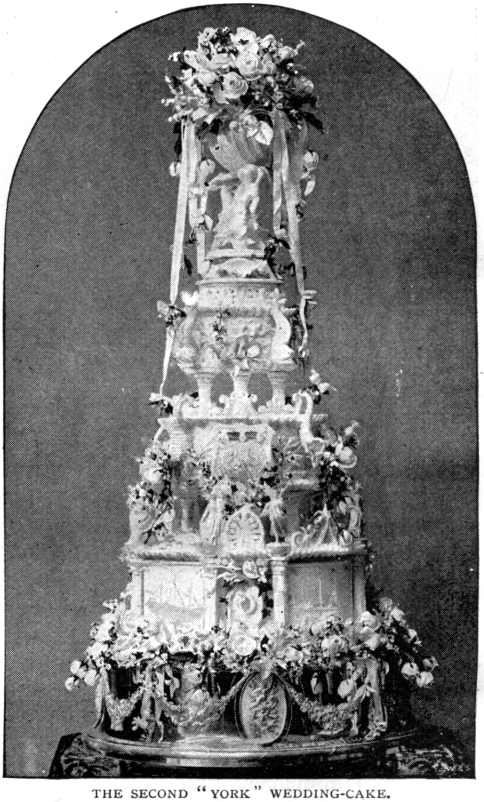
THE "ROYAL" WEDDING-CAKE OF THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCESS MAY.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, 2, The Quadrant, Richmond, Surrey, and 162, Sloane Street, S.W.

members of the Royal Family in the Oak Room, visitors being entertained at a buffet in the Waterloo Gallery.

One of the most important questions I put to the Royal confectioner on the occasion of my visit to him at Buckingham Palace, had reference to the most important wedding-day, from his point of view. Mr. Ponder unhesitatingly replied that the Duke of York's wedding with Princess May entailed by far the greatest strain upon him. The principal cake on this occasion was made at Windsor; it was 6ft. 10in. high, and weighed between 2cwt. and 3cwt. This cake, which is shown in the accompanying reproduction, took the Royal confectioner five weeks to make, there being as many as thirty-nine separate pieces of plaster in some of the figure moulds. Altogether, there were at this wedding six immense cakes, on what is known as the "general table," and in addition to these, Mr. Ponder made sixteen or eighteen smaller cakes for cutting up, each cake averaging about 22lb. Moreover, Messrs. Gunter say that they cut up no fewer than 500 slices of wedding-cake on this occasion, the smallest slice weighing about half a pound, and the largest, a little over 12lb. One of this same firm's confectioners subsequently attended at the Royal kitchen, and, armed with a saw and a special knife, cut up about 16cwt. of wedding-cake in three days.

The second of the "York" wedding-cakes, reproduced here, was made by Messrs. Bolland, to the order of the Prince and Princess of Wales; it was about 4ft. 6in. high, and weighed 224lb.

The ornaments of the cake were representative of the sailor-life of Prince George. The divisions between the pillars



THE SECOND "YORK" WEDDING-CAKE.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, 2, The Quadrant, Richmond, Surrey, and 162, Sloane Street, S.W.

were occupied by four large panels representing H.M.S. *Thrush* and *Melampus*, modelled in bass-relief from photographs specially taken. This cake has a somewhat interesting history. On being completed it was sent from Chester to Buckingham Palace, where it was built up the afternoon before the wedding. At three o'clock on the eventful day itself, however, the Royal Chester bakers received a telegram,

ordering them to remove the cake from the Palace to Marlborough House — no easy matter, even in the most favourable circumstances. The ornate structure was taken down, and its sections placed in two disreputable-looking "growlers"—positively the only conveyances to be obtained in the crowded and almost impassable streets. The confectioners tell a woful tale of the subsequent funereal procession to Marlborough House, with a surging crowd pressing against, and almost overturning, the wretched cabs. This trying ordeal was over at last, however, and I am told that the Prince of Wales himself supervised the reconstruction of the big cake on a sideboard in the Banqueting Room.

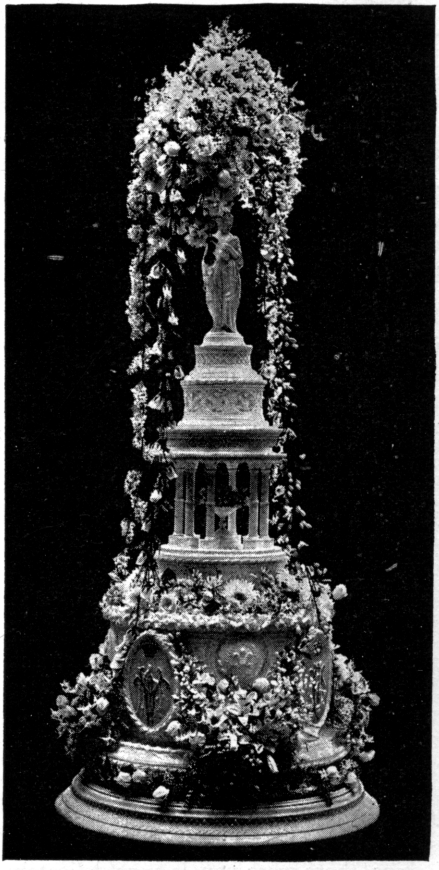
Not to be outdone at this wedding, Scotland came forward in the persons of Messrs. McVitie and Price, of Edinburgh, who produced another magnificent wedding-cake, also of a naval character. This stood 6ft. 4in. in height; the circumference of the lowest tier was nearly 8ft.; the total weight of the cake, 466lb., and its intrinsic value about 140 guineas. To give some idea of the amount of work involved in the execution of such an order, it may be mentioned that the anchors, davits, and blocks for tackle, etc., had to be specially made by one set of workmen; the flowers with which the cake was profusely decorated, by another set; while the making and draping of the stand was intrusted to a famous firm of Regent Street silk merchants: altogether, no fewer than thirty skilled workmen were employed in the manufacture of this cake, which was made within seven days of the receipt of the order. When completed, it was exhibited for two days in Edinburgh, and so great was the public interest taken in the wedding, that in this brief period upwards of 14,000 people had inspected the big Scottish cake; and a special staff of policemen and commissionaires had to be employed to keep the orderly crowd moving.

Lest anyone should think that, in sending out slices of wedding-cake from the Royal palaces to distinguished persons at home and abroad, complimentary cards in ornate silver designs would be prepared, we reproduce here one of the severely plain cards that actually accompany such complimentary gifts. I may say here, too, that these cards are invariably written or lithographed in this simple style.

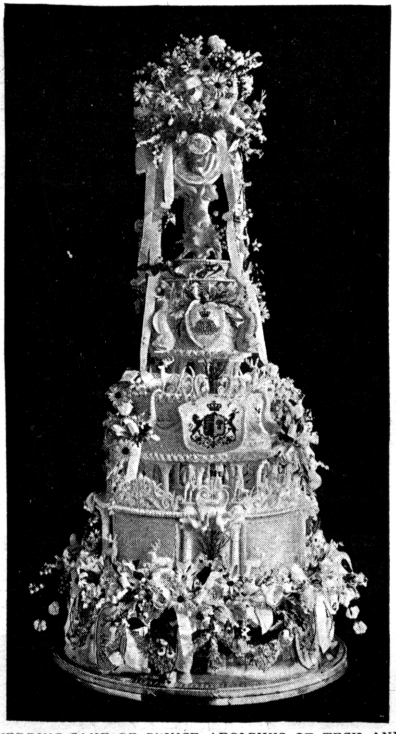
By command of Her Majesty the Queen

From

Their Royal Highnesses
The Duke and Duchess of York



WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF FIFE.
From a Photograph.

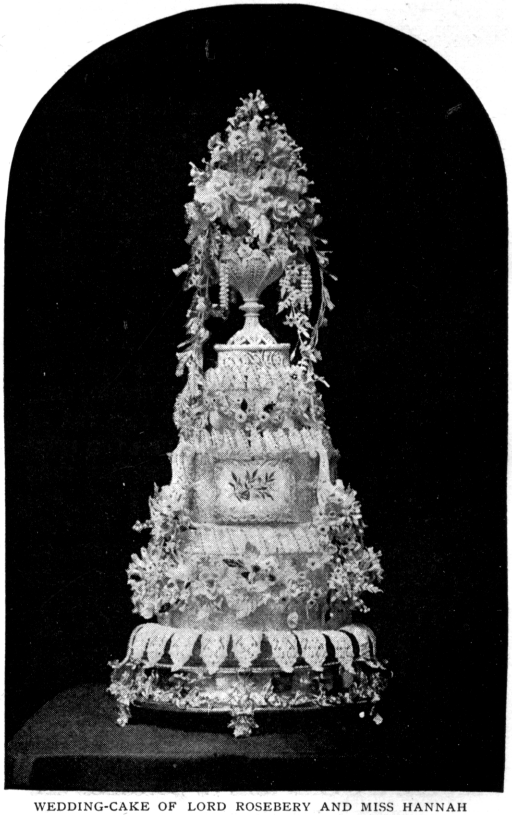


WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK AND LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR.
From a Photo. by Whatmough Webster, Chester.

The most important cake made outside the Palace for the "Fife" wedding was provided by Messrs. Gunter, of Berkeley Square. It was 7ft. high, and weighed 150lb. On the cake stood a Greek temple in sugar, and round it were medallions of satin with raised sugar monograms. This cake was exhibited for some time before the day of the marriage, and while it was on show it was decorated with artificial flowers. On the wedding-day, however, about twenty pounds' worth of fresh natural flowers covered the entire structure.

A magnificent wedding-cake was ordered by His Grace the Duke of Westminster, from Messrs. Bolland, for the wedding of Lady Margaret Grosvenor with Prince Adolphus of Teck. In accordance with the express wish of Lady Margaret herself, the cake was similar in design to one of those furnished for the wedding of the Duke of York and Princess May. This cake was arranged in three tiers, and weighed about 2cwt. The lower portion of it differed from the Duke of York's in this respect: instead of bearing representations of ships, there were panels very delicately piped with sugar, with views of White Lodge and Eaton Hall embossed upon them, while beautifully modelled figures surmounted the pillars. On the second tier were the combined arms of the Grosvenor and Teck families painted on white silk shields, alternating with cornucopiæ filled with bouquets of flowers. The second tier was decorated with golden wheat-sheaves and artistically modelled stags, which were quite appropriate, the former being the celebrated Garb d'Or which the Grosvenor family obtained permission to use in the fourteenth century; while the latter form part of the arms of the Teck family. The flowers used in the decoration of this cake were white roses, heather, myrtle, and marguerites.

Here is a picture of Lord Rosebery's wedding-cake, which was made at Chester, on the occasion of that statesman's wedding with Miss Hannah de Rothschild, on March 20th, 1878. A civil ceremony first took place at the registry office in Mount Street, but the actual marriage ceremony was performed at Christ Church, Hertford Street, Mayfair, by the Rev. Prebendary Rogers, rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. It is interesting to



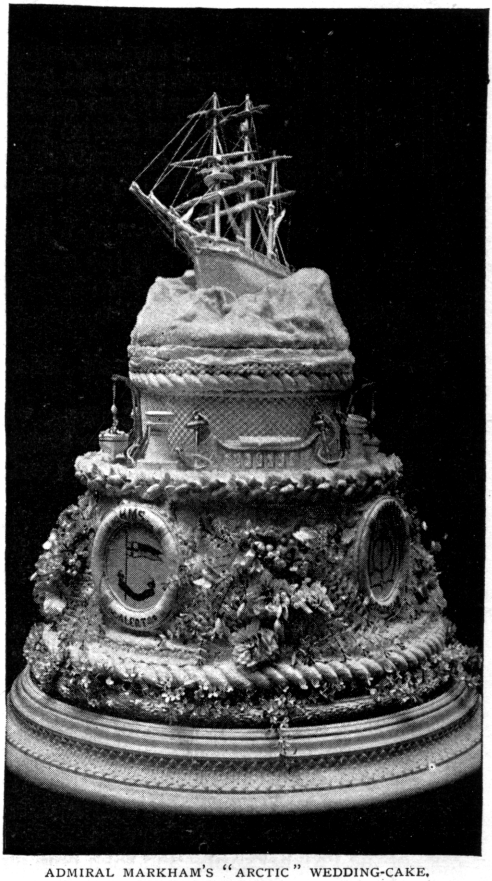
WEDDING-CAKE OF LORD ROSEBERY AND MISS HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD.
From a Photo. by Silvester Parry, Chester.

WEDDING-CAKE OF MR. ASQUITH AND MISS MARGOT TENNANT.
From a Photo. by R. W. Morris, Chester.

note that, on this occasion, the bride was given away by the Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield.

The Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, married Miss Margot Tennant, on May 10th, 1894, Mr. Gladstone's little favourite, Miss Dorothy Drew, being the principal bridesmaid on this occasion. Miss Tennant herself ordered the cake shown in this picture, and expressly stipulated that the design should be as simple as possible. This wedding-cake was a three-tier one, standing 4ft. 6in. in height, but only weighing 120lb. It will be seen that there is nothing very elaborate about this cake, the tiers being merely covered with a very delicate sugar piping, and surmounted by a Parian vase, supported by Cupids, and containing a bouquet of natural flowers, from which depend long trails of smilax. On the second tier were four shields, on which were worked the monograms and crests of the bride and bridegroom.

I have previously mentioned instances in which the person ordering the bride-cake has provided a special design. Perhaps the most remarkable of these cakes is the one shown in the accompanying illustration. This wedding-cake was 5ft. high, and weighed about 80lb. It was made for Rear-Admiral A. H. Markham, who served in the Arctic Expedition of 1875–6, and who was presented by the Royal Geographical Society with a gold watch for his services when in command of the Northern Division of sledges in that expedition. On the top of the drum of the cake stood a sugar model of H.M.S. *Alert*, caught in an iceberg. Round the drum were many nautical trophies — capstans, anchors, boats, and davits, and a loaded Arctic sledge. These were surrounded by oak leaves and acorns, and many bunches of flowers. Worked in the sugar round the cake were two life-buoys, in which the Admiral's flag and motto were engraved. This wedding-cake took three weeks to prepare, and its design was entirely provided by the gallant Admiral himself, who took infinite pains to have the modelling and technical details exact to a curious degree.



ADMIRAL MARKHAM'S "ARCTIC" WEDDING-CAKE.
From a Photograph.

I.—THE VEILED IDOL OF KOR.

By Charles J. Mansford.

I.

"HASSAN," said my companion, Frank Denviers, to our Arab guide, "what is your candid opinion of that curious yarn which Kass, our chief Wadigo follower, told us by the camp fire last night?"

The Arab, who was resting close by the awning of our tent, looked up from a well-thumbed copy of the Koran, which he had been reading aloud to us, then gravely asked:—

"What does the sahib himself think of it?"

"Well, Hassan," responded Denviers, "I always thought you could spin a tolerably tall yarn, but Kass would beat the Great Prophet himself."

"The story which Kass told is as true as the Koran, sahib," answered the Arab, closing the book and glancing reprovingly at Denviers.

"We agree with you there," assented my companion with such emphasis that Hassan quickly retorted:—

"What a sweet well in the desert is to the thirsty, so is a believing listener among men; the mighty Mahomet himself has so declared."

"Which is the reason why every follower of his believes that interesting and truthful account of the moon wandering up the right sleeve of the Prophet's robe and then coming out by the left——"

"Never mind about Mahomet and his wonderful adventures," I interrupted; "so far as I can remember, Kass was too much engrossed in his story of the veiled idol of Kor to notice Hassan's additions to his narrative while he was telling it."

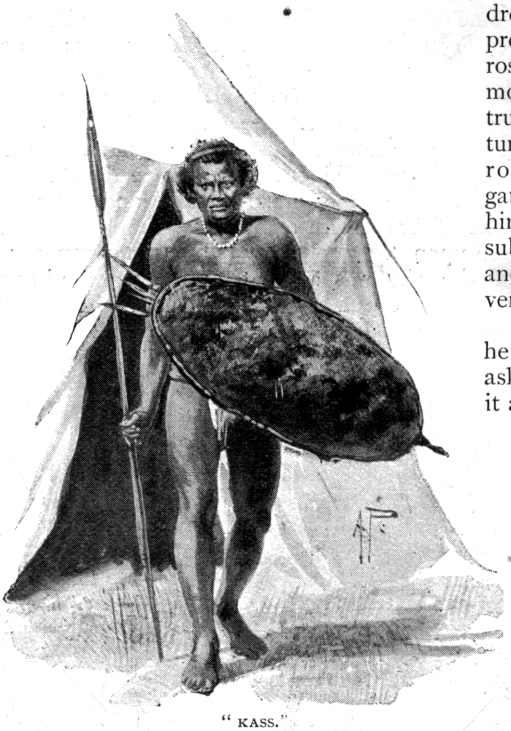
"Kass does not know the entire story," responded the Arab, gravely; "if the sahibs so desire, I will tell it to them."

"Very well, Hassan," said Denviers, smiling at the Arab's persistence; "go on with your yarn, but remember that in less than half an hour we must start on our day's march. Don't exaggerate more than you can help, for Kass is approaching the tent. He has mixed too much with Arab slavers not to understand every word that you say."

A shadow fell upon the waste of sun-dried grass which stretched before our tent, and, glancing up as Denviers spoke, I saw Kass, the Wadigo, fronting us. In his right hand he held a heavy spear, the butt of which rested upon the ground, while in his left he grasped the centre-piece of a great shield of hide, above which rose the hafts of a number of splendidly-balanced assegais. In height Kass was fully six feet, differing little in this respect from the rest of our Wadigos, but easily distinguishable among them since he alone wore a peculiar gum wattle not much unlike that of a Zulu brave. Save for his loin-cloth, the body and limbs of Kass were bare, the only ornament which he wore being a string of beads about his neck.

We obtained the services of Kass and his fellow Wadigos in rather a strange way. On completing an extended tour in Asia, under the guidance of Hassan, we eventually made

our way to Calcutta, where we remained for some time. Denviers, my companion, had long projected a journey across Africa, and persuaded me to accompany him. The natives whom we engaged for the expedition on reaching the African coast deserted us when a convenient opportunity presented itself, and generously saved us the trouble of increased burdens by bolting with whatever they thought most valuable. Entering a Wadigo village, we chanced to be of service in leading the natives against some Arab slavers infesting the district. In return for this, Kass and a number of his tribesmen volunteered to join our expedition; the usual exchange of presents took place, and so we pressed on our way through the Dark Continent.



"KASS."

In obedience to a gesture from Denviers, Kass threw himself down beside the Arab, whereupon the latter began his version of a story which resulted in a stranger adventure than any that we had previously engaged in.

"In the fifth year of the Great Prophet's mission, sahibs," began Hassan, "his daughter Rokaia and her husband were sent into Abyssinia to escape the perils which surrounded Mahomet. With them went several others, all of whom were well received by the Najashee or King, then ruling. As the years went by, the Moslems increased and became a power in the land of their voluntary exile, until the time came when the reigning Najashee sought the hand of a certain Ayesha the Fair, in marriage. She, as a descendant from the Prophet's daughter, refused the alliance; whereupon the enraged Najashee decreed that every Moslem should be driven from his kingdom. Despoiled of all their wealth, with a supply of food sufficient only for a few days, the miserable Moslems passed out by the great gates to wander aimlessly through desolate wastes and hostile tribes. At their head walked Abu, the lover of Ayesha, behind whom his beloved was borne upon a litter.

"One night, when the condition of those who still survived was at its worst, a certain Moslem had a strange dream, which so impressed him that he rose and set off in the moonlight to test its truth. At dawn he returned, and, hastily rousing the rest, gathered them about him to listen to the substance of his dream and how it had been verified."

"What was it that he dreamt, Hassan?" asked Denviers. "Was it anything to do with this idol we are waiting to hear about?"

"Patience, sahib, and you shall hear," our grave guide responded. "His gaunt, famished listeners thought the Moslem's utterances only the ravings of a madman, but he grasped his beard and affirmed by it that every word he had uttered was true."

"A most convincing testimony, Hassan," remarked Denviers. "Of course, everyone believed him immediately!"

"Doubtless, sahib. Led by the Moslem, the exiles passively followed. They found themselves entering an excavated way which led through the heart of a mountain. Following their guide, they at last emerged from the rock-hewn way to see facing them——"

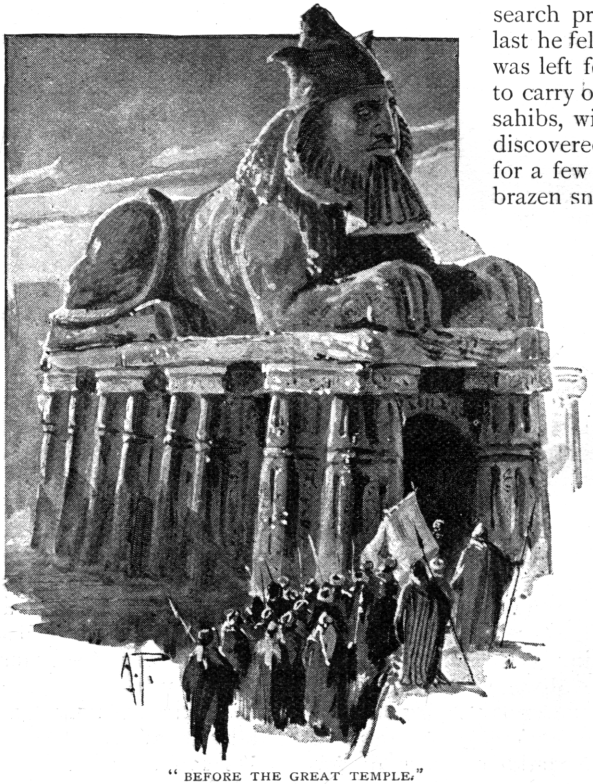
"The veiled idol, I suppose, Hassan?" said Denviers, irreverently interrupting the Arab's story.

"Not so, sahib," replied our guide; "but something almost as strange. Hemmed in by mountain spurs, whose sides rose rugged and grand, they saw before their wondering eyes a vast colonnade, whose every pillar was carved with the grotesque heads of giant men and gods, and nameless beasts, which stared and gaped askance in stone, till awe and fear held each Moslem spell-bound.

"'Pass on and fear not. Allah and the Prophet have led our feet hither!' cried

Abu at last, and so, with many a curious backward glance, the exiles marched on until a great city appeared, and they passed wonderingly into its streets. No one stood forth to bar their way, nor to ask whence they came. At last some of the exiles, bolder than the rest, ventured to enter a few of the dwellings. The shimmer of gold and the glitter of brilliants, set in bracelets and rings, caught their glances as they stooped over little heaps that may have been mortal dust. Securing these treasures, they passed out to rejoin the rest, one of their number grasping in his hand a snake of brass, with many a mystic symbol graven upon it.

"In the centre of the city was a great paved square, from which rose a temple, hewn so as to represent the body of a lion with the head of a man supported on huge pillars, its forepaws alone rising to a height of twenty feet. Upon these latter also were varied symbols which none of the exiles could read. Standing before the great temple, Abu declared to his followers his belief that, at some far remote period, the inhabitants of this strangely discovered city had perished from pestilence, and he claimed the city for them and theirs, since they, true Moslems, had discovered it.



"BEFORE THE GREAT TEMPLE."

"Eventually Ayesha was declared Queen of the city, and becoming the bride of Abu, he was raised up to share her throne. Although centuries have passed away, the city, sahibs, is still inhabited by Arabs, for its buildings and temple stand almost untouched by the finger of Time. Yet the pestilence which once came upon it is as nothing to the fate which has recently befallen the city, for now comes the strange part of its history. A few years ago——"

"We are getting to modern times at last then, Hassan," said Denviers, whose incredulous smile somewhat disconcerted the Arab.

"As I said, sahibs," Hassan continued: "A few years ago a stranger visited the city, bringing with him his daughter, their features and dress plainly showing that they were of Egyptian origin. The stranger settled in Kor, as the inhabitants had named it, and at once devoted himself to a close study of the strange symbols cut within and without the temple. What secrets they revealed to him none can say, but certain it is that he ransacked the bazaars of the city, examining with infinite patience every curio displayed, and showing his disappointment more keenly month after month as his search proved fruitless. At last he fell ill, and the quest was left for his daughter Cai to carry on. Strange to say, sahibs, within a few days she discovered and purchased for a few coins the identical brazen snake which was first found when the band of exiles entered the deserted city so long before.

"Sahibs, the people of Kor declare that the symbols upon it unlocked the secrets of all the mystic hieroglyphics about the temple. All the past lore of long-forgotten ages was revealed to these strangers, who used it to attain their own evil ends, and again the city passed into the power and under the heavy yoke of the Egyptian. The Queen who reigned then was deposed, and became the handmaid of the Egyptian's daughter—as she is even to this day. Before his death, the stranger from the Nile raised an idol within the temple, and men whisper that it is the very counterpart of his daughter Cai, who holds the people fast in bondage. Before the idol hangs a veil;

whoever disobeys the Queen in aught is thrust into the temple, the veil parts, and at a glance from the idol, the victim shrieks and stiffens and dies! Sahibs, by the teachings of the lore which the Egyptians alone discovered, the stone idol is endowed with life and with power to sear and destroy whoever Cai wills to perish. No marks of violence can be seen upon those who after death are carried out for the awe-stricken Moslems to look upon. So comes it then that a strange fear subdues all dwelling in that great city, and they bend to the slightest wish of Cai, who rules them with a rod of iron."

"With a snake of brass, you mean, Hassan," said Denviers, laughing at the Arab's profoundly grave countenance. "Cai has probably learnt something of the old magian's art, and is clever enough to turn her knowledge to her own advantage. As to your yarn about a live stone idol, well, it is as true as the famous moon story I mentioned just now."

"Listen yet, sahibs," Hassan continued, "and hear the rest. An Arab who managed to escape from this strange city told these things to a Wadigo. The latter laughed them to scorn, then, roused by curiosity, went in search of the city; he never returned to his tribe again. A month later two other Wadigos set off thither — neither was seen afterwards. Then the brother of Kass, famous alike with spear and assegai—as is he who rests before us—went forth to search out the truth of this narrative; he, too, was lost to his tribe from that day."

The Arab stopped, for Kass suddenly sprang to his feet and shook his spear threateningly towards where a mountain ridge was faintly discernible far across the scorched plain. Beating his shield in wrath, he cried :—

"Strong as the lion, stealthy as the tiger, subtle as the snake that whips the swishing grass through which he goes—such was my brother, yet from Kor came he not back."

"Kass," asked Denviers, "do you know the way by which this city of Kor is reached?"

The Wadigo answered in the affirmative.

"Well, Hassan," said my companion to the Arab, "when we reach the mountain spur we will leave you in charge of the rest of the Wadigos, while, with Kass as guide, Derwent and I will try to enter this city. You agree, Harold?" he asked, turning to me.

"By all means," I answered.

"The sahibs will never return," the Arab said, despondently.

"We shall see, Hassan," responded Denviers; "strike the tent and bid the Wadigos begin the march across the plain."

II.

It was still early morning when we set out to traverse the great sweep of grey, tangled grass which rose knee-deep about us. At the head of our column walked Kass, bearing his great shield and spear, as we advanced in single file. Rifle in hand, Denviers and I followed next, while Hassan posted himself rearward, to keep watch upon the Wadigos, who alternately carried burdens or arms for our defence, if attacked on the march.

The fantastic mists that hung about the plain gave way to a white heat, as we steadily pushed on our way. About mid-day we halted for a brief space, then, in spite of the intense heat of the sun, we resumed the march until, some two hours afterwards, the mountain spur rose up tawny and precipitous before us. Pitching our camp at a spot where Kass pointed out, we left Hassan in charge of the Wadigos, as we had decided, and followed Kass. For fully another hour we plodded on in silence, until the base of the mountain was reached, when we began to realize the full extent of the difficulties before us.

East and west of where we stood ran the mountain, while sheer above us its top towered high in the air, seeming to cleave the sky with its jagged crest. The Wadigo pointed with his spear to where a ledge of rock high above us projected from the mountain side.

"See!" he cried, "there begins the way; beyond it is the colonnade, then is Kor entered."

"You don't mean to say that the entrance to Kor is up there, Kass?" said Denviers. "If it is, I am afraid your energy in leading us here has been thrown away. No doubt, if Hassan were here, he would explain how the exiles climbed up there, for it is more than I can pretend to understand."

"The Wadigo who loses his way takes the next best road," responded Kass; "the ledge is but a spear cast or two from here. The death snake will find a man even if he hide under a mountain; if it seeks him not, he goes unhurt!"

"That's poor consolation for us if we get dashed to pieces in attempting to reach that ledge of rock, Kass," Denviers retorted.

The Wadigo, after some demur, set himself to work and plaited a long grass coil, and with this substitute for a rope about our waists, we began the perilous ascent, leaving our rifles hidden in the grass. Kass went first, Denviers followed, and I was last. For some thirty yards or so we found the task

easier than we had expected, then its dangerous nature showed itself in real earnest. Slowly and painfully we climbed upwards, lacerating our hands and feet badly as we clung desperately to the slightest projections that presented themselves. Half-way up we came upon an outstretched piece of rock, and upon it we crouched together to rest.

Just as we were about to continue our ascent, a great bird, feathered like a golden eagle, rose from a crag, and, circling in the air, swooped down upon us, striking at me with its powerful wings and talons. I thrust at it blindly with my fists, forgetting the narrowness of the ledge we were huddled upon, lost my balance, and fell headlong from the supporting rock.

"FELL HEADLONG FROM THE SUPPORTING ROCK."

I felt the jerk of the rope about my waist as I reached its limit, and clung to it with my hands as the oscillations sent me with a dull thud against the rocky wall. Helplessly I swayed in mid-air, to and fro, as Denviers and Kass hauled me slowly up, a few inches at a time. Happily the coil bore the strain, and with a sigh of relief at last I found myself drawn safely upon the shelving rock. When I had sufficiently rested, we scaled the remaining space between us and the entrance of the rocky passage. We could make nothing out as we groped our way blindly along the excavated way, until finally we reached the colonnade, and stared at the uncouth figures carved there, almost in dismay. The wildest flight of Hassan's fancy would fail to describe what we saw as we passed into that strange city, wondering and almost fearing what the end of our adventure would be.

We met but few people in that strange city—those whom we did were richly clad in Arab guise. No one ventured to address us, no surprise at our strange appearance could be seen upon a single countenance. Denviers ventured to accost a passer-by in Arabic, who returned no answer: he merely pointed to the great temple and palace, too, of Kor, as we afterwards found it to be, and then was gone.

A strange feeling of dread came upon us, disguise it as we would; then my companion, serious, as he rarely was, glanced at me gravely as he said:—

"Well, Harold, this is a queer position to be in. We had better go on, I suppose, and see how things turn out."

Kass, who understood the remark, at once turned and crossed the great paved square. We glanced curiously at the carvings and hieroglyphics of the building which confronted us, and, seeing a hanging door at the foot of one of the paws of the monolith, Kass thrust it aside with the butt of his spear, and we entered.

On either side of us, between carved pillars which supported the roof of a great corridor, we saw a long line of mighty images of the ancient rulers of Kor, sculptured in red granite, the brow of each being gilded. By the flicker of the dim lamps which hung above our heads we could distinguish little else, for there the light of day did not enter. As the end of the passage was reached, a foreign slave, dressed almost like a priest of ancient Isis, glanced inquiringly at us for a moment, then, without speaking, drew back a richly-woven curtain and motioned us to

pass on. In silence we obeyed his gesture, and a second afterwards stood, not where the idol was said to be, but in that part of the temple which formed the Queen's palace.

We halted abruptly. There, upon her throne, with a bodyguard of slaves about her, we saw the one before whom each Arab of that city bent his will like the reed to the gale—the mysterious Egyptian, Cai!

III.

I CAUGHT my breath as we advanced and bent lowly before the Queen; then, venturing to look up, I scanned her closely. The warm tint that the land of the Nile gives was upon her face; feature for feature I saw that she was Egyptian, as her strangely lustrous eyes were turned searchingly upon us. Behind her hung a head-veil; her garments, richly jewelled, were in accordance with those of the race from whom her descent was, and there, twisted about her forehead, we saw the brazen snake of which Hassan had spoken!

Kass instinctively tightened his hold upon his spear, a movement which Cai, the Queen, was quick to understand. Stooping, she raised from before her sandalled feet what seemed to us, at first, to be a yellow ball of wool. At her touch the object woke, and we saw that in her hand the Queen held out a tiger cub.

"See," she cried to Kass, "the tiger that has no fangs is harmless!"

"The Wadigo whose spear is broken fits another to his hand and pursues his foe to death," our guide answered, quickly, as he watched the face of Cai grow dark at his reply. Denviers, who saw how badly matters were likely to turn out for us unless the Queen could be propitiated, motioned to Kass to lay down his shield and spear, which the Wadigo reluctantly did.

"Ye are quick to understand," said Cai, with a mocking glance at Kass which brought a cry of resentment from his lips. Then turning her head towards Denviers, the Queen asked:—

"Why come ye here unbidden?"

"We are travellers who wished to see thee and this strange city, O Queen," he answered; "for these reasons alone have we entered Kor."

"A false reply," she cried, sharply; "or else the lore of Egypt, which it is mine alone to know, now fails me as never yet it has done. Ye know full well that I am of another race than those I rule, and so ye come here foolishly thinking to probe to its core the secret of the idol by which I reign as Queen, and which brings death to those who long to depose me."

Before Denviers could reply, Cai motioned forward two of the slaves about her, and they, after prostrating themselves at her feet, stood silently awaiting her commands. The Queen pointed to the shield of Kass as it lay upon the ground, and indicated that they were to remove it. They had barely raised it between them, when Kass, divining their purpose, dashed the nearest slave to the ground, and, snatching up his mighty spear, dealt the other a stunning blow

"KASS DEALT THE OTHER A STUNNING BLOW WHICH SENT HIM REELING."

which sent him reeling. Denviers and I glanced anxiously at the Queen, having little doubt but that she would use this most unlucky incident as an excuse for slaying Kass, and doubtless us also, when we attempted to save him. We were mistaken, however. Waving back, with an imperious gesture, the slaves who were about to assist their discomfited fellows, the Queen asked Kass, abruptly :—

"Are all the men of thy race as stout of heart and limb as thou art?"

"Four of them already have entered this city, and each has died at thy relentless hands; surely thou hast seen how a Wadigo can meet death!" he replied.

"Bravely answered, slave," cried Cai; "but of the four none have faced the fear of the living idol and come scatheless through the ordeal. Yet greatly it has pleased me to see how hardly the two slaves fared who raised thy shield and whom thou cast down like straws. How do those of thy race name thee?"

"He is of the Wadigo tribe," interrupted Denviers; "and is called Kass, which in their tongue, O Queen, means He-of-the-Strong-Heart. He has acted as our guide here into thy presence. Doing no hurt to thee, surely he and we should be suffered to return from this city unharmed when we have seen its wonders."

"Ye know not the full meaning of your words," the Queen answered, "nor understand the craft of the people whom I rule. Were strangers suffered to live in this city, my throne would not be safe for a single hour. If ye were permitted to depart, one day a foreign host would come led by ye and despoil me of what empire I possess. Uninvited ye came into the city, spies for aught I know, and, so surely as ye stand before me, death by the idol shall be yours."

"Why should we die?" I asked, impetuously. "If we have committed a crime, say, O Queen, what we have done!"

"Ye have entered the hidden city; therein lies your folly for which death shall surely come upon ye," Cai calmly responded, in a tone that convinced us of her full intention to carry out the threat. "To-morrow, in the temple before the idol, my handmaid, whom I have doomed to a like fate, shall perish in your sight. Long have I striven to spare her, since she was deposed to make way for my rule. The sun has not set twice since another plot of these crafty Arabs was made known to me by the lore which I alone can understand. But of these things there shall be an end at last, for though she were of my own kindred, yet should she cease to live. After her ye three shall perish; yet I would that this slave whom ye call Kass might live to command my own. Come nearer, slave, and answer. Wilt thou serve me with thy spear?"

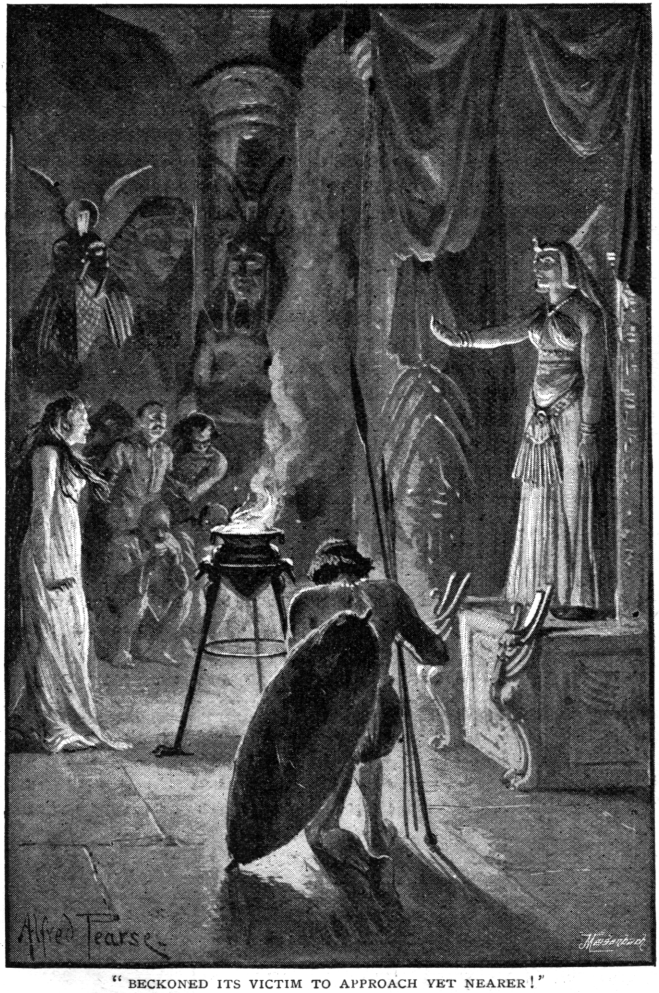
To our consternation, as the Queen glanced into the Wadigo's face, Kass bent lowly before her and gave the reply she desired. Stretching forth her hand, Cai touched him and ordered him to take up his spear and shield. Denviers attempted to resume the conversation which had turned so disastrously against us—but in vain. Not another word would the Queen hear in our defence, whereupon we refused to follow her slaves when bidden to do so. At once they threw themselves upon us and, in spite of our struggles, we were dragged away, each in a different direction, Kass making no effort either to intercede for us or to keep off our captors.

We saw no more of each other till morning, when we were conducted unbound into the temple. A low, weird chant struck upon my ears as I was led forward. Denviers was already in the temple when I was taken there, and so placed apart from where I stood that we could not communicate with each other, save by glances. It was impossible to pierce the gloom far, which enshrouded much of the temple, for the only light that it received came from a brazier, the embers in which threw a flickering gleam before a sombre curtain. About us on every side thronged the slaves of the dreaded Cai, while, apart from the rest, and near to the glowing brazier, knelt Kass, whose shadow fell strangely and gigantically upon the temple floor. He resolutely avoided the reproachful glances which Denviers and I darted at him, convinced as we were that by his treachery the Wadigo had saved his life.

A strange hush fell upon all as there came into the temple, clad in a simple robe, the maiden whom the insatiate Egyptian, Cai, had doomed to be first to meet the fate of death. From out the gloom she slowly emerged, and, as she approached near to the light which the embers of the brazier gave, I saw her face, framed with a wealth of dishevelled hair, grow ashy grey as unutterable despair came upon her.

The great curtain before us parted, and there, raised up before us, the dreaded idol, the very counterpart of Cai, the Queen, met our view, as still and rigid it stood. I struggled desperately to cast off the slaves

who held me, as I looked in awe upon the idol and saw its face become animate with life, while its eyes searched out and drew its victim unresistingly forward until she reached the brazier. A half-choked cry came from the maiden's lips as her whole form stiffened with the horror of mortal fear, even as Hassan had said and we had refused to believe. Almost paralyzed with unaccountable dread, I watched the idol as it slowly raised one arm and beckoned its victim to approach yet nearer!



"BECKONED ITS VICTIM TO APPROACH YET NEARER!"

Suddenly through the temple another cry rang out—Kass had started to his feet and thrust his spear with all his force at the idol! Casting off the terrified slaves who held us, we ran forward. No idol of stone with mystic powers lay there, but, in its stead, the inanimate form of Cai, the Queen, whom the Wadigo's spear-thrust had slain!

When the slaves of Cai learnt how even they had been deluded by the craft of the Egyptian, they broke forth from the temple, bearing the body of the Queen with them that the Arabs might see her reign was ended. Taking from the brazier a flaring, half-burnt ember, the faithful Kass, whose stratagem had saved us, held it up as we slowly examined the various idols of the temple of Kor. Strangely enough, we found in one part of it an idol so wonderfully fashioned to represent Cai, that we easily understood how, by an interchange with it, the Queen had mystified and slain by fear whom she would.

We left the City of Kor on the following day, after bidding farewell to its restored and rightful Queen. Passing once more under the strange colonnade, we proceeded by a way which led to the base of the mountain, instead of the one by which we had entered the city, being guided by one of the men of Kor. When we reached the camp, Hassan, who came out to meet us, asked:—

"Did the sahibs not find out that the Arab's words were true?"

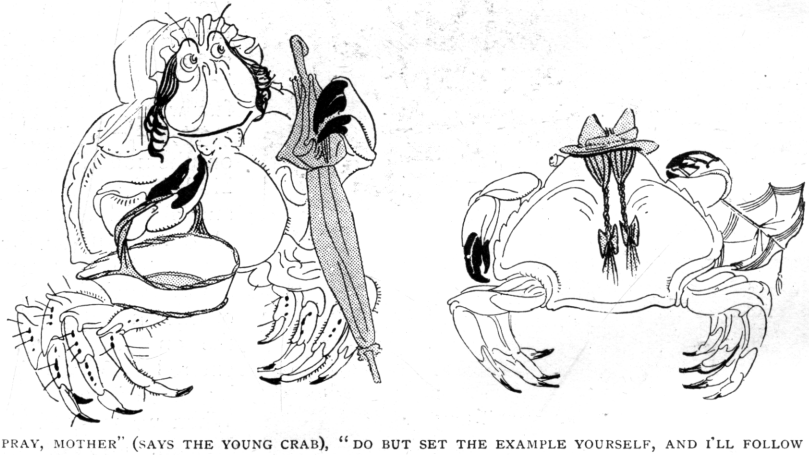
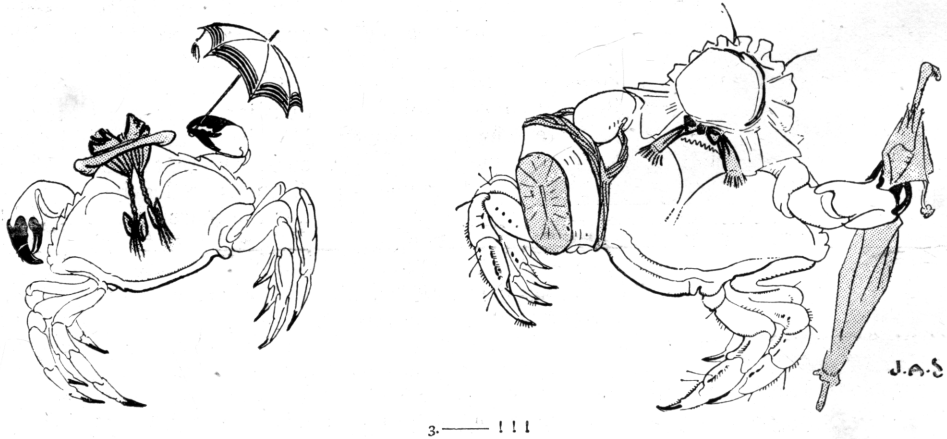
"Let that answer your question, Hassan," replied Denviers; and he held out a curious present which had been given us on leaving Kor. It was the brazen snake of Cai!

Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

AN OLD CRAB AND A YOUNG.

1.—"CHILD" (SAYS THE MOTHER), "YOU MUST ACCUSTOM YOURSELF TO WALK STRAIGHT, WITHOUT SKEWING AND SHAMBLING SO AT EVERY STEP YOU SET."



2.—"PRAY, MOTHER" (SAYS THE YOUNG CRAB), "DO BUT SET THE EXAMPLE YOURSELF, AND I'LL FOLLOW YOU."